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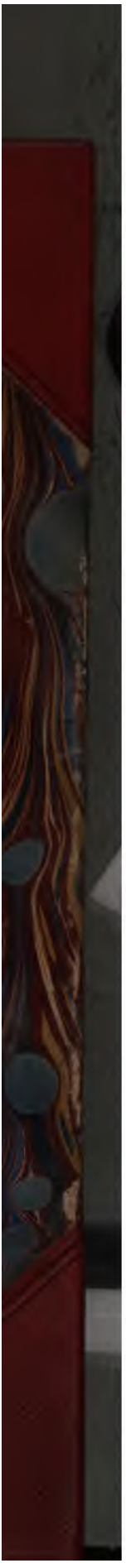

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THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1896.

REQUIEM.

By PONTA DA LENHA.

I.

THERE was a railway being constructed at St. Andrews.

Not that that worthy burgh was at the time we are speaking of destitute of such evidence of civilisation. It was accessible by means of a line which, meandering leisurely round among the coast towns of Fife, came in due course to Leuchars, and thence, while proceeding on its way to Dundee, sent a kind of back-handed offshoot to reach, in such circuitous fashion, the remote and secluded seat of learning. Travelling thus, you arrived there from Edinburgh (according to one highly respectable authority) in a space of time only slightly longer than that in which you might have walked it.

But this was a new line—a branch line connecting St. Andrews with some of those picturesque, sleepy little coast towns hitherto untouched by the railway; and, naturally, its construction entailed a considerable increase, for the time being, in the population of the burgh. The navvies made the streets noisy on Saturday nights, [illegible] filled the public-houses to overflowing. They fluttered the [illegible] of timid elderly ladies who had been dining out, or attending [illegible] in the evening; their presence was felt, with a [illegible] horror, to be a wholesale invasion of the [illegible] benevolent people made attempts to "reach" [illegible]) them by preaching to them and giving [illegible]ss being looked upon as a stepping-stone [illegible]

[illegible], these "men and brethren" whom the [illegible] mined through their eye-glasses as a

possibly not altogether noxious, but certainly unknown and curious species of animal. There were those who possessed brute strength, but little else, whether intellect or moral sense, and who, when not at work, were nearly always drunk, and frequently quarrelling. There were others, good-natured giants, who were honest, if not clever, went peaceably and soberly about their daily task, and saved their money for wives at a distance; and others again—more numerous, I am afraid, than the last—honest and good-natured enough, but cursed with a constitutional inability to keep sober. There was the skilled workman who had fallen lower and lower through drink till forced to take any job he could get. And there were some, here and there, who could not formerly have been classed as workmen of any sort—who had once owned names which they had dropped and would have been glad to forget—who had come to this because—

> Faith, we went the pace, and went it blind,
> And the world was more than kin while we had the ready tin;
> But to-day the-ganger's—something less than kind!

Sometimes one of these would meet another in whose eyes he read a fate like his own. But they always shrank from each other and passed on.

But there was one who could not be referred to any of these classes, if such they can be called. (I don't much believe in classifying people according to types; in the last resort every individual would require a class to himself.) He stood alone, and was more or less of a mystery to any one who took the trouble to observe him; for while it was perfectly clear that he was no navvy, unless by right of a very recent assumption of the character, there were striking differences between him and the "gentlemen rankirs" referred to above. He was a man of education, evidently—in fact, it would not be too much to say, of learning—yet he did not give the impression of having a black and bitter past behind him. On the contrary, he was cheerful—sometimes almost uproariously so; but he was never known to get drunk, or, in fact, to be under the influence of liquor at all. And the fallen gentleman, as a rule, drinks—small blame to him, perhaps.

> Can you wonder that we drug ourselves from pain?

This man was Irish, like many of his fellows, and usually affected a brogue which, as one has expressed it, "you might have hung your hat on." He was of middle height and sturdy build; possessed, too, of great strength; blue-eyed and sandy-haired, the lower part of his face almost hidden by a short, bushy beard. His complexion—what was visible of it—was a rich brick-red; but those who

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mixed lot, these "men and brethren" whom the examined through their eye-glasses as a

"creepy" feeling he sometimes inspired—he had the genial good-humour of his race, and when he laid himself out to be sociable he was simply irresistible. He would play and sing to them—he possessed a mellow baritone voice and an endless repertory of songs, sentimental and humorous; he would tell Irish stories that made the most saturnine hold their sides. Even when he was only bearing his part in the general talk, his ready wit and keen repartee—keen, yet always kindly—were the life of the party; and more than one dull brain began to get a hazy glimmering of the notion that it was possible to be "jolly" without "going on the spree," as that process is generally understood. And they were filled with a kind of rough pity at the sight of those occasional fits of silence and dejection which they attributed to the influence of his supposed mental disorder.

He was on friendly terms with all, more or less; yet there was a certain something about him which precluded any of those free and easy intimacies which men, thrown together in rough circumstances, are apt to fall into. No one felt that he could venture to question him about his private affairs or his past; they felt, without being able to explain or define the feeling, that this man, who treated them all so frankly as comrades—even brothers—was yet, in some ways, infinitely far away from them—all of them, that is to say, but one.

This one was down on the overseer's books as George Collins, though nobody who ever gave the matter a thought supposed that to be his real name. After all, who cared whether he had a real name, or what it was, or why he did not choose to be known by it? He was usually known as "Crusty," an abbreviation of "Upper Crust," a name which combined a reference to an evident descent in the social scale on his part with an implied allusion to his fastidiousness, reticence, and scarcely disguised dislike of their society. No one cared to inquire into the history which probably lay behind him. Men with histories more or less serious were not uncommon in the railway gangs, and this one had none of the attractions and interesting points which stimulated curiosity in the case of the mad Irish priest.

George Collins never made himself remarkable in any way by his conduct. He neither got drunk nor quarrelled with any one, nor otherwise called for notice. He was not strong, and scarcely equal to the work; but he had contrived to struggle through so far, and meant to keep on as long as he could. Perhaps he hoped that one day strength and life would fail together.

He might have been six or seven and twenty. His face had been handsome, and still bore a certain look of refinement; but hardship

and anxiety had left their traces all too distinctly, and he habitually wore a half sullen, half terrified expression.

There were those, less forbearing and inoffensive than himself, to whom his want of sociability appeared in the light of a standing insult, and who would decidedly have preferred a quarrelsome to a silent companion; but against these he had secured an efficient protector ever since the day of "Pat Finnerty's" arrival. That eccentric person stood up for him at the very first opportunity, and thus earned his lasting gratitude; and the two soon drew together. The wit, intellect, and scholarship which pierced, every now and then, through the Irishman's quaint disguise could not escape the eye of an educated man, though by the coarse, untrained minds which surrounded him they were confounded with the crack-brained vagaries of a harmless madman. Collins was not a specially intellectual man, but he could feel all this, and appreciate still more the gentle heart and the warm sympathy for every living thing which Finnerty could no more disguise than the star can help shining. They had never hitherto said very much to each other, but the lonely, dispirited young fellow clung to the Irishman as his only friend.

It was a burning day in August. For once in a way there had been a whole week without either rain or east wind—the wind which drives delicate mortals to fires and fur capes in the middle of July—and the inhabitants of St. Andrews felt as if they were enjoying quite a tropical summer. Collins got through his work that day with a heavy heart. He was not strong, as we have said, though of late he had been getting more accustomed to the labour. Perhaps, too, the exercise in the open air and Finnerty's cheerful companionship, which raised his spirits and took him out of himself, had combined to do him good. But to-day he felt overpowered by a physical exhaustion such as he had not felt for long. His head swam, and when from time to time he was forced to stop and take breath his knees shook under him. Once or twice he felt near fainting, but he pulled himself together by a determined effort. He was not going to "give himself away" like that before his mates, whose rough chaff even now fell on his ear, though he paid no attention to it. Finnerty was nowhere near; he happened to be working on another part of the line that day. Collins had missed him a good deal of late—he had absented himself from the bothy several evenings in succession, little knowing what a difference it made to one lonely man. He struggled on, with aching back and burning throat, and repeated to himself

mechanically from time to time some lines he had heard somewhere long ago—

> Be the day weary, or be the day long,
> At the last it ringeth to evensong.

They had come floating into his mind—he knew not whence—and the ring of them pleased him somehow.

At last the day was over. The men trooped noisily back to the bothy, like boys just out of school, tired and hot as they were. Collins followed more slowly, but quickened his listless pace a little as he looked round for Finnerty; but Finnerty was nowhere to be seen. He was in that state of mind—or rather of nerves—when even a slight disappointment seems to darken our whole sky. He knew that he would probably find his friend at the bothy a little later; but he had reckoned on meeting him just then, and on the walk back together, and, for the moment, to his tired brain the whole universe seemed out of gear.

But when he reached the bothy Finnerty was not there. A fresh detachment arrived. He looked through them eagerly, then turned aside; and, slipping away from the preparations for supper which were going on, sat down on his bunk in the corner, feeling sick and wretched. They were talking excitedly. He paid no heed to their words at first; then a sentence here and there forced itself on his ear, and as he began to attach a meaning to the words his heart stood still. There had been an accident a little way up the line. A trolly loaded with earth had somehow been upset, and had fallen down the side of the embankment. Two men had been in the way, and were badly injured. No, there were three. One was killed. They had taken them to the hospital. Who were they? Tyneside Bill was one; the others—— The buzz of talk grew louder. Collins only caught Finnerty's name. He could bear it no longer. He hurried out, his weariness quite forgotten, and began walking as quickly as he could towards the place where he understood the accident to have happened. People were standing about in groups, talking excitedly, but he did not stop to listen. Intent only on reaching the spot, he did not notice a man coming from another direction, who hastened towards him and caught him by the arm, saying—

"Indeed, and where are ye after hurrying to now?"

"Oh! it's you!" cried Collins, catching his breath. "I thought . . . They told me . . . Where have you been all this time?"

"Is it a ghost you've been seeing, George, me boy?" asked Finnerty, looking at him narrowly. "Is it myself you were looking for? I've only been with some of the boys to take Simmons to the

hospital. The doctor says he's broken one of the bones in his arm; but it's not a bad break, and he'll be all right before very long."

"And you're not hurt?" asked Collins.

"The sorrow a bit! barrin' that meself and two other fellows got a hape of dirt spilt on us, that knocked us clane down; but no harm done. Come now, or we'll not get anything to ate. You're not looking well," he suddenly added, as he turned to get a better view of his companion's face.

"I've not been feeling well to-day, but I'm better now. It's the heat, I think."

Finnerty was clamorously greeted as he entered, and assailed with a hundred questions as to the accident and its causes and effects, which he answered as well as he could for some time, and then suddenly exclaimed, "Och, thin! get away wid yez; ye'll be the death of me. Where's the tay?"

Collins drank a cup of tea, as soon as he could get it, with feverish eagerness, and, yielding to his friend's persuasions, tried to eat; but Mrs. Flanagan's fried bacon and eggs failed to tempt him, though hot off the fire, and as soon as he could he slipped away and threw himself on his bed.

"Play us a spring, Paddy," was the general request when the somewhat irregular meal was over; and "Paddy," nothing loth, produced his violin, and, sitting down on the edge of his bunk, struck into "Tullochgorum." Then he played another tune, and yet another—jigs and reels and strathspeys—and by-and-by he forgot all about his audience, and went on, long after they were snoring in their respective bed-places, playing soft, dreamy music to himself. And as he played, his face—if any had been there to look at it—was no longer the face of Pat Finnerty, navvy, but the face of Lawrence Ahearne, T.C.D., first of his year in classics, of whom one of the professors had once said, "If that fellow doesn't end in an asylum, I expect it will be in a Trappist monastery."

They were not all asleep, however. He was stopped in the middle of a chord in the "Dark Rosaleen" by becoming aware that some one had sat down on the ground beside him, and was leaning his head against his knee.

"Is it you, my boy?" he asked softly, as he continued his playing.

"Yes. Thank God you came back safe. . . . I can't do without you."

The Irishman did not answer; but as the low notes died away on the air, his hand—a strong, capable, tender hand, though roughened

by weeks of pick and shovel—stole down to the bowed head, touched the cheek caressingly, and rested on George Collins's shoulder. The shoulder heaved and quivered, as though he were trying not to sob.

"My boy, what is it, then?"

"Oh! I know you think me a miserable idiot! I have wanted you so these last few days—I can't tell you how! And I should so like you to know . . . everything."

Ahearne did not answer at once. He lifted his hand from Collins's shoulder, took up the bow again, and went on playing—very softly and gently at first, but by degrees a little louder. Then, without ceasing to play, he whispered, "Are you too tired to come outside?"

"No."

"We can't be quiet in here. I don't know that they're all asleep, and any way it wouldn't do to wake them. Go out presently, without making any noise, and walk towards the Ladebraes. I'll follow you, in a little."

There was silence, broken only by the low, passionate strains of the music. After a while a shadow seemed to move along the building, and slip out at the door. Ahearne played on—

> Oh! I could kneel all night in prayer
> To heal your many ills!

and so on, with a repressed intensity which any one hearing him might well have been excused for supposing to betoken forgetfulness of all else. But in about ten minutes he ceased, listened intently, and then noiselessly put away his violin and followed Collins out into the night.

He soon overtook him, and slipped an arm through his, and, without speaking, they walked on together along the high path beside the burn. It was scarcely dark, and the summer gloaming still dimmed the stars in the sky; but the Ladebraes walk was quite deserted, and no one could have wished for a place better suited to a quiet, confidential talk.

Father Lawrence had, of course, heard plenty of confessions in his time; and it occurred to him as just possible that he might make matters easier for Collins by giving him to understand that he was, so to speak, officially empowered to listen to people's troubles and difficulties. But he dismissed the idea at once—and that not only, or chiefly, for the sake of keeping his secret. He was one of the most sympathetic men alive, and nothing gave him greater delight than to help, advise, and comfort, if he could—though his consolations were apt to take unexpected and perhaps unconventional forms.

But the confessional had always been to him, more or less, a thing of dread and horror. He disliked the element of officialism in it—the knowledge that he was to listen to tales of sorrow and sin, not from any personal sympathy, but only because it belonged to his profession to do so. It is one thing to tell your wrong-doing to a friend you trust in—or even to a man you have never seen before, but in whom an instinctive feeling of human fellowship gives you confidence, and to whom you would listen with equal readiness if he came to you in his sore need—another to confide in a man to whom, good as he may be, it is all more or less a matter of routine, and who is obliged to keep sympathy and counsel on tap, as it were, for all comers. No—Father Lawrence hated the whole business, though it had been long before he admitted as much, even to himself; and now that he was able to talk with his fellows simply, as man to man, he could not turn back, even in thought, to the slavery from which he had escaped.

They walked on in silence for some time, and then sat down on one of the seats which are to be found at intervals along the path. Collins drew close to his companion, as if he felt lonely. This man's mere presence seemed to give him strength and courage. After a few minutes he raised his head, and said, with an effort—

"Did you ever think I was *wanted* for anything?"

"Well, it *has* occurred to me——"

"I have been—for the last nine months. Did you ever hear of the Glen Farraghu murder case?"

"Yes."

"Well—I'm that man."

"Carrington?"

"Yes . . . But I didn't do it . . . At least—yes—God help me! —I killed him, but it was an accident. I knew no one would believe me, so I bolted. . . . It's such a wild story—you won't believe it when you hear it."

"Let me hear it," said the grave, gentle voice beside him. "Tell me all about it."

He hesitated a little, as if uncertain how to begin. Lawrence Ahearne possessed himself of the cold, limp hand, and held it in a kindly grasp. He pulled himself together, and went on—

"I never was much good, that I know of. People rich—had a good education—went to Oxford, and all that sort of thing—wasted my time, as a lot of other fellows do. My father had made money in the City. He died five years ago, and then they found he'd been speculating, or something—I don't know—anyhow the money was all gone. I had to leave college, of course—and a friend of his

got me a situation as clerk in a bank. There were no more of us —at least only my half-sister, who is married and lives in Australia. I've no relations—to speak of—at least, none that care anything about me.

"Well, I muddled along somehow at the bank. I hated the work, and was lazy and unpunctual, and sometimes came very near being sacked—only then I got a scare, and would do a little better for a time. I didn't get into any really bad scrapes—I mean about accounts and that sort of thing, but I always spent my screw before I got it, and did a little betting—not very much, but enough to keep me always in debt. Well—all that's nothing to the purpose—only I was drifting loose, one might say ; and I don't know where I might have brought up in the end.

"Last summer I got my three weeks' holiday, as usual, just at a time when I didn't know which way to turn for duns. I thought I'd get right away from them—it would be some breathing-time at least —for I was utterly wearied and miserable, and I had ready money enough to take me to the Highlands. I didn't tell any one in particular where I was going. I had no friends—not to call friends. There were some fellows that used to go to the races and the Alhambra with me, and I owed most of them money. Some of them owed me, but they never thought of paying. . . . I went to an out-of-the-way part of Inverness-shire that I'd happened to hear of, because I thought that I shouldn't be likely to meet any one I knew— and I didn't. I stayed most of the time at a little inn not far from Rothiemurchus. It was a wet season, and there were hardly any other tourists there—only one that I saw much of. You know his name."

"Lyndon ? "

"Yes"—he gave a shudder—"Victor Lyndon. We got acquainted, somehow, by accident ; and I liked him from the first. He was very kind to me."

He remained lost in thought for a minute, as if recalling the memories of that short friendship, and then went on—

"He seemed to wake one up—to make one feel how different a man might be from what I was . . . he made me hate myself. . . . I remember I had felt like that, now and then, in the old Oxford days, but it never came to anything ; and it had all died away long before I met Lyndon. If it had been in London, in the midst of the set I'd got into, I dare say I should have feared and disliked him, and tried to laugh at him ; but there, alone with him, it was different . . . I got to love him . . . I told him everything about myself . . . that

is, of course, not my actual—you know—money difficulties. He knew I was a bank clerk and couldn't afford to travel as much or as expensively as he—no more. I forgot to say he was well off—in fact, rich.

"I'm making too long a story of it. One day—it was near the end of my time, and tolerably fine as the weather went just then—we agreed to go a long tramp together. We walked to—I forget the name of the hill, but it's not one of the very high ones—ascended it, and came down into the glen on the other side.

"That glen was about the dreariest place I ever saw in my life. Not a sign of human habitation—not even a sheep to be seen anywhere. The clouds were gathering, and the wind was beginning to blow cold—everything looked chill and grey and desolate. We meant to strike a village some miles further on, near the head waters of the trout-stream which ran past our inn, and so, following it down, get back some time the next day.

"I'm not a first-rate walker, but I'd been getting into fair training of late, and thought myself quite up to this expedition. But as we came down the north slope of the hill I began to wonder how I was going to get over the ten or twelve miles that lay before us. I was determined to say nothing, and struggle on as best I could.

"We were coming down one of those slopes where loose stones lie piled on top of each other several feet deep—you know them, I dare say—when Lyndon remarked, 'Awkward place this for a fall. If a man were alone he might lie here with a broken leg till he died, for I don't see where he could get any help.' He was a little in front of me, for I couldn't keep up with him; my head felt dizzy, and my footing on those stones was uncertain. Once he said to me, 'Take care, Carrington; if you send one of those stones on top of me you'll have to carry me the rest of the way—that's certain!' I tried to step more carefully, but in spite of that I sent a small stone rolling down, which nearly hit him. He looked back and said, 'I say, can't you keep up, or at any rate go to one side? It's not exactly reassuring to a fellow to have you behind him.' I was tired and irritable; I lost my temper and said, 'Hang it! I can't keep up!' and stopped for a minute. Just then something—I forget what—made me turn round to look up the hill behind me. In doing so I missed my footing; I felt the stones sliding from under me and rattling all round me: I must have fallen several feet, and in the middle of it all I heard a cry. . . ."

Carrington's voice failed, and Ahearne felt him trembling all over with nervous excitement. He pressed the hand he held encouragingly.

"My boy—my poor boy!—go on—tell me everything."

"I got up, bruised and half stunned. I looked round, and saw Lyndon lying on the stones with his head down-hill. I called him—he did not speak or move. I ran to him as fast as I could. . . . None of the stones had fallen on him, but he lay quite still. . . . I went and lifted him in my arms. He had fallen with his head against a stone—a stone with a sharp, splintered point to it, that had struck him just on the temple. . . . But I couldn't believe he was dead—I couldn't realise it. I don't know how long I sat there, with his head on my knees, moistening his lips from my flask, and chafing his hands, and calling him—over and over again. . . . If he could only have spoken to me, once. . . . I thought . . . if only the last words I said to him hadn't been . . ."

The voice broke down in a sob, and he hid his face against his companion's shoulder.

"My poor fellow!" said Ahearne, slowly. "I don't doubt he knows all about it now, and has forgiven what there was to forgive, long ago. . . . Go on—what did you do then?"

"I suppose I lost all consciousness of time. I couldn't have told whether five minutes or five hours had passed, when I seemed to come to myself with a start and knew there was no hope—that he was dead. It must have been a long time though, for the light had changed and the air was growing damp and chilly, and when I felt his limbs they were already stiff and cold. His face was not dreadful to look at—it had not been injured, except for that black bruise on the temple—the eyes were closed, and the expression very peaceful. I think I must have been off my head for a little . . . well, never mind; I came to at last, and knew there was no hope—he was dead.

"And then a horrible dread came over me—a madness of fear—worse than the other. What if they were to find me alone with the body? What account could I give at the inn? Who would believe my story? I could not think clearly, but it all rushed on my brain together: they would think I had murdered him for his money. Of course I lost my head completely, or I should have known I was doing the most idiotic thing a man could do; but my one idea then was to hide the body and destroy all traces. I never had any great muscular strength; but just then, in the terror and excitement, I felt as if I were made of iron. I got Lyndon's body on my shoulders, and carried it for some yards, to the foot of a large rock with an overhanging ledge on one side. . . I pushed it as far under as I could. . . I remember I put his handkerchief over his

face and said, "Good-bye, Lyndon" . . . and then I built up loose stones round it till it was quite hidden. Then I went back to see if there was any trace of blood on the stones. I did not think there was, for, though the skin was off in some places, the wound had not bled much. But in my insane fright I thought there *might* be. I crawled along with my face close to the ground, grasping and rubbing at every dark spot I saw; but I could find nothing. . . . Then, all of a sudden, I felt that I was utterly tired out. It wouldn't do to faint and be found there; I must go on as best I could—anywhere, only not back to Rothiemurchus. I don't know to this day where I wandered to; it was a lonely cabin hidden away among the hills; I fancy there was an illicit still connected with it, but of course I asked no questions and the people asked none of me. They sheltered me and were kind to me. Since then I've wandered up and down the country, sometimes working as a cattle-drover, once as a dock-hand in Glasgow, sometimes herding with tramps and sleeping in the workhouse . . . till at last I drifted here. Sometimes I wonder I haven't gone to the bad altogether; at least you'll say, perhaps, I *have*, but . . ."

"No. I know what you mean. Being down on one's luck isn't the same as going to the bad. And I think I know what, in God's mercy, kept you back."

"What?"

"Wasn't it the thought of—of your dead friend?"

"Just that. I thought . . . well, I can't express it . . . but if it had not been for that I should have been utterly desperate. Now you know it all. I've often wondered whether you would speak to me, if ——"

"Is it speak to you, alanna? Why, it makes no difference at all in the world, except"—he went on in a lower tone—"to make me want to help you more than ever."

"Then . . . you believe what I've told you?"

"I do that—every word."

Then there was a long silence, which was broken at last by Ahearne.

"Come, I think we'd best go back. You're not well, I know, and you shouldn't be out too long in the night air. Come away."

II.

The summer had passed into autumn; a wet September had passed into a crisp, golden October. The navvies who had disturbed

the quiet of St. Andrews were scattered to the four winds, or had gone to work on another section of the line, leaving the old town to settle down once more into its wonted ways. But these noisy, clay-smeared birds of passage had left two of their number behind.

Carrington's health had been failing, more or less, ever since the evening of that conversation on the Ladebraes. At last he broke down altogether, though he struggled on as long as he could. Then "Pat Finnerty"—who spent so little of his pay that he was popularly supposed to have a hoard of gold coins in some secret hiding-place in the cliffs, or, according to another version, a hundred pounds in the bank—got him removed from the bothy to a room he had taken in the town, and hired a woman to look after him while he himself was at work. Whenever he was at home he watched beside him tenderly and untiringly, and after he had been paid off on the railway line he gave up most of his time to him. Now and then he got odd jobs of work here and there, but he was the less dependent on these, since not only was there some foundation for the wild reports of his fabulous savings, but he had brought with him from Ireland a small reserve fund, which was still untouched. The extra expenditure would not be needed long. The poor fellow was sinking fast; he had not much of a constitution, to begin with, and toil, hard fare, exposure, and mental distress had done their work.

Ahearne could not regret it much—Carrington himself looked forward to the end with such an infinite sense of rest and relief. His friend had been somewhat puzzled when George, after telling his story, had asked for his advice. He saw little hope of his ultimate escape from the arm of the law so long as he remained in Scotland, for the police were still on the alert, though not much was said about the matter in print; and he dared not advise Carrington to give himself up, fearing that, with appearances so terribly against him, there could be no hope of a favourable issue to the trial. He had half formed a wild and vague plan of smuggling George over to Ireland, and hiding him away in some recess in the Kerry mountains; but it was hazardous, especially for a man in broken health, and, before he had elaborated it sufficiently to mention it to his friend, Destiny had stepped in with a surer solution of the problem.

Now that the tragic side of life had once more been forced on his attention, Ahearne was *tant soit peu* ashamed of the freak which had brought him hither, and into which he had flung his whole energies for the time being with something like a schoolboy's ardour.

Still, it had resulted in his being able to hold out a helping hand to this poor fellow-mortal, and, so far, he could not complain.

* * * * *

The little room, in one of the "wynds" leading out of Market Street, faced eastwards, and, moreover, the light was shut out from it by a blank wall opposite. Coming in out of the glow and glory of an autumn sunset, Lawrence Ahearne could at first see nothing; he only heard a faint voice calling out of the gloom, "Is that you, old fellow?"

"How do you feel now?" asked the other, with a sudden pang of self-reproach. "Is it long you've been awake?"

"Oh, no! I slept beautifully till a few minutes ago, and I feel—I can't tell you how—so much better; no pain, and quite clear in my head."

Ahearne went nearer and took his hand. His eyes were used to the dim light now, and he looked anxiously and searchingly into Carrington's face. Carrington lifted his thin hand and laid it on his friend's arm.

"Don't you be afraid," he said, softly. "I'm not deceiving myself. I've no hopes of getting better. I expect this means that the end has come, and I'm very glad it should come like this."

He lay still, looking up into the quaint, rugged face he had learned to love beyond all other things on earth, and smiled with a wonderful gladness and content.

"I want you to promise me one thing. When I'm dead, if you should hear of any one being arrested for—for Lyndon's death, will you tell them what you know?"

Ahearne readily promised.

"I used to see the papers when I could. I saw they were after me, and hadn't made any arrests. . . . If another man had got into trouble over it, of course I should have had to go and give myself up. . . . But that's all over and done with now. This is our last night together, I guess. Let's have a jolly talk."

Ahearne tried to answer, but only choked.

"Oh! come now, it isn't as bad as all that! Didn't you as good as tell me the other night that it was by far the best thing that could happen to me? I thought you were right then, and I do now. And just think of all the bother that will be saved you. Why, you're getting quite worn out with work and watching. . . . There, then, *do* let's talk of something else. Tell me what you *really* came to St. Andrews for, you old humbug."

Father Lawrence Ahearne looked up, somewhat taken aback by this sudden thrust, with—in spite of his real grief—a comical expression of dismay, at which Carrington laughed feebly.

"Yes," he went on, as soon as he got back his breath, "you don't imagine I ever took you for a real navvy? Well, there's not much to be said on that score—there were plenty of men in the same case, and the fewer questions asked the better. But nobody—not the greatest ass that ever lived—could have been with you as I have, and have thought you were *that* sort . . . ."

"Take care, you mustn't tire yourself," said Ahearne, gently. "Here, take this."

Carrington drank and lay back again, looking up into his friend's eyes with a smile. The other began slowly, with something very like embarrassment—

"Indeed, and I think, myself, it was because I was a great, old fool. And yet . . . I'll tell you all about it if you care to hear."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Carrington, with an accent almost of pain. "I don't want you to tell me anything unless you wish. I was only teasing you, old chap! After all, if you hadn't come here, what should I have done?"

"If I've been of any use to you, alanna, I don't regret it. Yes . . . I suppose it's true. There's a divinity that shapes our ends. . . . I didn't know what I was doing when I set out—no more I did! Well, here goes! Are you comfortable?"

He smoothed the pillow and arranged the bedclothes for his patient, and then began at the beginning and told him all—of the home in the Kerry mountains, the peasant father and mother, and the boy who had picked up a bit of schooling somehow, and was for ever reading all the books he could lay hands on; of the pride they took in their "scholard," and the sacrifices they made to send him to Maynooth; how they wanted him to be a priest, and how he could not bend his thoughts to what seemed to him a maimed and prisoned life; and how, not satisfied with Maynooth, he tried for a Trinity College scholarship, and won it, and took a brilliant degree, and was looking forward to a fellowship, with perhaps a professorship in the distance—when the crash came. . . . It was the daughter of one of the professors, and for her bright eyes he forgot everything—even the Church he had been brought up in—and would have broken with father and mother and all the associations of his youth, only she jilted him (so the world put it; *he* never blamed her, even in his thoughts, putting everything down to his own blind infatuation) and married the rich brewer's son. . . .

Then he went back to Kerry, humbled and broken-hearted, and for a time no man heard his name or knew what had become of him. Years after, rumours reached his old college that he had taken priestly vows and gone abroad. Later on, he was heard of now here, now there—once as librarian at the Vatican, then teaching at a college in France, then again as the parish priest of his native village in County Kerry. His name found its way into the proceedings of learned societies and on to the title-pages of magazines. Then he got into trouble with his spiritual superiors during the time of the Land League agitation, and a year or two of *tracasseries* and heart-break ended in his complete disappearance. That is the bare outside chronicle of the life whose inner history he now related to Carrington.

Carrington listened with the deepest interest. He seemed wonderfully bright and full of life to-night; only, now and then, his weakness overcame him, and he closed his eyes and lay back exhausted for a few minutes.

"It's quite like a novel," he said at last, when the Irishman had finished. "And what are you thinking of doing now? I suppose I ought to call you Father Ahearne, but——"

"For my sake don't, my boy! I'm only too glad to forget it myself. . . . Don't let's go into that question. Our Church is the grandest Church in the world—I ought to say, the only one, for, of course, from a Catholic point of view, the others don't count—but, somehow, the less I hear about her and her hierarchy, and her organisation, and her dogmas, and her all the rest of it, the better I like it and the better Christian I am. . . . It's very little I can find about it all in the dear old book over there. . . ."

Carrington laughed—a very weak little laugh this time.

"I'm thinking what an orthodox Roman you are, old man!"

"Roman, is it? But—there, I can't argue it out. . . . My head and heart are in such a muddle over it that I don't know clearly what I *do* think, let alone putting it into words. I'd give anything to get away from here—from Europe and civilisation altogether, from bishops and confessionals and newspapers and churches, and the Sacred College, and things going wrong in poor old Ireland that I can do nothing towards putting right. . . . And, faith, why shouldn't I? I'm not a Jesuit, nor a vowed monk of any kind, and I've got no parish to take care of. I may go where I like!"

"And where will you go—Central Africa?"

"I don't care! Africa, or Brazil, or the middle of Chinese

Tartary, so long as no white man's ever been there before me. . . . Nice, downright, howling cannibals of heathen, those are the boys for me! I needn't tell them anything about transubstantiation or invincible ignorance, or *semper, ubique, ab omnibus*, or anything else, but"—and his tone dropped from its half-bitter jocularity—"just that they have a Father in heaven who loves them, and that they mustn't tell lies and eat their neighbours."

"Do you know I believe you're just the man for that sort of thing? And you'll do it too! Some day you'll be packing up your violin and those two books of yours—your Greek Testament and your Mangan—and you'll disappear like Waring in that bit of Browning's."

The night had worn on. The room was in black shadow—all but the little space illuminated by the candle on a table by the bedside. Carrington's face looked very white as the light fell on it.

"I've been letting you talk too much," said Ahearne, remorsefully.

"No—it really did me good—but I'm a little tired now. . . . Come closer. Don't let go my hand, will you?"

More than that: the strong arms were under him, and held him up, and through the gathering darkness he heard the gentle voice at his ear.

"Don't be afraid, alanna!"

"No." His head sank restfully on Ahearne's shoulder. "To think . . . it does seem strange to think . . . of seeing Lyndon again. . . ."

"Can I do anything for you, my boy?"

"No, thanks . . . only . . . what was that again . . . you were playing . . . the other night . . . the words, I mean? . . ."

By some quick instinct Ahearne guessed what he meant. He had more than once played Mozart's *Requiem* to him.

The deep, sweet accents fell on the stillness :—

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus,
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

". . . You've been a good friend to me. . . . Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, dear. . . . God comfort you for all you have suffered. . . . We shall meet again. . . ."

There was a long sigh, as of one sinking to sleep after release from pain. The candle had burnt down and was flickering in the socket. It lasted just long enough for Lawrence Ahearne to close his comrade's eyes.

Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona nobis requiem.

MR. GLADSTONE'S PHRASES.

AMONG the many qualities which, whether in praise or blame, his countrymen have attributed to Mr. Gladstone, is not to be counted that of a phrase-maker. If the opinion were sought of half a dozen of the best-read men at the most exclusive political clubs, it would of a surety be found that, while the former Premier's greatest rival in public life—Lord Beaconsfield—was credited with the invention of telling phrases almost innumerable, the claim of Mr. Gladstone to similar credit as a creator would be airily dismissed, with the possible admission that he may have made one in the course of his long career; and, if the production of that one were pressed for, in all probability it would be found to be the property of some other person. So much is this the case that when, no long time since, Lord Beaconsfield's position as a phrase-maker was being publicly discussed, one of the younger Conservative aspirants to political fame wrote from the Carlton Club to the public press to note that that statesman's illustrious competitor had once spoken the words "within measurable distance," and to ask, "Where does Mr. Gladstone's only phrase come from?"

But even the small grace that the Carlton Club was prepared to allow Mr. Gladstone in this phrase-making particular was promptly denied from the United University Club, whence it was pointed out that Mistress Page, one of the Merry Wives of Windsor, had expressed the fervent hope that she was "an unmeasurable distance" from giving her husband cause for jealousy. It was a far cry from this to the Gladstonian declaration that, at a certain point in our recent history, Ireland was "within measurable distance of civil war"; but the idea, underlying the suggestion, that the invention of a phrase by Mr. Gladstone was impossible, has been developed even by so diligent a critic as Mr. W. E. Henley. In that writer's paper on Disraeli, which he has embalmed in "Views and Reviews," he laid it down *ex cathedrâ*, "Now, if you ask a worshipper of him that was so long his [Disraeli's] rival to repeat a saying, a maxim, a sentence of which his idol is the author, it is odds but he will look like a fool and visit you with an evasive answer.

What else should he do? His deity is a man of many words and no sayings. . . . And it seems certain, unless the study of Homer and religious fiction inspire him to some purpose, that his contributions to axiomatic literature will be still restricted to the remark that 'There are three courses open' to something or other." But, although Mr. Gladstone, like his great master, Peel, has shown in politics what may be called "the three-course mind," Mr. Henley has fallen into the commonest of popular errors in assuming that the well-worn phrase was his. "Parliament has, obviously, three courses before it" was the remark in the House of Commons of Canning and in 1823, a year before that statesman applied for the first time the word "conservative" to politics—a brilliant stroke for which the credit has always wrongfully been given to Croker. And during the curious series of intrigues which resulted in Canning becoming Prime Minister and losing Peel as a colleague, Stephen Lushington, who was confidentially engaged in the negotiations, wrote, for the information of the King, that "three courses are open for his Majesty's adoption." In later times, Peel's own words enabled Cobden to observe, "As Sir Robert Peel would say, 'there are three ways of dealing with this question'"; and Mr. Gladstone's Blackheath declaration of a quarter of a century since as to thinking thrice before proposing to abolish the House of Lords lent a touch of justification to the general idea of his authorship of the "three-courses" phrase; but the credit for it goes neither to him nor to Peel, but to Canning.

All this, however, serves only to support the contention with which this paper set out—that even the best-read politician would be likely to acknowledge Mr. Gladstone's claim to the creation of no more than a single phrase, and that, if pressed for a quotation, it would in all probability be found not to be that statesman's at all. It, therefore, will come as a revelation upon those who, without inquiring for themselves, have accepted the common verdict on this matter to be told that Mr. Gladstone has invented or brought into common use—and the process, as in Lord Beaconsfield's case, is virtually of equal value—as large a number of phrases as his great rival himself which the political and journalistic world will not willingly let die. The man who has caused "local option" and "union of hearts," "silver streak" and "bag and baggage," "resources of civilisation" and "parliamentary hand" to pass into the everyday language of British newspaperdom deserves the credit that fairly may attach to the achievement.

In the very phrases that have just been quoted will be found the

distinction before made between those which Mr. Gladstone has invented and such as he has brought into common use. If the first two be taken, the odds are heavy that every one to whom the question was put would declare that "union of hearts" belongs to the former category and "local option" to the latter; but the case is exactly reversed. "Local option" is a phrase of Mr. Gladstone's creation, and was first used by him in a letter of the autumn of 1868 to the United Kingdom Alliance, in which he declared that, in regard to the liquor traffic, his disposition was "to let in the principle of local option, wherever it is likely to be found satisfactory." Over ten years passed before the expression became a portion of current political speech; but its adoption by Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his temperance supporters in 1879 made it a fixture. "Union of hearts," on the other hand, has been common form at Westminster for centuries, whenever any sort of Act of Union was being discussed; and the varied fashions in which it has appeared upon the parliamentary scene suggest an interesting page in the history of phrases.

At the very commencement of the reign of James I., when, though there was to be no union of the Parliaments, there had been effected one of the Crowns, it was proposed in the House of Commons that one name should be applied to both England and Scotland. Arguing in favour of this course, Nicholas Bacon, half-brother of the greater Francis, urged that, by such a measure, the "distaste of *Scottish* and *English* shall be taken away," and that there would be "less Union in Hearts if it be not effected." In the dying days of the Commonwealth, when for a brief period there was a House of Commons at Westminster containing representatives from Ireland and Scotland, as well as England and Wales, the question was debated whether the Scotch and Irish members could sit until the consent of the English had been obtained. One of the speakers remarked, "A difference between union and uniting was put the other day. I thought there had been naught in it, but I find it otherwise. You may make laws for union, but you cannot unite their hearts." And it may be said to lend point to this illustration that its author in 1659 was member for Midlothian, the constituency of its far more famous utterer of two centuries beyond.

From such usage in the Commons, this "union of hearts" idea passed to the Crown. At the opening of an autumn session in 1705, Anne, in the Speech from the Throne, after strongly advocating a parliamentary union with Scotland, said: "There is another union I think myself obliged to recommend to you in the most earnest and affectionate manner; I mean an union of minds and affections

amongst ourselves" : and, at the prorogation five months later, the Queen once more counselled "an entire union of minds and affections among all my subjects." Here was the idea which was to be put even more plainly in the Queen's Speech which noted that the Act of Union had been passed, and in which Anne expressed the desire and expectation that her subjects of both nations would "have hearts disposed to become one people." In this fashion the thought has meandered through the centuries. The Duke of Richmond, speaking in 1779 in favour of Lord Rockingham's motion for the removal of the causes of Irish discontent by a redress of grievances, declared that "he was for an union, but not an union of legislature, but an union of hearts, hands, of affections and interests." Sheridan, just twenty years later, came very near to the same idea, when he invited the House of Commons to "let our union [with Ireland] be a union of mind and spirit, as well as of interest and power." Lord John Russell echoed almost the words when, in 1837, he indicated his desire for "a union of the interests, of the feelings, and of the affections of the people of England and Ireland." Mr. Gladstone, in 1886, brought back the old phrase to express the notion ; and it is now in such common use that Archbishop Richard of Paris, in the discourse pronounced in Notre-Dame in 1894 at the funeral of President Carnot, twice alluded to the necessity felt by France for a "union of hearts," and, to make the coincidence complete, referred in this same address to the Pope as "cet auguste vieillard," which may fairly pass muster for "the Grand Old Man."

None other of Mr. Gladstone's phrases has a record such as this, but "bag and baggage" has a chronicle of its own which does not lack of curiosity. How modern history is written may be judged from such an account of the first use of this saying as that given in Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Life of W. H. Smith," in which, in allusion to the Bulgarian agitation of the autumn of 1876, the author wrote : "Mr. Gladstone published an article in the *Contemporary Review* advocating the expulsion of the 'unspeakable Turk, bag and baggage,' from Europe." Cuvier's famous acceptance of that definition of a lobster, which gave it as a little red fish that walked backwards, with the exceptions that the lobster was not red, that it was not a fish, and that it did not walk backwards, may literally be applied to this account of the origin of the "bag and baggage" phrase. It was not in a magazine, but in a pamphlet, that it first occurred ; it made no mention of "the unspeakable Turk," an epithet for the Ottoman which Carlyle had not yet coined ; and it did not advocate the expulsion of anybody from Europe. What Mr. Gladstone asked for was

"the extinction of the Turkish executive power in Bulgaria"; and he exclaimed: "Let the Turks now carry away their abuses in the only possible manner, namely, by carrying off themselves. Their Zaptiehs and their Mudirs, their Bimbashis and their Yuzbachis, their Kaimakams and their Pashas, one and all, bag and baggage, shall, I hope, clear out from the province they have desolated and profaned." It is a matter of detail that they have "cleared out"; but the fresh vogue thus given to Leontes' phrase—

> It will let in and out the enemy
> With bag and baggage—

justifies it having its history told aright, though it illustrates the danger of phrase-making that Mr. Gladstone had to specifically guard against it being misrepresented almost as soon as it was uttered.

It is not to be assumed that the statesman was consciously borrowing from Shakespeare when he talked of "bag and baggage," any more than that he knew that Nicholas Bacon and a former Duke of Richmond had been before him with "union of hearts." But these are simply proofs of the old law that political phrases and illustrations have an odd knack of repeating themselves. When Mr. Gladstone, in connection with the Irish Land Act of 1881, was understood to have admitted that, for the nonce, the so-called science of political economy had been banished to Jupiter and Saturn, it was generally thought that those planets had for the first time been brought within the bounds of Parliamentary allusion. Yet, in an unfriendly criticism of Peel's Budget of 1842, in the preparation of which Mr. Gladstone assisted, an ultra-Tory orator had exclaimed: "If we could establish a railway communication with Jupiter or Saturn, and found these planets filled with a population in want of all the necessities of life, this country would be able to glut their markets in six weeks." When he referred to himself in the House of Commons, at the beginning of the session of 1886, as "an old Parliamentary hand," no one recalled that Roger North had recorded in his autobiography, about an incident of almost precisely two centuries before, that he had not acted as Chairman of Committees with so much art as "an old Parliament stager." The claim for consideration that Mr. Gladstone once put forward for "gallant little Wales," had been almost anticipated in Sir Richard Grenville's reference to "poor little Cornwall" in an epistle of 1645 to that Prince of Wales who was afterwards Charles II. And when, in allusion to Mr. Parnell and the Irish Land League, he declared at Leeds in 1881 that "the resources of civilisation were not exhausted," he was little more than repeating what Mr. Disraeli, eight

years previously, had told the Queen about himself; for an allegation he had made about his rival was by that rival declared, in a letter to her Majesty, to be "founded altogether on a gratuitous assumption by Mr. Gladstone that the means of Mr. Disraeli to carry on the government were not exhausted."

But if Mr. Gladstone has unconsciously borrowed from others, they in turn have unconsciously borrowed from him. No one of Mr. Bright's later public utterances was more famous in its day than his declaration at a Birmingham gathering, while a member of the Cabinet in 1880, that in certain conditions of affairs in Ireland "force is not a remedy"—or "is no remedy," as in some reports of the speech. But Mr. Gladstone, when reprinting the year before a *Contemporary Review* article of his upon the Church of England and Ritualism, had indexed one of the sections, "Coercion no sufficient remedy." A lying spirit had been abroad in the time of the temporary alliance between Ahab, King of Israel, and Jehoshaphat, King of Judah, and, therefore, long before the present Lord Cross gave the idea political voice by insisting upon it during the debates on the Eastern question in Beaconsfieldian days. Those, however, who flattered the then Home Secretary by attributing to him the creation of what was in essence a scriptural phrase had forgotten, or had never known, that in the famous *Edinburgh Review* article of October 1870 on "Germany, France, and England," Mr. Gladstone had written: "It appears as though an adverse doom were hovering in the air, and a lying spirit had gone forth from the courts of heaven to possess and misguide, with rare and ineffectual exceptions, the prophets of the land." But that article merits more permanent remembrance because of its insistence upon the happiness of this kingdom in being cut off from the Continent by that "streak of silver sea" which French journalism now presents to the world in the euphemised version "le ruban d'argent."

There are, in fact, certain ideas which float down the stream of human thought, and which the patient investigator meets again and again, first as claimed for one thinker, and next as claimed for another. One consequence is that a political leader is often attacked by his opponents for uttering a sentiment which, so far from being as original as his critics think, has more than once passed muster before. When Mr. Gladstone argued in the House of Commons that our proceedings in the Soudan some twelve years since were "not war, but military operations," the distinction was thought by many to be novel. But one of the keenest attacks of Fox upon the policy of Pitt was founded upon the Minister's idea

that the French must be kept some time longer at war, "in a state of probation"; and he exclaimed, "If a man were present now at a field of slaughter, and were to inquire for what they were fighting, 'Fighting!' would be the answer; 'they are not fighting—they are pausing.'" And Palmerston, who has not been accustomed to be described as a "sophistical rhetorician," suggested, at the opening of the very first Parliament in which Mr. Gladstone had a seat, that the siege and capture of Antwerp by the French, after the Belgian Revolution, could not be regarded as an act of war, but merely as a civil ejectment. In the same fashion Mr. Gladstone continues to be popularly regarded as the author of the phrase "exclusive dealing," as a euphemism for the social process commonly known as "boycotting." Yet Cobden, after his first Parliamentary contest in 1837, wrote to his uncle that, since the election, his political friends had "adopted a system of exclusive dealing (not countenanced by me), and those publicans and shopkeepers who voted for my opponent now find their counters deserted." In that same year Mr. Gladstone himself sat on an Irish Education Committee of the House of Commons, to which were related by the Protestant Dean of Ardagh the effects of the system of "exclusive dealing" practised towards those Roman Catholics who had joined the Establishment. And it is not uninteresting to recall that an over-zealous Newark newspaper, which supported Mr. Gladstone's re-election for his first borough in 1841, recommended the adoption of a similar system as against the young statesman's opponents. There is, in fact, the same flavour of reminiscence about "exclusive dealing" in connection with Mr. Gladstone as about his often-criticised and not infrequent appeals to the verdict of "the civilised world," the three words that concluded his historic motion against the first Reform Bill, which was the occasion for his greatest oratorical triumph at the Oxford Union.

One is tempted to linger somewhat longer over "Hold the field," which the *Pall Mall Gazette* some time since declared to have been "made in Germany," because in Luther's great hymn, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," is the line "Das Feld muss er behalten," translated as "He must hold the field." But no less talked-of a person than Lord Clanricarde at once claimed the phrase for Dante, one of Mr. Gladstone's special idols in literature. For in the "Purgatorio" it is written—

> Credette Cimabue nella pintura
> Tener lo campo;

and, as if to emphasise the idea that, in painting, Cimabue thought

he "held the field," it was re-echoed in Latin in that epitaph which declared, "Credidit ut Cimabos picturæ castra tenere." Lord Salisbury did not appear to be acquainted with these details of literary history when, as President of the British Association, he brought the phrase into relation with contemporary science. "As a politician," he said, alluding to a contention concerning the doctrine of natural selection, "I know that argument very well. In political controversy it is sometimes said of a disputed proposal that it 'holds the field,' that it must be accepted because no possible alternative has been suggested. In politics there is occasionally a certain validity in the argument, for it sometimes happens that some definite course must be taken, even though no course is free from objection. But such a line of reasoning is utterly out of place in science."

Mr. Gladstone might have replied to the distinction thus drawn that the sentence was addressed to the British electorate, and not the British Association; but he could be content with criticism upon one of his phrases in consideration of the many others he had given to political use. His description of the advance of prosperity in this country "by leaps and bounds" is one such as cannot be credited to another. The suggestion that, in some fashion, it can be traced to Milton's description of Satan, who

> in contempt,
> At one slight bound, high o'erleap'd all bound
> Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
> Lights on his feet,

is more ingenious than admissible; and as little is to be said for that which assumes Mr. Gladstone to have known and misinterpreted a French phrase, "Par sauts et par bonds," to be translated as "by fits and starts." That Jefferson Davis, in the case of the Confederacy, had "made a nation" was historically an error, but the phrase was sufficiently striking to seize upon the popular imagination. The saying gave a handle to the critic, which that person, when a political opponent, was not slow to take hold of; and every student of recent history knows that the same could be observed of such phrases as that concerning "a position of greater freedom and less responsibility," used by Mr. Gladstone in explanation of his attacks upon Austria when out of office; as the other indicating eviction notices to be equivalent to a sentence of death, spoken during the Irish land agitation; as that which described General Gordon as having been "hemmed in and not surrounded" at Khartoum, or which characterised the Soudanese at that period as "rightly struggling to be free"; and as that which appeared to imply that, in British

policy towards the Transvaal, there was the taint of "blood-guiltiness." The contention that, in parliamentary affairs, "Ireland blocks the way" has been the theme of much dispute, as likewise has been the distinction drawn in the Home Rule crisis of 1886 between the classes and the masses, though the latter had been anticipated by Cobden in a private letter written a few weeks before his death, in which he referred to "the hostility of the ruling class, for the masses we know are on the other side." The declaration of that same summer of 1886, that in regard to Home Rule "the flowing tide is with us," was an echo of his own of a score of years before in reference to the question of Parliamentary reform, "Time is on our side," but the latter had the advantage of proving correct. Not all Mr. Gladstone's phrases, however, have excited the bitter controversy aroused by those that have been quoted. Who, indeed, could be angry with the classical description of clubs as "temples of luxury and ease"? And none outside the ranks of the stern and unbending teetotal section would venture to impeach the accuracy of the definition of the far-famed beer of Burton as "one of the best drinks which has ever been produced since nectar went out of fashion"—a Budget-speech compliment which is averred to have drawn a bow and a blush from the late Mr. Michael Bass, then Sir William Harcourt's colleague for Derby.

Enough has assuredly been said to show that the characterisation of Mr. Gladstone as "a man of many words and no sayings" is correct only as far as its first half. But not only has he assisted the resources of the platform and the press with phrases which meet us at every turn; he has enriched the English language with more than one word which is of use. In his earliest attempt at authorship, that dealing with "The State in its Relation with the Church," he referred to "legitimate correctional powers," and gave Dr. Murray the opportunity for adding, in the monumental "New English Dictionary," another word to those under C. Half a century later he did a further service of precisely the same kind by designating those who would assert the negative of a certain proposition by the name of Contradictionists. The fact that it was in connection with a meeting of members of Parliament at his house in 1867 that the word "caucus" was first definitely introduced into English politics has escaped the notice of even so omnivorous a collector as Dr. Murray. And that great lexicographer, in defining "deputation" as "a body of persons appointed to go on a mission on behalf of another or others," has missed the opportunity of stating its meaning in words which have been attributed to so experienced a hand in the receiving of such

bodies as Mr. Gladstone, "A noun of multitude signifying many, but not signifying much." When, however, in "the dim and distant vistas of the future"—to employ one more Gladstonian phrase—the makers of the "New English Dictionary" reach the letter S, they will assuredly include another of Mr. Gladstone's words in the shape of "sarcast," with the conversational illustration, "Mr. Disraeli was the greatest sarcast that ever spoke in Parliament." This is a word worth remembering even by those who cannot share Walter Bagehot's appreciation of the combination "gentleman-clergyman," also invented by Mr. Gladstone to describe a divine of a type far different from the "squarson" or "squire-parson" of another day.

Phrase-makers beget phrase-makers as wit breeds wit. "I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men," said Falstaff; and, though little that is brilliant in phrase has been provoked by Mr. Gladstone, some of it deserves remembrance. The picture of him as "a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity," has not been accustomed to be regarded as the highest effort of that accomplished *phraseur*, Lord Beaconsfield; while Lord Randolph Churchill's "Moloch of Midlothian" and "old man in a hurry," like the bad baronet's attempts at torture in "Ruddigore," were "merely rude." The Disraelian description of his oratorical tour in Lancashire in the spring of 1866 as a "pilgrimage of passion" was effectively revived close upon fourteen years later during the first "Midlothian campaign"; and it was this connection with Midlothian that drew from Lord Rosebery in 1885 the declaration of political faith which has been roughly summarised as a desire to remain under "the Gladstone umbrella." This last mythical article was for a time as familiar in the partisan's mouth as the very real "Gladstone bag" was to his hand. Even this useful institution—and, seeing that Wellington and Blücher had given their respective names to boots and Brougham to a carriage, there was no reason why Mr. Gladstone should not lend his to a valise—has been pressed into the service of politics. It is not so very long since *Le Figaro* remarked "Lord Beaconsfield revint du Congrès de Berlin ayant l'île de Chypre dans le fameux Gladstone bag," an observation which provoked to extreme wrath a French provincial paper, *L'Ami du Colon* by name, which read into it an absolute historical statement that Mr. Gladstone, in most Machiavellian fashion, himself furnished the baggage which his rival took to Berlin.

The one phrase concerning Mr. Gladstone that is best known happens, however, to be that which has a history most difficult to trace. The many admirers of the ex-Prime Minister as a party

leader had long wished for some pet name by which they might affectionately hail their chief. Palmerston had been "Pam," Russell had been "Lord John" and even "Johnny," Beaconsfield had been "Dizzy," but not even the most daring had ventured upon "Gladdy." The *Daily Telegraph* is understood to have cherished the belief that it could fill the gap; and in 1868 and thereabouts, when Mr. Gladstone was at the height of his power, the young lions of Peterborough Court roared in chorus in praise of "The People's William." But the name never became popular, and another dozen years passed before there dropped, as if from the clouds, an appellation that at once gained widespread favour. Mr. Andrew Lang has whimsically suggested, through the medium of an imaginary Professor Boscher (who two thousand years hence is to prove in his "Post-Christian Mythology" that Mr. Gladstone was not a man but a sun-myth), that the inscription "G.O.M.," cut in stone, should be read as "*Gladstonio Optimo Maximo*," "To Gladstone Best and Greatest"—"a form of adoration, or adulation, which survived in England (like municipal institutions, the game laws, and trial by jury) from the date of the Roman occupation. It is a plausible conjecture that Gladstone stepped into the shoes of Jupiter Optimus Maximus. Hence we may regard him (like Osiris) as the sum of the monotheistic conception in England." But the originator of the phrase thus indicated by initials remains as hidden from us as Professor Boscher himself. Credit for the creation of "The Grand Old Man" has been claimed for Sir William Harcourt and the late Mr. Bradlaugh; but all that seems certain is that the date of its introduction into our politics was 1881. The inevitable Dante, of course, had been beforehand, for, in anticipation of the use by the Italian newspapers of the term "Il gran Vecchio" in relation to Mr. Gladstone, the poet had described in the "Inferno" the unpleasant predicament of "un gran veglio," which a hostile critic has declared to apply with much precision to the hermit of Hawarden. The earliest work of Octave Feuillet was in collaboration upon a story which had for its title, "Le Grand Vieillard"; and six years after that had seen the light in the columns of *Le National*, Charlotte Brontë, writing in the June of 1850, referred to Wellington as a "*real* grand old man." Leo XIII., as has been noted, is "cet auguste vieillard" in the opinion of the Archbishop of Paris; but, in the English-speaking world, the phrase "The Grand Old Man," by whomsoever invented, has been applied only to Mr. Gladstone; and even M. Francis Charmes, through whom the views of the French Foreign Office are supposed to filter into the leading columns of *Le*

Journal des Débats, could not refrain from barbing a taunt against Lord Salisbury's latest Guildhall speech by an allusion to "l'illustre vieillard." This, in fact, is the one nickname that has "stuck"; but it is, of course, only one among many, both opprobrious and otherwise. Perhaps the earliest political specimen of them all was "Mr. Pig-in-a-Poke Gladstone," applied to him on the hustings at Manchester in the contest of 1837, in which he did not personally appear, by Bronterre O'Brien, once a famous, now an utterly forgotten, Radical. When member for his University, *Punch* described him as "Sir Oxford Logic"; but this has as little title to immortality as Freeman's ὁ περίφημος καὶ φιλέλλην Γλάδστων—"the renowned and Greek-loving Gladstone"—of a later day, when the historian of the Norman Conquest seriously recommended his Greek friends to choose that statesman as King of the Hellenes.

"The Grand Old Man," however, is a phrase about him and not of him; and the inquiry remains whether this "very superior person"—as Monckton Milnes called Mr. Gladstone when he was only twenty, and long before Disraeli thought of dubbing Edward Horsman a "superior person"—is entitled to be placed among the phrase-makers. It may be said at once that when, with apparent consciousness of the endeavour, he set about the task of so qualifying himself, he failed. Disraeli's declaration, in the famous "Bath letter" of 1873, that the country had made up its mind to close the Gladstone Government's "career of plundering and blundering," was felt, even by the Liberals of the day, to be more effective than his antagonist's retort, "I will leave the leader of the Opposition floundering and foundering in the Straits of Malacca." In that style of phrase Disraeli was easily master; and yet, comparing the sayings of both, it is to be seen that, while those of Disraeli were largely gems for show, Mr. Gladstone's were the coin provided for the actual business of political life. And not only in this connection but in a literary sense can such be said. The Gladstonian definition of the orator's display as "an influence principally received from his audience in vapour, which he pours back upon them in a flood," could scarcely be bettered. But the orator's phrases that are remembered are like the rocks that remain after the flood has subsided and even its occurrence is almost forgotten; and that such exist when the long-continued torrent of Mr. Gladstone's political eloquence has ceased to flow, who now can deny?

ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

"CHIMNEY-POT" HATS.

WERE some invisible magician to suddenly call in all the "high" hats of London, it seems not improbable that her citizens might lose their way in the hatless city. King William Street, Gracechurch Street, Threadneedle Street, Cheapside, Fleet Street, the Strand, and other crowded thoroughfares would indeed present a strange sight were such a thing possible. I have before now indulged my imagination upon this subject so far as to consider what would be the likely effect of an annual holiday, by Act of Parliament, for "chimney-pot" hats—their owners attending business in straws, *pro tem.* Would a decline in "chimney-pot" production, and a revival in straws, follow, or Bluecoat School practice and wigs for the hairless ultimately prevail? In dealing with the philosophy of head-gear I am brought to a consideration that the German *Hut*, whence the Saxon "hæt," and the "cabin," whence "cap," both denote similar habitations. Strutt writes:—"The hat of the Saxons was, I doubt not, made of various materials, but by no means seems to have been a part of dress universally adopted. From its general appearance I have supposed it to have been made of skins, with the shaggy part turned upwards; and probably it might often be so; but they had also felt or woollen hats at this period, which their own records testify."

The Roman *petasus* was merely an extra covering for bad weather, and was worn slung at the back of the owner; in many old prints they are depicted as thus attached to travellers and pilgrims, of about the time of the Norman Conquest. They were probably made of felt, and in some instances covered with the skin of animals. All Celts and Goths to the tenth century were guiltless of hats, although they are responsible for a kind of cap.

It is to France that we owe the beaver hat, and it was reserved for the fourteenth century to introduce it into this country. Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" describe a merchant of the time as wearing "On his head a Flaundrish bever hat." Among the entries in the inventory of the effects of "Sir John Fastolfe," 1459, is "A *hatte of bever lyned* with damaske."

Turning to a volume portraying the dress of the days of the Good Queen Bess, I find several pictures of undeniable hats. One of the most conspicuous of these was that worn by Douglas, Earl of Morton. It was termed by the writers of the period a "steeple" or "sugar-loaf" hat, and possessed a high cone-shaped crown and a narrow brim. The effect produced by such a hat upon the head of a very tall man was more striking than artistic. Stubbs uses these words in describing the hats of his day: "Sometimes they use them sharp on the crown, perking up like the shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crown of their heads, some more, some less, to please the fantasies of their wavering minds. . . . Some are of silk, some are of velvet, some of taffata, some of sarcanet, some of wool, and which is more curious, some of a certain kind of fine hair; these they call bever hats, of 20*s*., 30*s*., 40*s*. a piece, fetched from beyond the sea, whence a great sort of other varieties do come. And so common a thing it is that every serving-man, countryman and other, even all indifferently do wear these hats." In Planché's "Cyclopædia of Costume" is shown a high-crowned hat, worn by Howard, Earl of Northampton, died 1614, and a decided "chimney-pot" hat, worn by Thomas Cecil, first Earl of Exeter, died 1622. It is turned up behind, and has a silk band gracefully wound about it; the brim is a little bent in front, giving to the contour quite a "line of beauty."

A song by Heywood testifies to the value set on beaver hats in the days of Elizabeth:

> The Spaniard's constant to his block,
> The French inconstant ever;
> But of all felts that may be felt
> Give me your English beaver.

A hat called variously a copotain, capatain, and coptanke, was worn in the reign of Elizabeth and her successor. It is uncertain what form these hats really took, but there is a strong presumption that they were hats with high conical crowns, in shape resembling those worn by the Welsh peasants of to-day. If so, they were common throughout the reign of James I., and were designated by Bulwer, in 1653, sugar-loaf hats, which, according to his account, became fashionable again in the reign of Charles I., being worn both by men and women. He says, "What were our sugar-loaf hats so mightily affected of late both by men and women, so incommodious for us that every puffe of wind deprived us of them, requiring the employment of one hand to keep them on?"

It was not merely amongst the aristocrats and the wealthy that the fashion of high-crowned hats prevailed; women of all grades assumed them, and added cubits to their statures by such an assumption. The reaction set in about the reign of Charles II., and in 1666 high crowns were considered terribly old-fashioned. In one of Charles's escapes during the interregnum, he was disguised as a mean person "wearing a very greasy old grey steeple-crowned hat, with the brim turned up, without lining or hat-band."

Peculiarities of "puritanic hats," *i.e.* hats of the puritanic era, were the breadth of their brims, and the tall sugar-loaf eminence of the crown. Hogarth represents Ralpho in such a hat in his "Hudibras" illustrations. In Randolph's "Muses' Looking-glass," 1638, there is a sneer at puritanic crowns; Micropapas is made to say:

> I am churchwarden, and we are this year
> To build our steeple up; now, to save the charges,
> I'll get a high-crown'd hat, with five low bells,
> To make a peal, to save as well as Bow.

It is a fact worth noting that the beaver hat in its main shape and features has varied but little since its first introduction. As recently as 1845 beaver hats were sold for two guineas each, and the old Duke of Portland wore one until ten years ago. The difficulty of securing the beavers, and the probability of their total extinction were no substitute found for "beaver" hats, led intelligent men to turn their attention very closely to the subject. At first their suggestions and productions were alike scouted, but perseverance won the day, and were it now possible to bring about the renaissance of the beaver, it is more than doubtful whether it would again take a firm hold upon this nation. The elegance, ease, and comparative cheapness of the silk substitute have worthily supplanted the rough and tumbled appearance, weight, warmth, and high price peculiar to beaverdom.

THE MODERN SILK HAT.

I should regard this story of the "chimney-pot" hat as altogether unsatisfactory were it to terminate here. The "building up"[1] of the standard London hat claims more than a passing word.

[1] I am deeply indebted to Mr. Henry Heath, of "Ye Hatterie," Oxford Street, for the facilities afforded me for obtaining the following particulars. The wrought-iron sign suspended over his spacious premises bears date 1822, and takes us back to the reign of His Majesty King George, when the business was first established. Mr. Heath's extensive workshops are upon the same site as that *occupied by the firm* in the reign of H.M. George IV.

"It is a confession of ignorance, I know, but I always had an idea that beneath the silk of my hat was a brown paper frame-work," wrote Mr. John Foster-Fraser, a distinguished journalist; and his confession must stand for that of the great majority of the "hatted."

It is certainly a little difficult to account satisfactorily for this brown-paper theory, and one can only surmise that it is due to the appearance presented by the canvas, or, more correctly, stiffened "gossamer" beneath the silk nap—but I anticipate.

"Tips," "bodies," and "brims" constitute the trinity of the silk hat, and are neither more nor less than fine twill muslin or calico, stiffened with shellac in the following manner:

A wooden block, made in five pieces, three centre and two side pieces, is the first thing necessary to the hatter. This block is shaped as the "body" of an ordinary silk hat, and is made in parts to admit of removal subsequently; otherwise, as the "body" widens out towards the crown, this would be an impossible task. The circumference of the block is carefully taken, and a strip of muslin, cut to the measurement, is gummed at its two edges, and slipped over the block. Into this muslin, which has been previously smoothed, shellac is ironed, and the whole allowed to dry. Layer follows layer, each gummed as the first, but not seamed independently as the *initial* layer, for the second and third muslins are wound around the block, not slipped over it, the edges being allowed to slightly overlap. When the first layer that goes to form the body is fitted to the block, the hat-builder turns his attention to the brim. The first step necessary in brim manufacture is the preparation of the twill. A length of this is taken and stretched on a frame, and shellac—diluted or "brought down" in *water*—is rubbed in with the fingers, and allowed to dry; over this another length is placed, similarly gummed, and allowed to dry; the process being repeated in the case of livery-hats seven times, but in ordinary silk hats two, three, and even four times. As hard as a piece of cardboard, the application of heat will soften the sevenfold substance in a few moments, rendering it limp and pliable. And here I may observe that the shellac being brown in colour and glazing when ironed, the stiffened muslin—"gossamer"—is very much like shiny brown paper to the casual observer. Of course a closer examination reveals a difference of texture.

The shellac-stiffened length of muslin is cut into squares, and taking one of these in his hands, the operator cuts a round hole in the centre to admit the body. The admission is not an easy one, for the hole is scarcely as large as the body; a narrow flange, formed by the excess of muslin over the depth of the block, is ironed

down on to the crown, and so the junction is brought about. Over this join a narrow band of the twill is neatly ironed. The crown is a round piece, and it is connected with the body by ironing, the heat from the iron always melting the gum and causing the portions to adhere. The second and third layers are ironed on to the body after its union with the brim, in order that strength may be given to the junction. The joining of the sections is really a fine art; and when completed it is impossible to distinguish any seam by the touch. The whole framework is finally brushed with a shellac varnish, the shellac being "brought down" in spirits of wine. I might have mentioned that prior to the ironing a grease-proof band is inserted immediately above the juncture of body and brim.

The silk covering next receives consideration. A deplorable fact connected with the material used for this, is the necessity that exists of importing it from France. It cannot be produced in this country. Experts have gone into the question, and some fifty years ago a patriotic firm of hatters tried to manufacture it expressly for the trade, laying down expensive machinery for the purpose, but the attempt was a complete failure, and the experiment has not been renewed. It is thought that our climate is particularly unfavourable to the obtaining of the rich glossy dye, so necessary for the hatter's purpose. Others assert that failure is due to the British water used in dyeing the plush; but, whatever reason may be the true one, the deplorable fact remains that all the silk plush used in England for the covering of "chimney-pot" hats is imported.

The plush arrives here packed up as ordinary rolls of cloth might be. The first step taken by the hatter is a very simple one—he cuts it to the required size for body and crown. The piece destined for the body is cut on the "bias," or, as a lady would phrase it, "on the cross"—the latter word has another shade of meaning when used by the trade—the two pieces for crown and body are then neatly sewed on the reverse side with fine black silk, the nap being brushed back with a small wire brush until the sewing is finished, when it is artistically brought over the seam. This plush bag is then slipped on to the hat the reverse side, the fit approved, and the turned-down material is cut away as close to the sewing as possible. I ought to have made it clear that a strip of plush is first cut for the brim, prior to the covering of body and crown, and is ironed again and again with the nicest care and skill until it lies upon the brim quite flat, without the smallest perceptible crease or wrinkle; a wire is thrown over the crown on to the brim, and the workman pulls the small flange or

overplus of the brim plush towards the body and neatly trims it away. It is at this stage that the bag-covering is required. When the fit has been approved it is drawn on nap-side out, and ironed much in the same way as I have shown that the brim is. The joining of the oblique seam is a very delicate task, requiring great technical skill; this work is only entrusted to experts, and is effected so perfectly that it is quite impossible, even upon close inspection, to detect the join.

The Shaping Department is decidedly one of the most important places in a hat factory, and the shaper is one of the most indispensable of workmen.

The operation of shaping is frequently known in the workshop as "putting in the curl," the reason being obvious. The *brim*, up to this stage, is perfectly flat, and the "curl" is that scroll-like bend which adorns every ordinary "chimney-pot" hat. No machinery is used for shaping—indeed, it is worth noting that hand-work prevails throughout this important industry—and the bend or form is imparted by the thumb, directed by the practised and artistic eye. The first step necessary to produce the curl is the application of a flat-iron to the brim; the heat to a certain extent dissolving the lac and rendering the part to be shaped pliable. The brim is then ironed over on to a curling pad. The operation occupies about half an hour.[1] The front part of the brim is slightly pared and held before a furnace-fire to soften the shellac; it is thus easily shaped by the workman. While the finishing touches are given, a block, technically known as a "brow," and the shape of a man's head—if the work be "bespoke"—is placed inside the hat, and the whole is worked to the exact form required.

The lining of the hat is an operation that requires care. A white paper is "strained" round the block, a narrow flange being turned back; over this the silk is placed, and the two are tacked together; the lining for the crown is made in the same way. When both have been joined and inserted in the hat, the body lining having been drawn up carefully, the band of kid is neatly sewed around the edge of the body, where it meets the brim: having been previously measured off, the two edges brought together and permanently united by a piece of linen gummed over them. All the sewing is done by women, and it is surprising what adepts they are in getting their needles through even flat surfaces; this is more par-

[1] The "curlers" in Mr. Heath's establishment are paid at the rate of one shilling per hat for their work, and some of them earn seven and eight pounds a week. All the men employed are trade-unionists.

ticularly noticeable in the binding of the hat, where, after having stitched the ribbon on to the right side of the brim by one edge, it is required to turn it over on to the other side, and neatly hem it down. A moment's reflection, aided by an inspection of a "chimney-pot" hat, will render this perfectly clear.

Englishmen may justly feel proud that not a single "silk hat" is imported into this country, and that, in spite of the fact that the materials used in making them are brought from all parts of the world, the hats themselves are exported to the Continent, the Colonies, and every quarter of the globe where civilisation prevails. It stands to our credit that we beat every nation in this manufacture, and an English "chimney-pot" is an unsurpassable product. It is for English hatters, protected by their patron saint, to continue to defy the world, so far as the excellence of their workmanship is concerned.

JAMES CASSIDY.

THOMAS HICKATHRIFT:

THE NORFOLK GIANT-KILLER.

ALTHOUGH the Eastern Counties of England are poor in legendary and romantic lore, they can boast one hero whose history may compare with most of the simpler tales of popular deliverers and doughty champions. Tom Hickathrift is no Cid riding his charger Bavieca across the sierras of sunny Spain, no Roland sounding his magic horn in the defiles of the Pyrenees, all unlike the high-toned knights and squires who prance in the hazy, iris-hued realm of chivalry, quite too lowly to mix with the courtly band who served the goddess Gloriana, and were ever ready to pursue the Blatant Beast, or to resist with stout hearts and pure souls the wiles of the false Duessa.

Tom Hickathrift is English out and out, and his story, in the main, might form a homely chapter in a secular "Pilgrim's Progress." The earliest printed version of the tale, so far as is known, is that in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, printed, it is supposed, soon after 1660; there is, however, a second part believed to be a printer's or a chapman's addition, the British Museum copy of which is dated 1780.

"The Pleasant History of Thomas Hic-ka-thrift," as the earliest story is entitled, is quaintly summarised thus :—

> What honour Tom came unto.—How Tom Hic-ka-thrift's strength came to be known.—How Tom came to be a Brewer's man, and how he came to kill a gyant, and at last was Mr. Hickathrift.—How Tom kept a pack of hounds and kickt a football quite away, and how he had like to have been robbed with four thieves, and how Tom escaped.

So far as I am aware, the only attempt to edit the tale of Hickathrift was that of Mr. Lawrence Gomme, who, in 1885, printed it "from the earliest extant copies with an introduction," for the Villon Society. As this volume was one of a series of five "Chap Books and Folk Lore Tracts," published for a society not in touch with the general public, it is little known.

Mr. Gomme's system of marshalling his authorities is singularly

confused; he begins by asserting that Hearne, the antiquary (1678-1735), has gone so far as to identify Hickathrift with Sir Frederick de Tylney, Baron of Tylney in Norfolk, who was killed in Syria in the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, and, as authority for this, quotes a *Quarterly Review* article (vol. xxi., 1819), on "Antiquities of Nursery Literature," by Sir Francis Palgrave.

Mr. Gomme does not seem to have referred to Hearne's "Glossary to Robert of Gloucester," but Hearne probably based his guess about Sir Frederic Tylney on the story in Hakluyt's first volume of voyages (1589) about the knight, *vir magnæ staturæ et potens corpore*, who sleeps with his ancestors at Terrington, near the town of his own name, Tylney, in the Norfolk marshland.

Hakluyt's story, from a note in an old book of Thomas Tylney, of Hadleigh, Suffolk, dated 1556, is given verbatim by Weever in his "Ancient Funerall Monuments," 1631.

Mr. Gomme sets himself to closely examine all the evidence available as to the existence and form of the popular tradition concerning Hickathrift, and starts with Blomefield, the historian of Norfolk, "writing in 1808," says Mr. Gomme, evidently unaware that Blomefield died in 1752, though there is an edition of his work dated 1808. Moreover, the account of Hickathrift in volume iv. of the folio edition of the "History of Norfolk" is by the Rev. Charles Parkin, the continuator of Blomefield, and this volume was not issued until 1775—twenty-three years after Blomefield's death. This account is merely taken from Weever's "Funerall Monuments," 1631, and Sir William Dugdale's "History of Imbanking," 1662. Parkin, indeed, says that the common people "retain the tradition," but here he simply follows Weever and Spelman, though he was about fifty years rector of Oxburgh, near the scene of Hickathrift's exploits.

After quoting Dugdale, Mr. Gomme tell us that the local tradition can be carried further back to Sir Henry Spelman's "Icenia," written about 1640, and that "a still earlier version is to be found recorded by Weever in 1631."

This is a most unfortunate derangement of dates; for, though Weever dates his "'Funerall Monuments' from my House in Clerkenwell Close this 28th May, 1631," he also expressly states in the margin of his account of Hickathrift, that he derived it from Sir Henry Spelman's "Icenia," and, in the last page of "Funerall Monuments," excuses himself from giving particulars of the diocese of Norwich because "that learned and judicious knight and great antiquary, Sir Henry Spelman, in his booke (before mentioned)

called 'Icenia,' a Manuscript much desired to come to the open view of the world," had already given the information.

Spelman died in 1641, and there is very good reason to believe that the fragment called "Icenia" was written in 1630. However that may be, it is incontestable that Weever got his story of Hickathrift from Sir Henry Spelman, who was born at Congham, Norfolk, not far from Hickathrift's native marshland.

It would appear from these rectifications that Sir Henry Spelman is the first known chronicler of the legend of Hickathrift. "Icenia," in Latin, forms pages 135–162 in "Reliquiæ Spelmannianæ," London, 1723, and the story of "Hikifricus Pugil quidam Norfolciensis," may be found at page 138 of that volume, as partially quoted by Mr. Gomme.

Grim old Weever somewhat amplifies Sir Henry Spelman's notice of Hikifricke, and dwells on the funeral monument in the churchyard of Tilney All Saints, a scattered parish some four miles from Lynn. "A ridg'd Altar, Tombe, or Sepulchre, of a wondrous antique fashion, upon which an axell-tree and a cart wheele are insculped." Concerning this, he says the town-dwellers report, "How that upon a time (no man knows how long since) there happened a great quarrell betwixt the lord of this land and the inhabitants of the foresaid seven villages (*i.e.* of Norfolk marshland) about the meere-marks, limits, or boundaries of this fruitful feeding place; the matter came to a battell or skirmish, in which the said inhabitants being not able to resist the landlord and his forces began to give backe; Hikifricke, driving his cart along and perceiving that his neighbours were faint-hearted, and ready to take flight, he shooke the axell-tree from the cart which he used instead of a sword, and tooke one of the cart-wheels, which he held as a buckler; with these weapons he set upon the Common adversaries, or adversaries of the Common, encouraged his neighbours to go forward and fight valiantly in defence of their liberties; who, being animated by his manly prowesse, they tooke heart to grasse, as the proverbe is, insomuch that they chased the landlord and his companie to the utmost verge of the said Common; which from that time they have quietly enjoyed to this very day. The Axell-tree and cart-wheele are cut and figured in divers places of the Church and Church windows, which makes the story, you must needs say, more probable."

Weever, still following Spelman, compares Hikifricke's feat with that of Hay, a spirited Scottish ploughman (ancestor of the Earls of Errol) who, in the year 942, rescued some of his countrymen from the Danes by means of an ox-yoke or plough-beam.

Sir William Dugdale, whose sympathies were not democratic, represents Hickifricke as the landlord, stoutly repelling the "bold invaders" who contested the boundary question: "For further testimony of which notable exploit they to this day show a large gravestone near the east end of the chancel in Tilney churchyard, whereupon the form of a cross is so cut as that the upper part thereof by reason of the flourishes (wherewith the carver hath adorned it), showeth to be somewhat circular, which they will, therefore, needs have to be the wheel and the shaft of the axle-tree."

This is from Sir William Dugdale's "History of Imbanking," &c., first published in 1662, to prepare which he visited the Marshland, and, no doubt, saw the "funerall monument," as Weever, in all likelihood, did not see it.

Parkin stolidly points out that the supposed representation of a cart-wheel is "a cross pattée, on the summit of a staff, which staff is styled an axle-tree. Such crosses pattée on the head of a staff were emblems or tokens that some Knight Templar was therein interred, and many such are to be seen at this day in old churches."

Sir Francis Palgrave, in the *Quarterly Review* article of 1819 already referred to, says that a Norfolk antiquary procured him an authentic report of the state of Tom's sepulchre at that time. The sculptured lid was then no longer in existence, but, said the antiquary, "it must have been entire about fifty years ago, for when we were good 'Gaffer Crane would rehearse Tom's achievements,' and tell us that he had cut out the moss which filled up the inscription with his penknife, but he could not read the letters."

Parkin says that the stone coffin pointed out as Hickifricke's would not receive a person above six feet in length. So much of it as is now above ground is much defaced and broken, and I can find no authority for the statement in Murray's "Eastern Counties" (1892, p. 323), that the original grave-slab has been moved into the north aisle of the church.

There is a mound near the Smeeth Road Station, between Lynn and Wisbech, called the Giant's Grave, said to be the actual burial-place of the giant slain by Hickathrift, as hereafter described, while in the neighbouring churchyard of Terrington St. John is a cross known as "Hickathrift's Candlestick." This tends to connect Hickathrift with Hakluyt's gigantic Sir Frederic Tilney; and Richards, the historian of Lynn, suggests that perhaps the crusader was descended from Hickathrift. As the Tilney line ended in an heiress, who married a Duke of Norfolk, we can pleasantly surmise that the

present Earl-Marshal, and premier Duke in the English peerage, is a descendant of our Marshland hero.

A little north of Terrington St. John is the beautiful church of Walpole St. Peter, and, according to Murray's "Handbook for the Eastern Counties" (1892 ed., p. 323), a figure built into the outer wall, at the junction of the chancel and the north aisle, is called Hickathrift by the country people, and they say that two holes in the chancel walls were made by a football that he kicked through them.

Furthermore, in the original Chap-book story of Hickathrift it is related that he built a famous church, and gave it the name of St. James's Church, because he killed the giant on that day—that would be Old St. James's, or Grotto Day, August 5; and it is recorded that in the parish of Terrington St. Clement there was in old times a chapel dedicated to St. James, though even the site of it is now unknown.

Thus we have legends, traditions, or supposed memorials of Hickathrift in four adjoining Marshland parishes—Tilney, the two Terringtons, and Walpole St. Peter. The modern spelling of our hero's name is usually Hickathrift, but, as has been seen, Weever has Hikifricke; Hearne, in his glossary to Robert of Gloucester, Hycophrix, commonly called Hycothrift; while the old Pepysian Library Chap-book has the peculiar arrangement Hic-ka-thrift, for which Mr. Gomme thinks some good reason must be assigned, though he makes no elucidatory suggestion on the subject. Perhaps the etymology of the name may yet be revealed, and throw light on the whole legend.

Hickathrift has not been prominently introduced in literature, though it is interesting to know that Coleridge in his moody and unwholesome boyhood pored over the uncovered tales of Tom Hickathrift, Jack the Giant Killer, &c.

Dr. Sayers, a somewhat prominent Norwich man of letters, who died in 1827, rather oddly mixes up Hickathrift with Tom Thumb and Jack the Giant Killer; in a fragment on the last-named hero he describes how

> A handmaiden brings,
> Well fill'd with dark-brown beer, a wooden can
> Of curious workmanship, the which to Jack
> His friend Tom Thumb had given, and the which
> Was given to Thumb by Hickathrift divine;
> And Hickathrift had stolen it from the castle
> Of mighty Ogre, whom he boldly slew
> In dreadful fight, thwacking with Knotty Staff.

According to Sir Francis Palgrave, Tom Thumb's monument in Lincoln Minster was formerly quite a point of pilgrimage to country

folks on Assize Sunday, and the gravestone of Tyll Howleglas, or Eulenspiegel, might be seen in the churchyard of Mollen, near Lübeck, with the owl and mirror rebus duly cut upon the stone.

In poor Clare's "Village Minstrel" (1821) we are told how

> Lubin listen'd with awestruck surprise,
> When Hickathrift's great strength has met his ear;
> How he killed giants as they were but flies,
> And lifted trees as one would a spear, &c.

George Borrow, true East Anglian, and lover of the marvellous, refers in "Lavengro" to the encounter of his countryman, Tom Hickathrift, with the giant of the *Lincolnshire* fen, and to the story-books of Hickathrift and Wight Wallace—story-books which, no doubt, fostered Lavengro's thorough-going admiration for physical prowess.

The Chap-book story starts in the most direct manner, "In the reign before William the Conqueror, I have read in ancient histories that there dwelt a man in the marsh of the Isle of Ely, in the county of Cambridge, whose name was Thomas Hic-ka-thrift, a poor man and day labourer, yet he was a very stout man, and able to perform two days' work instead of one." The Marsh of the Isle of Ely joins the wide expanse of the Norfolk Marshland, and Ely Island was the fastness and "Camp of Refuge" of the famous Hereward, whose semi-mythical deeds of "daring-do that longeth to a knyghte," were worked up by Kingsley into that epic of fen life "Hereward the Wake: the last of the English," founded almost entirely on the 12th century work, "De Gestis Herwardi Saxonis."

In this same Isle of Ely Cnut played a leading part, and one time, when the fenlands were frozen over, Büthmer, a churl, surnamed Budde, or The Stout, "*vir magnus et incompositus*," led the way for Cnut's sledge over Soham Mere, for which service *Budde* and his lands were enfranchised.

To return to our hero, the story tells that the old Marshland labourer's only child was a son named after himself, who would not take to good learning, for he was "none of the wisest sort, but something soft, and had no docility at all in him."

This slothful lubber, after his father's death, lived upon his poor mother's hand-labour, and "all his delight was to be in the chimney corner, though he would eat as much as might very well serve for four or five ordinary men; for he was in length when he was but ten years of age about eight feet, and in thickness five feet, and his hand was like unto a shoulder of mutton, and in all parts from top to toe he was like a monster, and yet his great strength was not known."

At length a day came when his great strength was manifested by his carrying off bodily a huge "buttle of straw" of two thousand weight. This feat put an end to his basking by the fire, for every one would be hiring him, and he got great fame by his feats of strength: for, though he had no more skill than an ass, he flung all that came—some he would throw over his head, some he would lay down slyly.

At length a brewer of Lynn, wanting a good lusty man to carry his beer in the marsh and to Wisbech, after some difficulty hired Tom, and "you are to understand," says the chronicler, "there was a monstrous gyant, who kept some part of the marsh, and none durst go that way; for if they did he would keep them, or kill them, or else he would make bond-slaves of them." For some time Tom went every day by the road way, but finding that the way the giant kept was nearer by half, and having gotten more strength by drinking great quantums of strong ale, resolved to take the nearest way, "to win the horse, or lose the saddle." So one day he flung open the giant's gates for his cart to go through, but the giant spying Tom came on like a lion, intending to take his beer for a prize, but first ran for a great club to dash out Tom's brains at the first blow. So while the giant went for his club, "Tom bethought himself of a very good weapon, for he makes no more ado, but takes his cart and turns it upside down, and takes the axletree and the wheel for his shield and buckler, and very good weapons they were in such time of need."

The giant advanced with a twig as big as a mill-post, and made at Tom with most vehement force—but, after a fierce combat, Tom brought his foe to the ground, and "having no more mercy on him than a dog of a bear, laid still at the gyant till he had laid him for dead, and when he had done he cut off his head and went into his cave," where he found great store of silver and gold. Nevertheless, he loaded his cart and went to Wisbech and delivered his beer. A glance at the map will show that the most direct route from Lynn to Wisbech is through the parish of Terrington St. John, in the churchyard of which Sir Frederic Tilney is said to be buried, and where stands *Hickathrift's Candlestick*, which marked the giant's grave.

By the destruction of the giant Tom became the chief man in these parts, and of the ground rescued from the giant some he gave to the poor for their common, and the rest he made pastures of and divided the most part into good ground to maintain him and his old mother Jane Hic-ka-thrift . . . . and then it was no longer Tom, but Mr. Hickathrift. He now had a deer park, kept a pack of

hounds, and went far and near to sports of all kinds; on one occasion, alighting from his horse at a football match, he took the ball such a kick "that they never found the ball no more." No doubt he then kicked it through the chancel of the church of Walpole St. Peter!

But he did not carry all before him, for one day in the forest he met a lusty tinker that had a good staff on his shoulder and a great dog to carry his bag and tools. Mr. Hickathrift now stood up for his right of way as the giant had done before, but the sturdy tinker showed fight, for he was fain to have one combat with the famous Tom Hickathrift. To it they fell, the tinker at Tom and Tom at the tinker, but in the end "Tom flung down his weapon and yielded the tinker the better on't, and took him home to his house, where," says the chronicler, "I shall leave Tom and the tinker till they be recovered of their sad wounds and bruises." So ends the earliest part of this pleasant history.

The second part consists of nine chapters, and opens with a scene in which Tom and the tinker, whom he now calls his brother, conquered and overcame three thousand disaffected persons in the Isle of Ely, who drew themselves up in a body, presuming to contend for their pretended ancient rights and liberties, insomuch that the gentry and civil magistrates of the country were in great danger—so that Mr. Hickathrift seems to have become aristocratic in his sympathies, as he grew in importance and prosperity. He and the tinker were in due time called to a court banquet, after which the king made a speech in praise of these trusty supporters of his authority, and as a proof of his royal favour knighted Mr. Hickathrift. "And as for Henry Nonsuch, I will," said the king, "settle upon him, as a reward for his great service, the sum of forty shillings a year, during life." So Sir Thomas Hickathrift and Henry Nonsuch the tinker returned home, attended by many persons of quality some miles from the court. But Sir Thomas, to his great grief, found his aged mother drawing to her end, and in a few days she died.

Chapters three, four, and five describe how Tom went a-wooing, and how he punished certain young gallants who affronted him, while chapter six tells with archaic force how he served the Widow Stumbelow, who stole a silver cup at the wedding feast. Chapters seven and eight show how Sir Thomas and his lady were summoned to court, and were received with great demonstrations of joy, interrupted by a dreadful cry from the Commons of Kent, who came to complain of a dreadful giant that was landed there, with abun-

dance of bears, and young lions, likewise a dreadful dragon, on which he himself rid.

The King, after taking counsel, decided that Hickathrift was the most likely man to overcome this monstrous giant, and so made him Governor of Thanet. Tom Hickathrift had not been many days in the castle there, before it was his fortune to behold the giant mounted upon the dreadful dragon, bearing upon his shoulders a club of iron, having but one eye, the which was placed in his forehead, and larger in compass than a barber's basin, and seemed to appear like a flaming fire; his visage was dreadful, grim and tawny; the hair of his head hanging down his back and shoulders, like snakes of a prodigious length; the bristles of his beard like rusty wire. This Cyclops discovering Hickathrift began to breathe forth threatening words, alighted from his dragon, which he chained to an oak tree, and advanced furiously to the castle; by good hap, however, he slipped and fell; and Tom, after a deadly thrust, separated his head from his unconscionable trunk, then turning to the dragon cut off his head also. He sent these heads to court, with all the constables in the county for a guard.

The last chapter relates how the tinker, hearing of Tom's fame, went down to be a partner in his enterprise; and how he was unfortunately slain by a lion. They were joyful to see each other, but, though Tom cleared the island of all the savage beasts, his grief was intolerable for the loss of his old friend, who being too venturesome was killed by a lion that seized him by the throat. After these events Sir Thomas Hickathrift returned home, gave a noble feast, and in two rough stanzas, which end the history, promised to pursue all danger till he had cleared the land of ravenous beasts.

Such, in outline, is the old story of Tom Hickathrift, still current in some form in many East-Anglian households. Of course our hero has been traced to Aryan solar myths, and Sir F. Palgrave notes that his feats were "correctly Scandinavian," while the cross on the grave is compared with Thor's hammer on runic monuments. Mr. Gomme elaborates a comparison between Hickathrift and "Grettir the Strong," and suggests that the ancient Northern tradition adapted to new requirements evolved the present form of the story of Hickathrift, "its ancient Scandinavian outline, its modern English application." Then the cart-wheel is pressed into the runic survival, and so on.

On the other hand, Mr. Gomme opens his introduction with the statement that "there seems to be some considerable reason for

believing that the hero of this story was a reality," and Sir Francis Palgrave roundly asserts that "the 'monstrous giant' who guarded the marsh was in truth no other than the tyrannical lord of the manor, who attempted to keep his copyholders out of the common field, Tylney Smeeth; but who was driven away with his retainers by the prowess of Tom armed only with his axle-tree and cart wheel." But here the mention of "copyholders" seems to conflict with "the reign before William the Conqueror," or any anterior date.

The solar myth explanation is, that Hikifricke, driving along his cart, is another form of the sun-god, a wheel and its axle being the symbols of the sun and its rays. Ages ago the boundaries of the Smeeth would be encroached upon by the original lord of the soil, *the waters*, which the sun, otherwise Tom Hikifricke, with his piercing rays and resplendent beams, likened to the axle and wheel, would eventually drive to the verge of the common.

The multiform action of the sun naturally makes it a possible symbol, or root-idea for almost any figure in history, or any phenomenon in nature; the cap will always fit when the head can be manipulated.

In any case this quaint old history of the Marshland giant-killer offers an interesting problem to students of folklore, and is in itself a notable piece of ancient English story-telling.

Tom Hickathrift has now and then figured in modern collections of old tales, notably in volume i. of *Gammer Gurton's Famous Histories*, edited by Ambrose Merton, F.S.A., in the earlier half of this century, and in the dainty Banbury Cross Series, issued by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., of Aldine House, for whom Miss Grace Rhys has prepared an exquisite little volume entitled *Fairy Gifts and Tom Hickathrift*, just published.

JAMES HOOPER.

ATMOSPHERIC HEAT.

FROM time immemorial an impression has prevailed that in the interior of our earth there is a vast reservoir of intense heat—that the beautiful surface on which we dwell may be only a cooled portion, a comparatively thin crust, covering over an inward molten mass.

One reason assigned for this conjecture is, that as we descend in mines the temperature of the air is found to increase in a fixed ratio, which may be roughly or approximately estimated at about one degree for every 100 feet of direct descent. But this alleged proof, when examined, fails to confirm the conjecture; for everywhere, all over the surface of the earth, the same result is experienced. This could not be the case, because it implies that everywhere the molten mass or reservoir of heat is situated at an equal distance from the shaft or pit of descent, and that the intervening stratum of earth allows the travelling heat to permeate in exactly the same measure. Moreover, the practical workers in mines do not accept the conjecture as even probable, because at fresh excavations, however deep in the mine, the earth dug into and excavated has no feeling of being heated any more than the earth dug out at the surface of the pit. The difference of temperature exists only in the passages and shafts where the air from the earth's surface is freely admitted. Many external surroundings, such as the position of air shafts, or the distance from the main direct shaft, or the windings of the passages, or the heat from lamps and from the working blasts or explosions, will modify the actual temperature at any given depth, both as to time and degree; but, making all allowance for these accidental or extraneous causes of increased or diminished heat in the passages or workings of the mines, it is found that there exists in varying rates a positive fixed amount of atmospheric temperature which, as before mentioned, may be roughly or approximately taken at about one degree for every 100 feet of direct descent. Thus the barometer and thermometer coincide exactly: for every rise of one-tenth of an inch in the barometer there will be a rise of one degree in the

thermometer. It is the same with respect to the atmosphere above the earth's surface or sea-level; for every fall in the barometer as a mountain is ascended there will be a fall in the thermometer. Excluding all external causes of increase or decrease of heat from the period of the year, the time of day, or the absence or presence of sunshine, wind, or moisture, it will be found that there is a fixed invariable temperature in the very atmosphere itself inherently, when surrounding influences are removed or taken into account in any reckoning. Precisely the same result happens above as below the surface of the earth—the barometer and thermometer rise and fall together.

The writer has long known and closely observed and considered these results; and after much experiment and inquiry in research of the truth he has arrived at the conclusion that every volume of atmosphere has inherently in itself its own proportion of heat atoms —whether by absorption, or in solution, or simply in contact by attraction, or by vibration, he is unable to prove or even conjecture. Of course, the sun's rays permeating the air, or any other cause of external increase or decrease of heat, will, for the time being, affect the atmospheric temperature in adding to or diminishing from its possession of heat; but such additions are entirely irrespective of the inherent amount of heat which the atmosphere always contains, which may be termed its own proper measure, irrespective of climate, or position, or external influences, but always the same, being in exact proportion to the density.

If at 2,000 feet below the surface of the earth the thermometer registers, say, 75 degrees, or if at 2,000 feet above the sea-level the thermometer registers35 degrees (the mean being taken as 55 degrees), then the barometer will stand at 32 inches or 28 inches, the mean being taken as 30 inches. I hope that the readers of this article will not consider that I am presuming to state, as a scientific man of experience, that these things are so; I am only a humble learner and inquirer, putting forth my own observation and experience in the hope of drawing attention to facts which I feel to be of importance, because I believe that many lives may have been lost through its not being known or understood that atmospheric heat is in proportion to atmospheric density.

For example, sixty years ago, before lucifer matches were in such common use, there was a little instrument I had lent to me by a friend, resembling a boy's pop-gun, with a small brass tube about two-thirds of an inch in diameter, closely fitted with a steel piston. The lower end of the tube was not open. A small piece of prepared tinder

or combustible substance being placed in a little cup at the lower end of the piston became ignited and used for a match on the piston being forced quickly home. The air, being thus reduced, perhaps to one-tenth of its former volume, contained so much heat condensed as to ignite the tinder. Probably some accidents have occurred in exploding mines, or blasting rocks, or even loading guns through the bore not admitting any escape of the condensed air, and so by the heat evolved igniting the powder charge prematurely.

In experiments which have of late years been made to compress and condense the atmosphere great heat is evolved; so much so that the iron vessels used have to be cooled by cold water being poured upon them. On the compression of any gas separately such heat is not thrown off.

I have made many particular inquiries with reference to the heat of mines, and have ascertained beyond all doubt that when fresh seams are opened, or adits and drifts formed, the earth, coal, or mineral indicates no warmth whatever from any internal source: the warmth experienced is confined to passages or shafts where the air let in from the earth's surface circulates. Working miners smile at the idea of internal heat. In an extensive coal mine twelve miles from where I reside there is a shaft of one direct descent 575 yards, or 1,725 feet, in depth; the temperature, taken only casually, and not with scientific accuracy, is 75 degrees Fahrenheit. Some years since the deepest coal mine in England, near Manchester, was 2,151 feet, and the temperature 75 degrees constant. That mine is now worked at a depth of 3,050 feet, and the temperature is 82 degrees constant. As I before remarked, the temperature thus taken is not the exact criterion of the depth of the column of air, because other surroundings in the pit must influence the condition of temperature. Moreover, the density of each 100 feet does not increase in an equal ratio; it is a constantly progressive rate according to the weight of the superincumbent column of air; but invariably, as is the density or weight, so is the heat, in any given volume.

Other mines in the Black Country are now worked to a greater depth than the one to which I have referred as near Manchester.

Passing from mines, we may consider mineral springs, artesian wells, and other volumes of water thrown out on the earth's surface at a high temperature.

Fifty years since I went to Grenelle, in the suburbs of Paris, for the express purpose of inquiring about the artesian well there for supplying water to the great abattoir of Paris. I have not my notes, made at the time, but from memory my impression is that it was

1,700 English feet in depth, throwing up water through a large iron pipe 50 feet from the earth's surface at a temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit. I have noticed, however, that Dr. Hitchcock, in his book "The Religion of Geology," page 169, gives somewhat different figures: "In September 1850 I visited this well, and found the water running still at the rate of 660 gallons per minute at the surface, and half that amount at the top of a tube 112 feet high, at 84 degrees Fahrenheit." I remember that I could not keep my ungloved hand resting on the tube, so I think my estimate of 140 degrees may be nearer the temperature when I visited the well five years previously. At Bath the celebrated mineral waters rise to the surface at 120 degrees, and have done so from the time when the Romans made the site of the fair city one of their principal encampments, attracted by the healing properties of the water springs. Throughout the world, in the coldest and the warmest climates, in all soils, at all heights, hot-water springs are found, some at temperatures near to boiling-water heat. When we remember the intense elasticity or expansiveness of air we cannot put a limit to its descent through crevices of the earth's surface.

If on Mont Blanc its rarity allows water to congeal, why, in some of its unknown depths, should not its density contain sufficient heat to cause the water it presses upon to boil? Water has, in the experiments of air-pressure to which I have referred, been virtually made to boil in cooling the iron condensers, becoming so intensely hot by the heat evolved from the compressed air.

In our experiments and observations we are apt to put limits to nature's powers. We can state what balloonists have experienced of cold higher than the highest mountains—Gay-Lussac ascended 23,000 feet. If such be the result from the extreme rarity of the air decreasing its inherent heat, why should it not, in corresponding depths, force up all but boiling springs? In an enclosed vessel water cannot be heated beyond boiling point, but it must disperse into steam. May not very deep columns of dense air create the steam which causes earthquakes? When railways were proposed and planned 15 miles was to be the extreme of speed. The scientist who sets any limit upon the motive forces in nature is not a philosopher. As we advance in our knowledge of nature's operations we more correctly estimate their inherent power.

I have spoken in uncertainty, and therefore with doubt, of the deeper columns of the atmosphere, but there are columns resting upon the earth's surface the effect of which can be observed and tested. I have splashed through ice and snow in the unroofed, dirty streets

of Jerusalem in January, when travellers 30 miles away, on the shore of the Dead Sea, have had their thermometers stand at 80 degrees in the shade. Jerusalem is 3,800 feet above the surface of the Dead Sea, the lowest known depression on the earth. The barometer standing at about the average of 27 inches on David's Tower, near the Jaffa Gate, would rise to about 31 inches on the shore of the Dead Sea, and the thermometer, with a corresponding rise, would, at the time I speak of, show an increase of temperature of 40 degrees, other influences being equal. These and such like measurements must of necessity be only roughly approximate, because the rise and fall in both instruments is in accordance with the increase or decrease in the density of the column of atmosphere, which is not to be regulated or ascertained by the number of feet, but by the weight of the superincumbent column of air.

I have very far from exhausted either my suggestions or the proofs by which I seek to give them weight, but as the object of my paper is more to elicit inquiry than to give information, I would briefly sum up the conclusions at which I have, after many years of observation, arrived. For more than forty years I have been engaged in the arduous work of the ministry in large parishes: the science of atmospheric heat has been only the mental recreation of times of leisure. For sixty years the bottle of quicksilver and various tubes and glass instruments have shared a place in my study with my books. Those who have sought to make an air vacuum or to compress air will have experienced the wonderful elasticity which our atmosphere possesses and the difficulties which are encountered in even simple experiments.

The chief, and indeed only suggestion which I seek to maintain, and, if possible, prove, is that the atmosphere around us has inherently, as a necessity of its composition, a certain fixed amount of heat invariably and unalterably in proportion to its density or weight. Apart from this constituent heat, external influences—the sun, fires, hot or cold winds, and various causes—may increase or lessen the heat of the atoms which compose the atmosphere; but this changeable, fluctuating heat is not at all allied to, or connected with, the inherent permanent heat for which I contend as a constituent of the atmosphere—that heat which is evolved on pressure, and belongs to each column as much as the oxygen or nitrogen. It matters not when or where you get the air which you are about to compress. If you procure it from the night or early morning air it will be the same as if enclosed at mid-day; but if you take it from a high elevation of three and a half miles

you will need double the quantity of air than if it were taken from the sea-level; for the rarer atmosphere will yield only half the quantity of heat. Could you descend $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles the figures would be reversed. In perpendicular descents of 4,000 feet the increase of heat would be 40 degrees. Taking the average open surface temperature at 55 degrees, the heat in the mine would be 95 degrees—a most dangerous heat for men to work in, for as the heat increases, so must the atoms of which the atmosphere is composed increase. Can it be supposed that some vast internal molten sea raises the thermometer to 95 degrees? Tell that to one of the working miners, and he will peck out a block of coal or ore from a newly-opened seam as cold to the touch as any fragment on the surface of the pit. If so, then whence does the heat arise? Simply and only from the heavy column of air penetrating everywhere. Thus we have the difference between Jerusalem and the surface of the Dead Sea. I have explained that I cannot understand or detect in any form how the atoms or vibrations of heat amalgamate or mingle with the atoms of the atmosphere. We cannot define what heat is or how it acts, or how it blends with substances which it affects. Are we not in the same state of ignorance with respect to light and gravitation, electricity, and metal magnetism? Oh! how little do we know. We are, as Sir Isaac Newton so humbly and devoutly said, only as children picking up pebbles on the sea-shore while the great ocean of true knowledge lies stretched out before us. Our earth has in the atmosphere a wonderful garment. I have only referred to the warmth or heat of that covering: others can tell of it as the laboratory of nature; as the propeller of our ships securely and surely without the risk of those dreadful collisions now so frequent; as the useful grinder of our corn in remote country districts, to the great advantage of the poor; as the regulator, in co-operation with the ocean currents, of the earth's climate; as the estoppel to man's rashness in climbing mountain heights and ascending with balloons, saying, "Hither shalt thou come, but no farther." I have only written of its deeper effects, warning men not to penetrate too far into the earth's recesses. All mines should be sought to be worked laterally, so far as practicable—not perpendicularly.

In whatever I have written I have endeavoured only to give the result of sixty years' observation and experiment, guided by extensive inquiry; and this I have done only in searching after the truth, and with the object of giving honour and praise to God our Creator, of whom we must ever say, with the Psalmist, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches."

SAMUEL CHARLESWORTH.

THE STORY OF THE MILLER.

A TALE OF MODERN GREECE.

PRELIMINARY NOTE.—In rural Greece, after the wool has been woven into cloth, the latter is sent to the Mandani. The Mandani is a primitive machine, consisting of three or more large wooden hammers (Kopania), which, worked by water-power, strike the cloth with great violence against a substantial board placed on edge, upon which is constantly falling a stream of water. Under the action of this machine, the cloth contracts in length, but grows in *thickness*. When the proper degree of thickness has been attained, the cloth is removed from the Mandani, is dried, and is then ready to be made into such articles of common apparel as gelekia (waistcoats, jackets), sengounia (the women's outer garment), &c., &c.

CHICK-A-CHOCK, chick-a-chock, the wooden hammers were striking hastily. And as I stood by the side of the Mandani, I took up a piece of the cloth upon which the water was falling. "It is growing thicker," I said to myself. "'Tis good wool, and the hammers strike it heavily."

Bir-r, bir-r—but the grindstones were grumbling for more wheat. I left the Mandani, I went to them, the hungry devils! And when I had fed them they ground lazily. I understood that they wanted more water, the stream which came to the mill was running weaker. I pulled a lever, that gave it strength. The stones ground cheerfully. Then I climbed up the ladder to the rooms above. I had just laid my hand upon a big sack of corn. I was going to carry it down the ladder to the stones, when "Adolfos," shouts a voice from below, from the road that runs past the mill. "Who calls?" said I, throwing open a wooden shutter, and poking my head out. "Oh! it is you," said I, as I saw Alexios sitting below on his mule. "Yes!" said he, "make haste, I want a Krasi" (wine). "Directly!" I answered, and with that I came down the ladder with the sack on my back. "The devil take so much work," I said to myself, as I stumbled at the last rung, and fell with the corner of the sack upon my belly. It hurt me. But I ran to the cask, the cask that was in the room at the back of my mill. And though I made haste, so much haste that I broke a tumbler, what did that Alexios say to me when I came to him with hot brow! "You keep your customers

waiting," said he. Pah! but the wine should have choked him. "Here is your copper" (dekara), said he, when he had drunk the wine as if it had been vinegar. I am a very patient man, I did not answer him. I took his empty tumbler and went into the mill.

Chick-a-chock, chick-a-chock—the cloth was thick enough; when it was dry it would be ready for the tailors. I must take it out of the skaphida (trough). I must put the fresh woven in. You see, you see, it was all work at the mill. Too much work!

When I rose of a morning I was tired. When I sought my rugs of a night I was tired. And so I told the Afendi, who owns the mill, and lives at the big house in the village of Pati. "Take on a man," says he. "You are rich, you Adolfos; and your rent, it is nothing." "I will think of it," said I, and I gave him a fine cock. He is a clever man is the Afendi. He would not lower my rent, though in a little while I spoke again of the work, I praised the great size of the cock that I had given him, and I asked who would pay the wages of the man that I would take on at the mill.

As I came away from the big house of the Afendi whom should I meet but Antonios. "How dost thou do?" said I. "So, so," said he, drawing down sadly the corners of his mouth. I saw that there was something amiss. "What is the matter?" said I. "I want work," said he. "I have finished my job at the granary." He was strong, that Antonios. For a little money he would be my boy (paidi) at the mill; he told me so. "Good!" said I. "You may come to-morrow and begin work."

Pati—it is half an hour from the mill, by foot I mean; and when you pass along the road from Pati to the mill you do not see any houses. You go on for another half hour, and still afoot; then you see houses again. A village! the world calls it Tikinos. That is how the mill stands—by itself. Its walls are pink as an oleander flower; its roof has red tiles. It is a beautiful mill, I say it, I who am the miller. In the summer time it is very pleasant at the mill, and a fierce sun does not trouble me, for green plane trees stretch their great arms closely over its roof. And the delicate rays of sunlight that creep betwixt their leaves grow cool amidst the spray showers from my water-wheel. It is a splendid mill, my mill; and Antonios, he should have been my friend, the tailless dog!

Now, when I was his master, and he was my man, I looked with my eyes whilst he worked with his hands. I drank of my wine, whilst he ate of my bread. And as the days passed by us, and he grew clever to my teaching, I lay on my back whilst he carried the sacks. It was right, I was master.

With each rising sun he came to the mill, and my wheel began to turn. With each setting sun he returned to Pati, and the noise of busy waters went to sleep. It was then that I was very happy, and counted my money.

Later, cool night crept quickly over the purple mountains. Her shadows brought wakefulness to many owls; and, as their wings smote the pale gloom, they screeched with eager joy. Till, with a tide of silver light, they rushed boldly forth from neath the plane trees to the green-grey mists that were passing over the homes of mice. To-whit, to-whoo—I could hear them in the distance.

It was one night—so. And I was thinking of sleep. "It is late," I said to myself. "I am tired. I will go to my rugs." Thus thinking, I closed with heavy hand, with harsh noise, the mill door. And as the silence of the dark-roomed mill again drew close about me, I pulled bolt to socket, and pierced it with their bitter scream. Then, gun in hand, I sought my rugs, and slept away from darkness into dream light.

I know not the hour when 'twas that I awoke. But I awoke most suddenly. And as a bullet leaves a gun, so went my thoughts into the darkness that lay about me. And as a bullet hits its mark, so came my thoughts to this—the mill is working.

The floor beneath me was quivering with the turning wheel; the wooden hammers were striking with heavy blows; the stones, I could hear them grinding with roughness. Yet it was black night. "What does it mean?" I said to myself, as I sat up trembling, gun in hand. "Am I awake?" I said to myself, as I listened without mistake. "What does it mean?" I said to myself, as I thought of devils and then the Holy Saints.

I was alone. But the mill, it was mine. I went to the Mandani. And as I held an oil lamp above the great hammers it flickered to the airs that were coming to their hasty strokes. I looked at the water lever. It had been pulled down. I raised it, and at once the hammers grew motionless, they ceased to speak. I went to the stones, they whirled grey in the weak light. They had been set to work; but again I pulled a lever, they stood still, and the water-wheel ceased to turn. I was alone, and the mill was now silent, but for the dripping of many drops of water. I was alone. And this I knew, for I searched the mill room by room. Yet the mill had been working, and the bolt of my door 'twas in its socket, there where I had pressed it home.

I was frightened, very much frightened.

That night, it was long with terror. The morning, I thought it would never come. I was hungry for its light. And once, twice,

thrice, with thanks to the Holy Saints, I drew back the bolt and opened my door to let in the golden rays. Presently, as I stood with the fresh air blowing gently to my face, I heard footsteps, and then a voice to sing. It was Antonios coming through the plane trees to the mill. At once I ran to meet him. He was surprised, that Antonios, and said he, "Where goest thou with such haste, Adolfos?" "I am frightened," said I. "Too much frightened. But come to the mill. I will explain." "Directly!" said he, with a little laugh.

He could not understand it, that Antonios, though I told him all. But I was frightened, and I asked him to explain many times. At length: "It was a dream," said he. "You have been dreaming, Adolfos." "No!" said I, "it was not a dream." "Then it was a ghost or a devil," he answered. "For you say that the door was bolted." It was terrible, it must have been a ghost or a devil.

Now, though I was master, and Antonios my man, I was frightened that day. And I worked by his side; I carried my sacks. But it gave me no comfort, for I thought of the coming night. And when the shadows again came creeping too quickly to the mill, "You will sleep here, to-night," said I, to Antonios. "Let it be so," said he; "but you will pay me for such dreadful work." The tailless dog! but what could I do? "I will pay you two drachmas," said I.

The night, it had come to us. My door, it was bolted. My lamp, it was burning with steady light. "Adolfos," said Antonios to me, "I am brave. But devils frighten me. A little wine, and I should feel stronger." He had a thirsty throat, that Antonios; and the night held many hours. He drank, and he drank again, whilst he talked of devils and ghosts. He grew drunk, that Antonios. He lay down, and slept. But I—I could not sleep, I listened with hungry ears to the silence of the mill. And it was only the light of a breaking day that brought me peace.

The night, it had passed. "Get up," said I to Antonios. He was sleepy with wine. "Get up, get up!" I shouted, "and turn on the water. 'Tis time for work." Chick-a-chock, chick-a-chock—— he set the hammers to work. Bir-r, bir-r—— he was taking care of the stones. I would sleep.

When I awoke the sun was fierce in its strength. I felt hungry, and I called to Antonios to bring me food. After which, came many travellers by the mill, and some called for Krasi, and others for Raki. It made me very busy, and I grew cheerful to think of the quiet night that Antonios and I had passed. Nevertheless, when the day was drawing to its close, "You will sleep here to-night," said I to Antonios.

Again, night was with us. My door, it was bolted. There was wine by our side. "Hush! What is that?" said Antonios, raising his hand. "I do not know," I answered. "I did not hear." "Listen!" said Antonios, with the grin of a drunken fool. "It is a breeze without," I said. "It must be," said Antonios, "a breeze without." Then he grew more drunk, he went to sleep, and he laughed as he slept. Whilst I, I gazed at the burning lamp by our side till the rays of the morning robbed it of yellow life. Then I arose, and as I awakened Antonios, I said to myself, "Come another night, I will sleep by myself, for it was a dream that I dreamt, that I dreamt of my mill."

I had slept. And again, it was the mid-day when I awoke. "To fagi!" (Food), I shouted to Antonios. He came running to me, for I had spoken as I felt, very strongly. "Amesos!" (Directly), he said. Then I gave him many orders, for I knew that I was master, and he was my man. And of devils at the mill, there were none; I told him so. "But I will sleep here to-night," said he. "Ochi!" (No), said I; and I thought of my drachmas and wine.

The hammers had done their work. The stones had ceased to turn. And, towards the shadows of the coming night, Antonios had set his face. In a little while I could not see him, though I could hear his footsteps travelling into the distance. In a little while they, too, had left me, and I was alone by the door of my mill. Then I placed a firm hand upon my door. I pushed it open—boldly. I stepped within, and across the darkness that was there I drew the iron bar home to its socket.

I had lit my lamp, and from 'neath my warm rugs I could see its yellow light pierce between the great beams over my head. The yellow light, the black wood, they were beautiful! And as I watched them, the drip of many drops of water whispered softly to my ears. I gazed, I listened; I listened, I gazed; 'twas so that I fell asleep.

Chick-a-chock, chick-a-chock; bir-r, bir-r——. Was I dreaming? Was I awake? The Holy Saints! I was awake, and the floor beneath me was quivering with the turning of my wheel. Quickly—I stretched a hand out. I grasped the barrel of my gun. It was cold; and I shuddered, for the light about me was cold as the breeze that meets the mountain summit. But I was a man, and with fierce grip at the air, and helpful gun, I rose to my feet. Then, with gun and lamp, I went to the Mandani. Bah![1] but its hammers were striking heavily. From shadow to light they swung; from

[1] Bah!—an ejaculation of surprise, not disdain.

light to shadow they fled. Bah! but they looked alive, they were fighting with mighty blows, with devilish roar. My stones, they were screaming with terror. The air, it was trembling.

Quick, quicker: one lever, and the other, I pulled them. Immediately—there was most delicate peace. And, as stars sparkle forth from a clear sky, so came the drip of many drops of water to the smooth silence. "Saint Nicholas protect me," I prayed; and my voice sounded strange to my ears.

The hours of that night, they moved like a tortoise. For I was alone; I knew it, I who had searched my mill and found it empty. And when the morning light woke the sleeping birds; and when the rising sun had brought Antonios to me with a smile upon his lips; "It is to Papa Spiro I will go," I said to myself. But to Antonios I gave no words but these: "Do your work, for I go to Pati on business."

The good Papa! He was very kind. He listened. "It is a devil," said he, "who works your mill by night." "Surely," said I, "it is a devil, but what shall I do, Papa Spiro?" "It is a difficult thing to get rid of a devil," he answered. "But with a little money!" said I. "I will think," said he; and then I felt happy, for he was a holy man, a clever man.

Now, as I walked back to my mill from Pati, it was many times that I put my hand into my silachi,[1] and each time that I drew it out I said to myself, "It is there. Yes! it is safe there." It was a little bullet that was in my silachi, a very small one, but then the Papa had blessed it. And afterwards he had said, "Place this in your gun, Adolfos. It will drive away the strongest devil, never to return." I had understood, and after that I had drawn some drachmas from my silachi, I had put the bullet in their place.

Bah! but the sun was hot as I walked. I was glad to come to my mill. "Kani zesti" (It is hot), I said to Antonios, as I entered its doorway. "You have walked fast," said he; and he looked at me with his head on one side. "Is the wheat of Demetri ground?" said I, for I was master, and if I had walked fast, what did it matter to him? "Two sacks of it," he answered. "But you have been away a long time." And with that he put his head on the other side. He was an idle fellow, that Antonios; he should have ground it all. It made me angry to see him standing there with his head on one side. I said roughly, "Work."

Chick-a-chock, chick-a-chock; bir-r, bir-r—— the mill was working well. It pleased me to hear its pulse. And I was happy, as

[1] Silachi, the leathern girdle-pouch worn by peasants round the waist, and used by them as the receptacle for their knives, pistol, cigarettes, papers, &c.

I felt with my hand the coolness of the little bullet in my silachi. That Antonios, he was here, he was there. It was well, he was doing his work.

Later, when the evening shadows had come to us from the high mountains, I said to Antonios, "The day's work is finished. You may go, you Antonios." The owl (mpoufos) he blinked with his eyes, as if he could not see. I understood. He wanted to stay, he thought of my wine. "Ogligora!" (Make haste) I said, and I went to my door.

He was gone. Then I grew very busy. I drew the bolt across my door. I lit my lamp. I opened the shutter of my window, and into the darkness without I fired my gun. The red fire—it shot outwards, it burnt the night that my bullet pierced. I closed the shutter. I took my powder-flask, and poured many grains down my gun. Then I felt in my silachi for the little bullet of the good Papa. I took it out. Tung! it dropped gently home to its bed of powder. Bah! but it did not take me long to load that gun.

"I am brave," I said to myself. It was true, the lamp that I held in my hand it did not shake; and as I came to the Mandani, my tread it shook the floor. Gently I placed the lamp upon a plank, my gun upon its butt under the water lever. Then I crossed myself, and from my silachi drew forth the tangle of a string. Patiently I loosed it to its length, and wound an end about the water lever. "It holds," I said to myself, "and now for my gun."

I laughed, and I thought of the good Papa. I laughed and I said inside me, "May the devil pull the lever, may the lever pull the string, may the string pull the trigger; for then will come forth the little bullet of the good Papa."

And with that I went to my rugs, I went to sleep.

When grey mists grow pink to the rising sun, it is oft that they whirl from place to place, by tree, by rock, by field. Gradually, gradually, they think of death, and die before the golden darts. It is then that the world is fully open to the light. So: I was there, I knew not where. And I laughed, but I knew not why. So: I was in prison, I knew not where. I moaned, but I knew not why. Gently, gently, it opened, the door of that prison; and there looked in upon me with staring eyes the face of Antonios. "'Tis like a horrible dream," I thought; and I lost myself in the thought. . . .

At length: "I have been dreaming," said I to myself, as I entered the dusk of a great forest with bold step, and passed amongst pine trees that were thick with age. "I have been

dreaming," I said, as I glanced upwards, and saw most loftily above my head no clouds, no heaven, only branch and myriad spine. While straight as the straightest pine, there clung to the greatest pine one ray of golden light, that came from above, that fell on a green moss below.

Presently I was by the torn banks of a stream. Its waters were white with fury ; they were rushing with sullen roar beneath a fallen pine that lay stiffly from bank to bank. I paused, I looked ; and as I looked there came walking across the pine Antonios with his gun upon his shoulder. "Antonios!" I shouted ; he stopped ; he turned towards me, as he stood above the rushing water. Suddenly he raised his gun, he placed it to his shoulder and he fired at me. Then he fell with heavy plunge, with flaming gun, into the foaming water, and I felt his bullet to strike me with a savage shock. I stretched my arms out, I staggered, I was falling. . . .

I—I who was living, awake. I, whom the yellow light was around, who was beneath the black rafters, whose ears were listening. I—I sprang to my feet, for there was a voice calling to me, and as it called to me there was agony in its tone. "Adolfos," it came to my ears, with the thud of beating hammers. "Adolfos, Adolfos," it turned in my brain with the whirl of grinding stones. "Adolfos," it was coming closer ; it terrified me, I drew my knife.

Then from the darkness beyond the light, through my open door there rushed a figure. "Stop!" I shouted, and I held out the point of my knife with stiff arm.

There was blood before me, yet I had not shed it, my knife was dry ; there was blood before me, it was dripping to the floor. Red upon white, it lay upon his foustanela ; red from red, it dropped to the floor. 'Twas the blood of Antonios who was praying me for the good God's sake to bind up his hand.

I—I who was living, awake. I whom the yellow light was around, who was beneath the black rafters, whose ears were listening ; I—I bound up his hand. Then he told the truth to me with groan and sob. "I wanted the mill," said he, "I wished to hire the mill from the Afendi." "I do not understand," said I. "Each time I climbed the plane tree," said he, "I crept out on its arm, I entered the mill by its shuttered window." "Bah!" said I, "but why?"

"I thought to frighten you away," said he, "to make you think that it was the devil who worked the mill by night."

"Bah!" said I.

"I am dying," said he.

'Isos" (Perhaps), I answered, and I pointed to the open door.

NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

MIDDLE-CLASS SURNAMES.

THE question is often asked, doubtfully if not even sarcastically, "What's in a name?" We would reply beyond a doubt that there is often very much of meaning in a name, perhaps even in most names, if we will only take the pains to look into them; and certainly a little trouble may be spent with profit in tracing them to their origin. Everybody knows that the family names of a very large proportion of our titled classes call our memories back to places and events famous in history, and so associate us with the venerable and interesting past. Very many of these names are more or less clearly of Norman origin, whether their holders really came over with the Conqueror or not. Such, for example, are the names of Talbot, Vere, Vernon, Harcourt, and St. Maur or Seymour, while Stanley and Howard—if they are, as most people are inclined to believe, but Staneleigh or Stonelee and Hereward in disguise—carry us still further back, and connect us with the Anglo-Saxon times of Edward the Confessor, perhaps even of Alfred.

The Romans of old divided their names into the Prænomen, the Nomen, the Cognomen, and the Agnomen. The first of these, such as Caius, Marcus, and Quintus, was purely personal to the individual, answering very nearly to our Christian name; the second was that of the "gens" or house to which the bearer of it belonged, as Julius; hence we speak of the Gens Julia, the Gens Tullia, &c.; the cognomen denoted the particular "family" or "familia" in that "gens," as Cæsar or Maro; while the agnomen was a purely personal and honorary distinction, given to individuals, as a title, on account of special services. Thus, the agnomen of Africanus, as even Macaulay's school-boy knows, was given to one of the Scipios, the same of whom Horace writes—

> Ejus qui domita nomen ab Africa
> Lucratus rediit.

Among the people of Israel proper or peculiar names were given to children on their first initiation into the Jewish body by

the rite of circumcision: and these names, as we know from the pages of Holy Scripture, were often altered on great and memorable occasions, as Abram to Abraham, Jacob to Israel, and Simon to Peter.

Among modern and Christian nations it is clear that the personal and proper name, commonly called the Christian name, is the only real name in the strict and original sense of the word. By it, in the very earliest times, each member of a family or household (such families being the units of which society was made up) was distinguished from his brothers and sisters. But this, of course, would no longer be sufficient for the purpose when the gradual extension, and most probably the consequent dispersion, of the family, or its removal to a new place of abode, rendered some further distinction almost a matter of necessity. And so the surname arose.

Hence, it is clear that our earliest surnames[1] would more or less partake the character of "nicknames" in their origin and inception. Such, for instance, are Longshank, Cruickshank, Sheepshanks, Armstrong, Beauclerk, Lackland, Oldacre, Rufus or Redhead, all of which explain themselves; later on would follow Roth-schild, he of the red-shield, and Plantagenet, derived from the lowly broom plant, *planta genista*, borne by one great and powerful family as a crest upon the helmet: and these mark but a further stage of the "nicknames" which gradually developed themselves into many hundreds and thousands of names, and ultimately became universal, at all events in England.

Bearing this origin of surnames in mind, we lately took some little trouble to analyse, roughly and popularly, the probable or possible derivations of the surnames, not of our aristocracy, but of the middle classes, who, after all, compose the great bulk of the British people. For this purpose we took in hand the Business or

[1] Even Christian names, strange to say, are in many cases nothing but nicknames in disguise. Thus, Mary comes from "Mare," the sea, or perhaps from "Marah," bitter; George—*γεωργός*—is a "tiller of the soil"; Gregory—*γρηγόριος*—is "watchful" or "wakeful"; Silvester is a "woodman," or a "wild man of the woods"; Theophilus—*θεόφιλος*—is "beloved by God"; Theodore, Theodora—*θεοδῶρος*—is "gift of God"; Timothy—*τιμόθεος*—is "one who honours God"; Benedict is "Benedictus," "blessed"; Beatrix, or Beatrice, is "the blesser," and is never found in the masculine gender; Cornelius, "horny," from "cornu"; Philip, Philippa—*φίλιππος*—is "fond of horses"; Nicholas—*Νικόλαος*—is "the People's Conqueror"; Augustus, Augustine, Austin, is "Reverend"; Laurence, Laurentius, from "Laurus," a laurel; Florence, from "Flos," a flower; Peter, "stone," or "rock," from *πέτρα* or *πέτρος*; Patrick, Patricius, is "Patrician," and that again from "Pater"; Laura, from "Laura"—*λαύρα*—a street; and Peregrine—"Peregrinus"—is a "foreign traveller."

Commercial portion of Kelly's well-known "Post Office London Directory," and attempted to arrange the names roughly in classes, with the result that we found about one quarter of the whole to be of *local* origin, another quarter to be *patronymics*, more or less disguised, another quarter to be derived from various *trades and professions*, whilst the rest for the most part could be conveniently classed only as *miscellaneous*. These last are drawn apparently for the most part from personal accidents, from parts or objects of nature, or products of the more simple arts, from times and seasons, from coins, weights, and measures, from houses, churches, or their various parts, from animals (domestic or perhaps heraldic), from agricultural implements and common manufactures, and even from the Law and the Church. A few others, mostly foreign and comparatively modern introductions, scarcely come under any of the foregoing headings, and almost defy classification. It must be remembered in dealing with all these that, owing to the absence or rarity of writing and printing, to the uncertainty of English spelling in general, and to the strange freaks and vagaries of what is known as the phonetic principle, very many names current amongst us to-day are so disguised to the eye and to the ear as to be scarcely recognisable in the dress which they have gradually been made to wear in the course of the last few centuries. It is difficult, for instance, for the unlearned average Englishman to recognise plain John "of the Inn" in the aristocratic John "Thynne"; and perhaps very few of our readers would suppose, unless informed specially on the matter, that the vulgar "Stabb" is probably *au fond* only a variant of the ancient and venerable "St. Abb."

But let us look a little closer into the groups of surnames now existing and in almost daily use among our people. And, first of all, let us take the names for which we would claim a *local* origin. These would naturally be, and doubtless are, in the vast majority of cases, derived from districts, towns, and parishes in our own island or in adjacent countries, and, therefore, presumably, of great antiquity. Examples of the first of these are to be found in Frank, Norman, Scot or Scott, Saxon, Fleming, French, Welch or Welsh, Holland, Spain, Easterling, or its obvious abridgment Sterling or Stirling, German or Germain. Most of these would probably be first applied to the forefathers of their present bearers in the age when the emigration of families for the purposes of trade began, and when the "knaves" of old England first ceased to be serfs, *glebæ adscripti*. Instances of the two latter sources of derivation are to be seen in most, perhaps in all, of the following group of names, which occur

at least once, and in many cases in very large numbers in the "Business" portion of the Post Office Directory of London, proving that the great influx of strangers from the country districts into our great towns is not of so modern a date as most persons are apt to suppose, but belongs to a very early period indeed. Thus we find Eaton, Eyton, Easton, Eyston, Weston, Sutton, Norton, Darby, Henley, Northcote, Norwood, Southwood, Oxford, Cambridge, Sanford or Sandford, Greenwood, Alford, Colchester, Darlington, Walton, Walford, Onslow, Stanford, Boreham, Hatfield, Greenfield, Springfield, Hepworth, Waltham, Ringwood, Worsley, Wortley, Bury, Bowdon or Bowden, Sutherland, Stock, Fulford, Tew, Tweed, Norfolk, Suffolk, Stafford, Essex, Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Devon, Cornwall or Cornwell, Twyford, Hampton, Compton, Wood, Field, Mill, Freshwater, Wisbey (? -each), Freshford, Malden, Malton, Sevenoaks, Sevenoke, Sheffield, Rotherham, Orton, Staines, Leeds, Lee, Leigh, Langford, Longford, Langmead, Land, Aldworth, Waters, Pembroke, Chester, Chesters, Dale, Stanton, Stainton, Leyton, Layton, Leighton, Ford, Hill, Athill, York, Carlisle, Lincoln, Winton, Altham, Alton, Driffield, Duffield, Shoredyke, Winterton, Thorpe, Railton, Grantham, Lupton, Shipton, Skipton, Yarrow, Witham, Annan, Aston, Forfar, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Tilbury, Turton, Taunton, Turnham, Lindsey, Lofthouse (and Loftus), Weatherby, Swinfen, Swinburn, Swinestead, Boston, Windham, Wickham, Penton, Desborough or Disbrowe, Benson, Compton, Churchill, Milton, Stanley, Brighton, Lancaster, Lankester, Durham, Stanfield and Stansfield, Stockwell, Rutland, Shrewsbury, Caithness, Berwick, Clapham, Dorking, Dorset, &c.

Next in order follows a large, though not equally large, group of patronymics, many of them more or less disguised by phonetic changes. Such are Dickson, Godson, Isaacson, Williamson, Williams, Edwardson, Edwards, Oliverson, Watson, Watts, Johnson, Jackson, Jacobson, Johns, Jones, James, Jameson, Jamieson, Peters, Peterson, Paterson, Clarkson, Adamson, Adams, Wilson, Wilkinson, Wilkins, Robertson, Roberts, Cookson, Davison, Davidson, Davis, Davys, Davies, Price (ap-Rice[1]), Jenkins, Jenkinson, Robins, Robinson, Prichard (ap-Richard), Richardson, Richards, Robb, Wrightson, Philips, Phillipps, Phillips, Philipson, Phipson, and (perhaps) Phipps, Phibbs, and Phibbson, Samson or Sampson, Benson, Gregson, Pugh

[1] The "ap" is equal to Latin "ab" and the Greek ἀπό, denoting "of" or "from." Its equivalent in Scotch is "Mac," as "MacPherson"; in Irish "O," as "O'Connor"; and in Norman "De," as "De Lisle," "De Grey," "De Spencer."

(ap-Hugh), Hughson, Stephenson or Stephens, with its phonetic variants Stevenson and Stevens.

The following are taken from the trades and professions of individuals or of their forefathers: Archer, Forrester, Forester (Forster or Foster), Barker, Farmer, Wright (and its compounds Wheelwright, Shipwright, Arkwright), Fisher, Fowler, Potter, Fuller, Taylor, Smith (=Faber), Taverner and Tavener, Chapman, Turner, Hunter, Huntsman, Palmer, Clerk or Clark, Parson, Bishop, Vicars or Vickers, Cheeseman, Cheesewright, Frere, Beadel, Iremonger, Locker, Reeve, Skinner, Rider, Walker, Yeoman, Stabler, Reader, Glasier, Glaishier, Brewer or Brewster, Malster,[1] Boxer, Squire, Horner, Hanger, Green (?=Greenman), Waller, Ward, Barber, Steward or Stewart, Stuart, Draper, Tanner, Stainer or Stayner, Ringer, Dayman, Hooper, Butler, Spencer or Spenser (short for Despencer), Prince, Duke, Earl, Marquis, Knight, Lord, Baron, Count, Shepherd or Sheppard, Frere, Scrivener, Pilgrim, Filer, Fyler, Tyler, Joyner, Workman, Quilter, Gardner, Gardiner, Cadman, Gadman, Porter, Portman, Shoemaker, Carpenter, Sumner, Dean, Deacon, Priest, Farmer, Soper, Sopper, Thatcher, Leech, Cook, Cooke, Cookson, Monk or Monck, Fryer, Abbot or Abbott, Prior, Fisher, Shoosmith, Pedler, Nailer, Naylor, Diver, Butter, Baker, Fletcher (? Flesher), Butcher, Bowman, Granger, Stainer, Carter, Carman, Miller, Millar, Hedger, Forman, Foreman, Goldsmith and Goldsmid, Howard (? Hereward), Plowman, Ploughman, Pothecary, Oastler, Ostler, Osler, Ustler, Hostler, Hustler (all forms of "Hosteller"), Driver, Drover, Stabler, Spooner, Trencher, Spinner, Turner, Sawyer, Bowyer, Seller and Sellar, Sander, Schuster (though this is probably of modern date), Glover, Tiller, Silverman, Brasier, Brascher, Cooper (and its alternative Cowper), Brander, Seaman, Bargman, Barker, Barber, Sumpter, Dredger, Fowler, and so forth.

It is curious that neither Banker, nor Soldier, nor Sailor occurs among our list of names derived from trade; but it must be remembered that the first of these names is scarcely as old as the days of the Stuarts, before which time the Goldsmiths "kept running cashes" and acted as "banquiers," for the word is one of modern French importation. Soldier (*soldat*) also is of foreign and comparatively recent origin. The absence of Sailor is supplied, though very sparingly, it must be owned, by Boatman and Boatwright, Shipman and Shipwright. But, then, it is only in comparatively

[1] Singularly enough, this gentleman figures as a beer-retailer in the Post Office Directory.

modern times that we became a sea-loving people and that "Britannia" began to "rule the waves."

The operations of nature are expressed in the following names; but how they came to be applied to this or that individual it is impossible to find out, or even to guess, though probably to each case there is, or once was, some story attached: Flood, Frost, Snow, Rain, Rainbow, Mist, Storm, Fogg, Cloud, Sky, Heaven, Thunder, Moon, Starr, Mudd, Gale, Eddy—unless the last-named is, as it may be, a diminutive of Edward or Edmund.

The following surnames would appear to have their origin in the various parts and products, as distinct from operations, of nature, though it is scarcely possible to say where the one set ends and the other begins: Flower, Flowers, Heath, Wood, Meadow and Meadows, Field, Oakes, Okes, Tree, Shrubb, Pink, Rose, Lily, Day, Night and Eve, Light (but no Morn), Pepper, Peppercorn, Nutt, Peat, Gold and Gould, Silver, Lead, Brass, Lake, Ginger, Salt, Fount or Fountain, Mount or Mountain, Leaf, Budd, Ford, Cole, Coke, Ore, Stone, Wheat, Oats, Barley, Bush, Bushe, River or Rivers. From rural and agricultural scenes are derived such names as Pond, Hedge, Hedges, Lane, Field, Hay, Stack, Stock, Wood, Woodhouse, Wodehouse, Oates, Wheat, Wheate, Wheatcroft, Forest, Farm, Farman, Farmer, Greenwood, Swinestead, Swindell, Pitt, Pitts, Cave, Vale, Hill, Dale, Fowle, Foulger, &c.

Manufactures and the implements used by our forefathers are responsible for such names as Shears, Sword, Dart, Bolt, Link, Leather, Silk, Cannon, Gun, Lock, Steel (but no Iron), Glass, Pott, Potts, Lamp, Pinn, Pitcher, Kettle—unless some few of these are to be accounted for as freaks of the phonetic system.

To coins, weights, and measures, solid or liquid, and their associations, we must attribute the origin of the following: Pound, Crown, Shilling, Penny, Halfpenny, Farthing, Yarde, Ell, Foot (or Foote), Inch, Gill, Bushell, Day, Weekes, Port, Beer, Sherry, Shrubb, Stout, Aley (but no Ale), Glass, Drinkwater, Negus.

Houses and parts of architecture may be traced in such words as House, Howse, Temple, Scrine or Skrine, Gable, Bell, Rood, Roof, Board, Lodge, Drain, Gully, Lofts, Croft, Stable, Till, Sill, Parlour, Kitchen, Wells, Still, Stair, Bannister.

Ecclesiastical art has apparently been more prolific in names than her secular sister, domestic architecture. From the former, at all events, and from *res sacræ* in general, we derive Church, Kirk (and Kirke), Churchyard, Chapel (and Chappell), Porch, Tower, Sermon, Creed, Sexton, Parson, Parsons, Pew, Crosier, Coop, Rood, Tower,

Graves, Paternoster, Pontifex. From the Law we gain a few other names, such as Court, Fines, Circuit, Chancellor, Judge, Jury—though the last may be only a corruption of Jewry, and Fines may be a modern spelling of the old Fynes or Fiennes.

Again, a variety of names would seem to be of heraldic or semi-heraldic origin, though here it is difficult to say where the nickname begins or ends. Such are "Plantagenet," which we have explained above; such also are Lyon, Stagg, Fox, Hare, Bear, Catt, Catlin, Hind, Otter, Cattle, Bull, Cow, Tod or Todd, Brock, Badger, Fish, Fysh, Pike, Luce, Swan or Swann, Goose, Goosey, Duck, Swallow, Deer or Dear, Griffin, Cock and Henn, Henne and Hennes, and Alcock, Hiscock, Locock, Slocock, Peacock, Boocock, Pocock, and Hitchcock. Many of these names, no doubt, came to be applied to persons from the signs of the houses where they were respectively born, for in the times of the Tudors, if not later far, the innkeeper was not the only trader who hung out a sign.

Other animals also figure in our nomenclature; as Ling, Dawe or Daw, Hare, Rabbett or Rabbitt, Cammell (with two *ms* and two *ls*), Ram, Partridge, Squirrell, Jay, Wolf and Lamb, Goldfinch, Wren, Linnett, Bird, Turtle, Tupp, Ewen (pl. of Ewe), Pheasant, Grouse, Quail, Cowen, Bullen (pl. of Cow and Bull), Salmon, Gudgeon, Dace, Dabbs, Roach, Finch, Robin, Sparrow, Goat, Crow, Raven, Parrott, and Bustard.

Passing on to the class which we regard as "miscellaneous," let us first enumerate those names which are derived from a man's own or his parents' personal qualities. Among these are Long, Short, Crookshank, Longman, Stout, Gross, Grosse, Strongitharm, Armstrong, Dark, Sly, Bigg, Gray, Grey, Brown, Swift, Slack, Tall, Lusty, Sandy, Thick, Thin, Friend, Dandy, Darling, Sheepshanks, Hastie, Fast, Quick, Slow, Old, Olde, Auld, Fatt, Lean, Pett, Keen, Black, Redman, Redhead, Blackstaff, Sharp, Wyllie.

The real derivations of the following, or most of them, would seem to defy the efforts of the best and most acute grammarians; so we will merely enumerate them, promising that, anomalous as they may seem and are, they are all to be found in the London Post Office Directory: Kiss, Bliss, Sleep, Death, Blood, Slaughter, Joy, Fudge, Mudge, Tett, Pentecost, Peck, Box, Nile, Diaper, Dallimore, Pickup, Philo, Nimkey, Jump, Leapman, Edds, Streak, Hearse, Corps (without the "e"), Body, Licence, Reason, Jinks, Wrench, Widgery, Mumm, Mummery, Gadd, Greenshield, Greenshields, Halfhide, Twenty-man, Quarterman, Osmotherly, Bobby, Mudd, Muddiman, Muddle, Pettifer, Pettiford, Puddefoot, Innous, Gury, Gramshaw, Twelvetrees

(can this have anything to do with Sevenoaks?), Self, Double, Doubleday, Botibol, Folley, Diprose, Dewsnap, Swasbrick, Galsworthy, Gamble, Gammon, Truelove, Tuppeny, Tunnicliff, Tunks, Tempany, Skewis, Sirkett, Jiggens, Snazle, Innocent, Forecast, Stallibrass and Stallabrass, Crumley, Suthery, Sapsed, Sapseid, Thirkettle, Crosweller, Whurr, Behag, Imison, Licorish, Tabberer, Pargeter, Buzzacott, Hexamer, Cockshaw, Broddow, Dodimead, Hibberdine, Lifetree, Rattigan, Quartermass.

Besides the above, Kelly's Directory contains a host of foreign names, mostly modern importations. From France we gain such *cognomina* as Dubois, Lambert, Bouverie, Labouchere, Delay, Lefroy, Lefevre, Deligny, Delforce, Delhay, De la Place, De Grave, De Grelle, Le Bas, Faber, Martineau, Fonnereau, Follet or Follett, Lafont, Dalgairns, Jeune, Le Jeune, Senior, Delaune, Delane, Delany. Most of these came into England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in the days of "Le Grand Monarque." The Low Countries sent to us Du Cane (Du Quesne) and De Witt, which, perhaps, has been Anglicised into Dewitt or Druitt. From Germany, still more recently, we have a host of others, such as Schuster, Cassell, Hess, Hesse, and Hessey; while from the north of Italy and Switzerland we get Lombardi, Zerffi, Zimmern, and, in fact, nearly all the five or six columns of Z which are to be seen in the interesting volume on which we have drawn so largely in the present paper.

The following oddities and anomalies occur to us after a careful and attentive perusal, or rather reperusal, of the Business or "Commercial" Department of the huge scarlet-bound "Directory of London." We find a Legge and a Boot, but no Shoe; a Sermon, a Creed, and a Paternoster, but no Ave Maria; we find Ivory, but no Elephant; Jasper, but no Jet; Steel, but no Iron; a Shoveller, but no Shovel; a Nailer and a Naylor, but no Nail; a Spooner, but no Spoon; a Judge and Jury, but no Prisoner; Lions and Lyons, but no Tiger; a Last, but no First; a Magnus, but no Great; Law, but no Equity; Weale, but no Woe; Joy and (one) Tear, but no Sorrow; "Pain," however, is frequent, and in various forms. We find a Prong, but no Fork; both Hammer and Tongs, but no Poker; a Trainer, but no Train; an Augur, but no Prophet; Fortune, but no Fate; Leary, but not Hungry; Hunger, but no Thirst; a Glover, but no Glove; several Christians, but no Jew; several Husbands, but no Wife (though one Whiffen occurs, and also one Spouse); a Love, and also a Lover, a Lovelock, a Lovebond, and a Loveridge, but neither Hate, Hatred, nor a Hater. So also we find Spring, Summer, *Winter, and* Frost, but no Autumn. We find Lush and Shee, but

no Wine or Woman; Tipler and Drinks, but no Drunk (possibly because there are several Drinkwaters to set a good example); Thum (without a "b"), but no Finger, though there is one Fingard; Adam and Eve are here, so are Paradise and Eden. We find Fog, Snow, Rain, Raine, Rayne, and Dry, but no Ice or Thaw. We find a Rake and a Hoe, but no Spade; both Cain and Abel (also Able); six Buggs, but not a Flea; Proctors, but not a Doctor[1]; Rose, but no Primrose or Cowslip; Brine, but no Pickle; thirteen specimens of Man and Mann, but not a Woman; a Hussey, but not a Wench; five Catts, but not a Dog, though several Doggetts occur. We find Guests, but no Inn, though an Inman; Kings many, but no Queen; Prince, but no Princess; Vicars and Vickers, but no Rectors or Curates; a Shoveller, but no Shovel; a Cadge, but not a Cadger or a Tramp; Waters, but no Fire or Firemen; several Josephs, but only one Potiphar; Herring, but no Mackerel; Quirk and Jest, but not a single Joke. So also we find Purchas, Purchase, Tennant, and also Letts; Flum, but no Flummery; Butter and Cheese, but no Bread; a Pick and a Wick, but no Pickwick; Bees, and Hives to put them in; no Drone and no Wasp, but a Hornet; no Thief or Robber, but a Cheater; a Baron, but no Baronet; a Banner, but no Banneret; Licence and Liberty[2] both on the same page; a Ring, Ringwood, and Ringrose, but no Ringer; Carroway, but no Seed; a Hatt and a Cape, but no Cap; animals—Tame, Wild, and Wilde; Cross and Crosse, but no Crucifix; a Pope, Pontifex, Bishop, and a Cardinal, and several Priests and Deacons; a Smirke and Smiles, but no Laughter or Grin; a Swears, a Damm, and a Dams, but not an Oath; Silence and Noyes, but no Sound; Dadds, Fathers, and Daughters, but only one Sonn; and finally Light and Day, but no Morn or Sun, whether risen or rising.

To conclude, conspicuous by their absence are the names of Psalm and Hymn; of Soldier and Sailor; of Banker and Lombard; of Lawyer and Doctor, as already noted above; and, though there is certainly no dearth of Bookers, yet there is to be found in the Commercial London of 1895 neither a Publican, nor a Bookseller, nor yet a Publisher!

G. WALFORD.

[1] The reason of this absence is plain; in the middle ages the "Medicus" was called a "Leech."

And yet Milton places them in contrast:—

> *Licence* they mean when they cry *Liberty*,
> For who loves that must first be wise and good.

THE JUVENILE LEAD.

THE stage, in its realistic coarseness, shows great indifference to the adequate presentation of the young heroes of the ideal or poetical drama. It may make some effort, whether well or ill directed, to cast *Shylock* properly; but it cares little for a sufficient representative of *Bassanio*. And yet, if ever an ideal theatre should again arise, the director would be anxiously desirous to find an ideal *Bassanio* and thoroughly suitable representatives of his delightful congeners. Indeed, these young heroes of the poetical drama are exquisite creations, which cry piteously for adequate representation. The first requisite is a beautiful person—a figure all symmetry, a face all charm. They are mainly lovers—as Shakspeare comprehended a lover—and should be full of grace, of modesty, of courtesy, of prowess; gentle and not fearful. They should express the high thoughts seated in a heart of honour; they should represent chivalry and embody romance. They are ideal gentlemen, in all the glory and the glamour of romantic early manhood. To what women have they to make love! Imogen, Portia, or Desdemona had no "past;" and to the brave, tender young cavalier, beauty and virtue are the guerdon of worth, the reward of valour. The young heroes are full of reverence for women; they will serve for them; they will bravely win and nobly wear a godlike woman or heroine. If they can love, how can their ladies love them! The idea of marriage between these heroes and heroines of pure poetry is a beautiful and lovely conception. Imogen and Desdemona have their adventures, their sorrows, and their struggles; but on their brows shame is ashamed to sit: and we rejoice at the reunion of Imogen and Posthumus—after such sore trials of their faith—as we weep over the tragic death-bed of the true and tender Desdemona. The men for whom such women could feel such devotion, be they "leading heavy" or "juvenile tragedy," should surely be nobly played; and it needs rare gifts of person and of mind to render, to the satisfaction of the imagination, the young, brave, charming hero lover. I have seen the two "princely boys" of Cymbeline, brothers

of Imogen, noble, royal youths, full of valour, aspiration, courtesy, barely hiding regal birth under the rough guise of "mountaineers," played by two blue-muzzled, obese adults, who did not in any way illustrate the lines —

> 'Tis wonder
> That an invisible instinct should frame them
> To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught.

It is with a sense of injury and wrong that imagination, face to face with such a rendering, tries to piece forth for its private joy the wild, free grace of the obscured young royalties; and in its effort owes the stage naught but obstruction, insult, outrage. But it would form too sad a chapter were I to enumerate the heavy, base wrongs to the ideal of which the stage has so often been guilty in its unworthy presentments of Shakspeare's youthful heroes. They are serene, cheerful, hopeful, healthy—of course we must except unhappy Romeo, victim of circumstances hanging in the stars—they do not war upon "mud gods" or "sham captains;" they do not seek desolate places, to wrestle there with demons. To them, in their spacious times, Burleigh and Walsingham were not mud gods; Drake and Raleigh were not sham captains; and they did not contemplate Sidney as addicted to wandering, in search of demons, in the waste, desolate places of the earth. No, they seek to enjoy life; with eyes that melted in love or that kindled in war they feel the thronging of soft and delicate desires; they love love; they worship courage and they ensue happiness.

I never quite feel that Carlyle's grim moral earnestness was in entire sympathy with Shakspeare's song. The types of beauty, valour, charm shown through Shakspeare's young hero-lover cavaliers had but small attraction for the sage of emphasis and of struggle. Shakspeare's *jeunes premiers* accepted very complacently the fair conditions of life that existed in the working, noble times of great Elizabeth, and those conditions afforded scope for high-hearted hope, for knightly ambition, for romantic daring, and for noble love. The times were great. It is more common to meet with a good Jaques than with a good Orlando. In the glamour of his youthful beauty, in his strength, in his generosity, and in his tenderness Orlando is worthy of his Rosalind. An actor should never forget this point. The *jeune premier* of our flabby day is played more satisfactorily than is the young hero of the poetical drama. An actor who appears as first young man in a piece of the hour does not need to be so fine a fellow as the actor should be who undertakes to personate Bassanio or Orlando.

All those divine creatures, those heroines of Shakspeare, were acted in his day, and for some time afterwards, by youths and young men. May we not fancy that this hard condition was a sorrow to Shakspeare, who, of all men, must most keenly have felt how much better his godlike women could have been realised by actresses? It must have been hard for boys to turn their masculine natures to favour and to prettiness when they had to enact women—and such women! Shakspeare must have longed to see the boards trodden by the light foot of woman, with her incomparable grace and witchery and feeling. What manner of youth could be found, even in Elizabeth's time, worthily to personate the divinity of womanhood?

We know next to nothing of these boy-women actors; but a demand creates a supply, and they may have been more satisfactory than we can well imagine. They must have been handsome—delicately handsome. The fact that boys acted his heroines may have impelled Shakspeare to present his Rosalind, Imogen, Julia, Viola in doublet and hose, because in male attire the boys must have looked and acted their best. It is more easy to conceive a male representative of Lady Macbeth than of Juliet; but we, with our advantages, can never be wholly reconciled to the idea of a woman played by a man. The greatest revolution in the history of the modern drama was the introduction of women upon the stage. This change was caused not merely by art considerations, but arose, in part, from the laxity of morals and of manners at the Restoration; but, nevertheless, what a mighty and beneficent change it was! What gifts and grace, what loveliness, purity, tenderness, genius, charm, have been shown to the delighted world since women have been played by women within the confines of the magic wooden O! How did, how could the players of Shakspeare's time procure boys of such intelligence, beauty, delicacy of mind that they could worthily personate pure, lovely, noble women? Could we now tolerate any youth in such parts as Imogen, Desdemona, Juliet? Still it must be remembered that the boys who first acted such characters were probably trained, inspired, instructed by the master himself; and he may well have done wonders. It was a hard condition, and twin-born with Shakspeare's dramatic greatness, that he should see his women played by lads. Could he ever have been wholly satisfied with the result?

Could he ever have dreamed of a time in which the actress should arise in her glory and rule the charmed stage? The stage records of the Restoration are, happily, pretty full. On February 12, 1660–61,

Pepys went to the theatre, and "there saw 'The Scornefull Lady'" (of Beaumont and Fletcher), "now done by a woman (Mrs. Marshall), which makes the play much better than ever it did (seem) to me." Not only to the Secretary of the Admiralty, but to the whole house must the play have gone much better with an actress in the leading part. On August 18, 1660, Pepys saw "The Loyall Subject" (Beaumont and Fletcher again), "where one Kynaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, Olympia, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life." Demand had evidently produced supply. Pepys first saw women on the stage on January 3, 1660-61; but they still had a formidable rival in Kynaston. "Kynaston, the boy, had the good turn to appear in three shapes—first, as a poor woman in ordinary clothes, to please Morose; then in fine clothes, as a gallant, and in them was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house; and then likewise did appear the handsomest man in the house." The play was "The Silent Woman" of Ben Jonson.

It may be that the Globe and the Blackfriars Theatres were the fortunate possessors of several Kynastons; but the names of these fortunate youths, with one exception, have not come down to us. It is mainly a question of insufficient record; and we know, unhappily, comparatively so little of the stage of Shakspeare.

One male player of women parts is mentioned by Ben Jonson in his "The Devil is an Ass." Engine, speaking of such actors, says—

> But there be some of them
> Are very honest lads; there's Dickey Robinson,
> A very pretty fellow.

Dickey is invited to a feast, and the fact that he acted female parts is shown by his going,

> Drest like a lawyer's wife, amongst them all;
> . . . . But to see him behave it,
> And lay the law, and carve and drink unto them,
> And then talk bawdy, and send frolics!
>
> *Meercraft:* They say he's an ingenious youth.
> *Engine:* O sir! and dresscs himself the best, beyond
> Forty of your very ladies.

It were to be wished that we knew more of ingenious Dickey Robinson, who may have been a fair type of his congeners. This poor player is fortunate in having his name rescued from oblivion by rare Ben Jonson.

It cannot be doubted that Goethe, when director of the Weimar Theatre, would lay stress upon having suitable "juvenile leads,"

and would be as careful to have a good *Max* as he would be to have a good *Wallenstein*. We can no longer play Shakspeare. Our actors are out of touch with our great poet; and our audiences are flabby and are trivial, depraved by that unemotional, unideal, flat realism which is the tone of pieces which are very often inferior to the excellent realistic character acting bestowed upon them. What sense have such audiences of the noble natures, enshrined in fine manners, of Shakspeare's young heroes? Bar Cleopatra, who is an imperial wanton, Shakspeare, when he wishes to depict an ordinary woman with a present combining a "past," draws frankly Doll Tearsheet, and pretermits superfluous analysis. We see now a mistaken attempt to play the poetical drama "naturally," as it is called; and this attempt results in commonplace—or worse. Poetry, when ignorantly reduced, or forcibly dragged down to the level of prose, sinks to something lower and worse than pure prose. Juliet's wishes and desires, prosaically and "naturally" expressed, seem, to our surprise, to be immodest. They would not strike us in that light if spoken with the glow of fine rapture, born of intense, genuine, and not ignoble passion, in which the poet has conceived and written the tender and poetic passage.

Our objection to the leading juveniles of the hour applies, of course, most strongly to such characters in Shakspeare's plays; but our revolt would be directed against the rendering of almost all such parts in the ideal drama. The walking gentlemen, and characters of the sort, but of higher mark, in plays of the day, are often well rendered; but the stage, conscious of its own shortcomings, is seeking a divorce from the ideal, the poetical drama; and one great symptom of its vice is to be sought—and found—in the insufficiency of its LEADING JUVENILES.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS.

IT is a curious circumstance that both in France and in England the necessity—or, let us say, the expediency—of making the Psalmist "run in rhyme" was first recognised by men connected with the Court. It occasioned no little surprise when Clement Marot, "valet of the bedchamber" to Francis I., put forward his metrical psalms as substitutes for the love-songs of the French grandees. And yet, the surprise notwithstanding, these "sanctes chansonettes" of Marot leaped into fashion, and a first edition of ten thousand was disposed of before the poet had well realised that he had become famous.

There were no psalm tunes in those days, and so the princes, the king's mistresses, the lords and ladies of the Court adapted whatever lay ready to hand, and unhesitatingly wedded the "sweet singer of Israel" to the ballad tunes of the times. More than that, the fashionables had each a favourite psalm of his or her own. Thus the Dauphin, as became a lover of the chase, selected "As the hart panteth after the water brooks"; while the Queen, with equal appropriateness, chose "Rebuke me not in thine indignation." Diana of Poictiers would one day be heard singing, "From the depths of my heart"; the next day King Antony of Navarre would be chanting, "Stand up, O Lord, to revenge my quarrel"!

A strange picture this, of a dissolute Court singing the Psalms of David, from exquisite little duodecimos in morocco gilt, to the jig tunes of the day. A strange but not a unique picture, for even the staid Scottish Presbyterians of early Reformation times had done something of the same kind, and had anticipated the Salvation Army of to-day by transforming the tunes of "John Anderson, my Jo" and other "godless aires" to suit the psalms with which their thoughtful leaders had provided them. The "Psalms of Dundee," produced while Knox was preparing to thunder out his anathemas against the priests, were incongruous enough in all conscience in

their strange medley of canting absurdity and nonsense. It is not easy for us in these days to understand how such "gude and godlie ballates, changed out of profane songs," could be supposed to serve as corrections of "sinne and harlotrie." In reading them, "to laugh were want of godliness and grace," and yet to be grave "exceeds all power of face." Generally speaking, the "godlie" part is as limited as we find it in the following specimen, taken at random :—

With huntis up, with huntis up,
It is now perfite day :
Jesus our King is gone a-hunting,
Quha likes to speed they may.

But the frequent occurrence of this kind of thing in various contemporary productions is at least an indirect evidence of the extraordinary expedient having achieved the desired result. Alexander Hume, a younger son of the house of Polwarth, made an attempt to divert the popular taste from what he calls "that naughty subject of fleshly and unlawful love," by making the words of the popular songs take a more serious turn. "In princes' courts," says he, "in the houses of great men and the assemblies of young gentlemen and young damsels, the chief pastime is to sing profane sonnets and vain ballads of love, or to rehearse some fabulous feats of Palmerine, Amadis, or other such like reveries." And what Hume and the Wedderburns did, others did with more or less success.

In England, as in France, the metrical psalm was in its origin closely bound up with the Court. Thomas Sternhold, "groome of ye Kynge's Majestie's roobes," began to write psalms, as Strype puts it, for his own "godly solace." Probably he did this during the reign of Henry VIII., but Edward VI. was on the throne before he published his first versions ; and it is to Edward that he dedicates the nineteen translations of his little volume. There is a pretty story told of the young King's interest in the "groome's" verses—a story to the effect that as a boy of twelve he had overheard Sternhold "singing the psalms to his organ," and had wandered into the room to express his satisfaction with them. The story is no doubt true, for Sternhold's quaintly-worded dedication runs in this way : "Seeing that your tender and godlie zeale doth more delight in the holye songs of veritie than in any fayned rhymes of vanitie, I am encouraged to travayle further in the said booke of psalmes." But Anthony Wood has another reason than the royal patronage to account for the inception of the metrical psalm. According to the author of the "Athenæ Oxonienses," Sternhold, being "a most zealous reformer and a very strict liver," became so scandalised by the "loose,

amorous songs" used in the Court, that he "forsooth turned into English metre" a large number of David's psalms, and "caused musical notes to be set to them, thinking thereby that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets." One would fain hope that Sternhold lived to see some realisation of the pious wish, but, unfortunately, Wood has to add of the courtiers: "They did not, only some few excepted." Sternhold was thus denied the luck that fell to Marot, who had indeed special reason to be pleased with his good fortune, in view of the alarm that the singing of psalms at Court must have created among the heads of the Sorbonne.

That some measure of encouragement was, however, extended to Sternhold is evident from the fact that he continued in his work of versification. At the time of his death in 1549 he had "drawn into metre," as the phrase then was, some thirty-seven versions of the Psalms, leaving the infant Psalter to the care of John Hopkins, whose name was henceforward to be indissolubly linked with his own. Hopkins, whatever were his poetical merits, had at least the merit of modesty. He thought a great deal more of Sternhold than he thought of himself, but, while he admitted that his own psalms were not "in any parte to bee compared with Sternhold's most exquisite dooynges," he yet believed them to be "fruitfull, though they bee not fyne." They were certainly "fruitfull" in the way of example, for they set others to work on the Psalter, with the result that by 1562 the Hebrew Psalmist had been turned entirely into rhyme, and tacked on to the Book of Common Prayer by way of supplement. Nine writers were engaged on this work of versification from first to last. Hopkins contributed in all sixty versions. It is probable enough that, given sufficient time, he would have completed the translation himself, but the accession of Mary, which for some years effectually put an end to the singing of psalms, made it expedient for him to go into quiet hiding; and meanwhile, the Geneva exiles were not only busying themselves on the untranslated psalms, but were "touching up" the previous productions of Sternhold and Hopkins as well. The great desideratum in these days was "closeness to the original Hebrew," and a good many changes were made from time to time in the effort to obtain it; in some editions of the Psalter the prose version was actually printed along with the metrical version for the sake of comparison! The rhymes might be bad, the language uncouth, and even ludicrous; but if only the translation were sufficiently literal the question of satisfying a poetical taste might be deemed as of less than no importance.

It is only by taking this view that we can account for such unique

specimens of doggerel as are met with here and there throughout this Psalter—a work which our forefathers loved with a veneration that assuredly did more credit to their hearts than to their heads. Here, for example, is how John Hopkins addresses the Deity in the seventy-fourth psalm :—

> Why doost withdrawe thy hand abacke,
> And hide it in thy lappe?
> O pluck it out, and bee not slacke
> To give thy foes a rappe.

In another psalm the Creator is called upon to break "the tuskes that in their great jawbones, like lions' whelpes, hang out"; and again He is enjoined to divide His enemies, and "from them pull their devilish double tongue." The good man is not to be dismayed, "though gripes of grief and pangs full sore" shall "lodge with him all night"; and the "bridegroome rady-trimm'd" (*i.e.* close-shaven) is to come from his chamber as a type of a higher relationship! In the seventh psalm we have an example which does not touch the sacred name :—

> He diggs a ditch and delves it deepe,
> In hope to hurte his brother;
> But he shall fall into the pit
> That he digg'd up for other.

It is difficult to believe that such grotesque language as this could ever have fostered devotion or satisfied the pious aspirations of even the most illiterate. It may be true that to have made men sing in concert, in the streets, or at their work, and, merry or sad, on all occasions to tickle the ears with rhyme and touch the heart with emotions was, as Johnson has it, betraying no deficient knowledge of human nature. Nevertheless, it is a pity that the knowledge was not turned in a somewhat more elevated direction. It was Pope who desired to know how devotion could touch the country pews "unless the gods bestowed a proper muse"; and certainly the "scandalous doggerel" of Sternhold and Hopkins—the phrase is Wesley's—seems more fitted to provoke a Christian to turn critic than a critic to turn Christian. As a matter of fact, the old Psalter passed through a sufficient number of criticisms, sneering comments, and lampoons to have killed it outright had there not been a very strong party on the other side who stoutly refused to look upon its defects. When Fuller said of the versifiers that their piety was far better than their poetry—that they had drunk more of Jordan than of Helicon—he said what all educated people thought; but the verdict passed for nought, because it was the piety and not the poetry

that was held to be the first essential. "Sometimes," continued the old divine, "sometimes they make the master of the tongue speak little better than barbarism, and have in many verses such poor rhime that two hammers on a smith's anvil would have made better music." So, too, thought Edward Phillips, the Cavalier poet, who wrote of someone "singing with woful noise"—

> Like a crack'd saint's bell jarring in the steeple,
> Tom Sternhold's wretched prick-song for the people.

Even the Earl of Rochester joined in the chorus of depreciation. Passing a church on one occasion with Charles II., and hearing the parish clerk singing, he delivered himself of the impromptu—

> Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms
> When they translated David's psalms,
> To make the heart right glad:
> But had it been King David's fate
> To hear thee sing and them translate,
> By heaven! 'twould set him mad.

And so it would, no doubt, only that there is a great probability of the Psalmist not recognising himself in the novel dress! Even a Puritan is known to have written, "out of temper on a pannel in one of the pues in Salem Church," that if "poor King David" could only repair to Salem and there hear his psalms warbled out in a metrical version, he would use—well, as strong language as the circumstance called for.

The popularity of the Sternhold Psalter steadily increased from the time when 6,000 persons, old and young, of both sexes, were to be heard singing psalms at St. Paul's Cross after the regular church service. The number of separate editions of it which were issued is almost incredible. Before the year 1700 there were close upon 360, and the British Museum has a total of 601 up to the last edition that was published during the present century. The version had even a concordance prepared for itself; while some enthusiast in the time of Charles II. had it printed in shorthand! Much is made by some historians of the official "allowance" permitted to the version—as if such allowance carried with it a certificate of merit. The "allowance," as a matter of fact, seems to have been rather a connivance than an approbation; indeed, we doubt if it meant anything more than authorised and legal printing. Other versions, such as King James' and Sir Richard Blackmore's, were "allowed" and yet were never used in the churches; they might be used or they might not; and as the Sternhold Psalter was not

sanctioned either by Convocation or by Parliament, it had simply the advantage over other versions of being first in the field as a complete work.

But even Sternhold had to give way in course of time to more polished poetasters. In several quarters objections were being raised against the "singing psalms," and an amended version would no doubt be looked upon by those in authority as the chief means whereby such objections might be removed. Since the first publication of the Sternhold Psalter several metrical versions had appeared, some of which were superior, both in poetical feeling and smoothness of diction, to the early version. The Psalter of Rous, as we shall see, had already (1650) been adopted by the Scottish Presbyterians, who had recognised in it a decided improvement on its predecessors, and although the English authorities were at first disposed to favour it—and, indeed, had it, along with other versions, under protracted consideration—nothing definite was done until 1696, when Tate and Brady were drawn from their obscurity and made the heroes of what was henceforward officially known as "the new version."

There is no more curious chapter in the history of the metrical psalm than that which is concerned with the couple of impecunious Irishmen who perpetrated in concert this version, or rather perversion, of King David. Knowing the history and character of the men, it is, in fact, a positive surprise to find them engaged in such an undertaking at all. Some writer near his own day has described Nahum Tate as "a man of learning and candour," who had "a good share of wit, and a great deal of modesty, which prevented his making his fortune." But Tate's modesty was all on the surface. It did not prevent him attempting a continuation of Dryden's great satire, "Absalom and Achitophel"—nay, it restrained him not from laying hands on Shakspeare himself. That he succeeded in getting into the chair of the poet-laureate is perhaps not to be counted against his supposed virtue, for the office was not in those days conspicuous for the eminence of its occupants. But there was a better reason than Tate's modesty for his not making a fortune: he was both improvident and intemperate; and when he died in 1715 it was in the privileged precincts of the Mint, which strangely enough, was then a sanctum for debtors. He was a "shady" character altogether, and his connection with the Psalter cannot have been matter for pleasant contemplation to many. Nor was Nicholas Brady's reputation much better. He was, to be sure, an ecclesiastic, being, in fact, at one time chaplain to the king; but he was as often in debt as his coadjutor and the Church was so little of a support to him that he took

to keeping a school at Richmond, where he died in 1726. His literary reputation was even less than Tate's. He had all the dulness which Pope desiderated in the sound divine, and his productions have long since found a place among the most forgotten of books. The best thing he ever did was when, through some influence he was able to command with King James' general, he prevented the burning of his native town in Ireland.

A keen eye for the main chance seems to have led the authors of the "new version" to undertake what was for them a novel task. They began with a tentative collection of twenty-five psalms, issued, no doubt, as a specimen for the guidance of those who were then deliberating about a successor to Sternhold. This was in 1695, and by the close of the following year the two Irishmen had, as appears from the terms of a very long deed, entered into partnership with the Stationers' Company for printing the completed Psalter. The copyright was divided into three great allotments of eighty shares each, with option of purchase by any one or more of the shareholders, but the property very soon after vested in the Stationers' Company. The whole thing was purely a business speculation ; that it did not bring a substantial pecuniary return was no fault of the authors. The version, unfortunately for those who concocted it, had to fight against both criticism and prejudice. Its defenders were long engaged in a polemical warfare on its behalf, and pamphlets on both sides of the question came from the press in no inconsiderable number. The "allowance" this time was perfectly unambiguous in its terms : the version was simply to be used "in such congregations as may think fit to receive it." For a long time few congregations thought seriously of making a change. The great body of the people seem to have been quite satisfied with Sternhold and Hopkins, and clung to the old familiar doggerel with a tenacity which would have befitted a better cause.

Yet the people had some reason on their side. At the best it could only be said of Tate and Brady that they were a little more refined than their predecessors. The general run of their verse was smoother and more correct, while they had also the much-lauded merit of being fairly faithful to the original. On the other hand, they had defects which the earlier versifiers had not—or, at any rate, had in much less degree. Their language was too often wordy and inflated ; they had a constant habit, as most feeble poets have, of sinking into flatness and prose ; and they were much given to what the author of "The Minstrel" called the familiar phrases, antitheses, and other conceits that prevailed among the middling poets of the

time. Archdeacon Hare thought they were successful in one direction only, namely, in stripping the psalms of all their original life and power; while James Montgomery considered them nearly as inanimate as Sternhold. One critic charged the authors with "rebelling against King David and murdering his Psalms." Another, with more calmness and wisdom, said that although they were not excellent, they were not intolerable. For all this, Tate and Brady between them managed to conceive some very good lines—which, indeed, they could hardly help doing in such a mass of effort—and one, at least, of their psalms, "As pants the hart for cooling streams," is likely to be immortal through the music of Spohr's lovely anthem. There is a tradition that these touches, which cause the desert to blossom like the rose, are by no less a hand than that of Dryden, but the tradition is entirely unsupported.

The "new version" never altogether succeeded in supplanting the earlier Psalter; but it was the last metrical version of the psalms used in the Church of England, and as such it may come to be regarded by the future historian as in the nature of a "venerable link." Among the English Nonconformists the psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins continued in use until the time of what the cynic called "Watts' whims," which opened the stream of song that was later on to be swelled by Cowper, Wesley, and others. Watts tried his hand on the Psalms too, but he was straightforward in the matter; they were only "The Psalms of David *imitated*." His object, as he put it himself, was to "Christianise" the Psalter, but, unluckily, the result proved as little of a success as all the other attempts to gild the refined gold. The thought was true, but the form of utterance was false; or, to quote Dr. George MacDonald, "the feeling was lovely, the word often to a degree repulsive." Watts wrote some good hymns, but he was not equal to the rewriting of the Psalter, although he declared that his effort in this direction was "the greatest work that ever he had published, or ever hopes to do." So little is an author able to estimate aright his own creations!

In Scotland the reign of the metrical psalm has been uninterrupted since the days of Knox. But the Scottish Presbyterians have, on the whole done better than the English Churchmen. Their first Psalter, it is true, was mainly that of Sternhold, but there were important differences of detail. Hopkins was much less numerously represented; Kethe, the author of the well-known hundredth psalm, "All people that on earth do dwell," contributed more largely; and there were two entirely new versifiers, both Edinburgh clergymen, who between them made an addition of twenty-one psalms to the

version. The work of the Scottish versifiers—for Kethe, Craig, and Pont were all Scots—is distinctly superior to that of the English. Kethe, indeed, in his "common" metres, seldom rises above the common level, but his compositions in long metre show a spirit and an easy grace that are quite unusual in his day. Of the entire series of contributors to the Sternhold Psalter, he is certainly entitled to the highest place. Some of Craig's long metres, again, are among the finest specimens in the collection—although, to be sure, that is not saying much; and Pont's "peculiar" metres are so peculiarly good that they have been incorporated with the psalms at present in use.

The Sternhold Psalter, however, never won for itself in Scotland the popularity which it secured in England, although it had an official existence of close upon a hundred years. The Reformed Church had enjoyed only a life of half a century when it was proposed to have a "revisel of the psalms in metre," and as time went on the desire for a change became more and more emphatic. It was at this juncture that the so-called version of James VI. came into play. We say so-called, for it is now pretty generally admitted that James was only the nominal author—that in reality he was strutting in plumes borrowed from Sir William Alexander, better known afterwards as the Earl of Stirling. But James undoubtedly did do something towards the making of a new version. In a letter written in 1620 to Drummond of Hawthornden, Alexander acknowledges the receipt from Drummond of "the psalm you sent, which I think very well done." He goes on: "I had done the same long before it came, but James prefers his own to all else, though perchance, when you see it, you will think it the worst of the three. No man must meddle with that subject, and, therefore, I advise you to take no more pains therein." The fancy must have highly delighted the royal rhymer; for in such an undertaking the Hebrew original might, at any rate, be imitated to the extent of having king and poet in one individual. In 1611 James had got his bishops and divines to provide the people with a new Bible, and if he reserved the recasting of the old Psalm-book for himself, who shall blame him? The monarch might authorise the use of Sternhold; surely he might authorise—nay, might even command—the use of King James! But the opportunity did not come in his way. According to the Bishop of Lincoln's funeral sermon, James's work of versification was "staied in the one-and-thirty psalme," when "God called him to sing psalmes with the angels." In this way it came about that the completion of "our late deare father's" Psalm-book was entrusted by Charles to Sir William

Alexander, the man who had already proved himself the "trustie and well-beloved" coadjutor of James.

Alexander had been engaged for some time when, in 1626, Charles addressed a letter to the Archbishop of St. Andrews announcing that the version would very soon be finished, and asking for assistance from the Scottish clergy in the way of having it accepted by the people. But neither clergy nor people would have anything to do with King James as completed by the "Lord of Stirling." He was openly rejected and severely criticised. He called the sun "the lord of light" and the moon the "pale lady of the night," and how could self-respecting Presbyterians be expected to sing such nonsense as that? Calderwood was specially hard on the version. It was "harsh and thrawen"; it had "new, coined, and Court terms"; it was full of "poetical conceits," and showed a "heathenish liberty" of metre, and on the whole it would only serve to "mak' people glaik." Still, Charles was not to be outdone, and in the December of 1634 we find him enjoining the Privy Council of Scotland that "no other psalms of any edition whatever be either printed hereafter within that our kingdom, or imported thither, either bound by themselff or otherways, from any forragne partes." This enactment had no practical effect, but the King seemed determined to carry his point, and several further attempts to enforce the royal version were made up to 1637, when it received its death-blow as part of the luckless Liturgy of Laud.

There is no need to recall the results of Charles's injudicious efforts to regulate Church government and worship in Scotland. In a few days after Jenny Geddes had hurled her stool at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh in St. Giles's Cathedral, the great majority of the people were signing the National Covenant, binding themselves by "solemn oath" to oppose the revival of "Popish errors" in Scotland, and to unite "for the defence of their laws, their freedom, and their King." The commotion soon extended to England, and by-and-by the whole country was crying aloud for uniformity in doctrine, discipline, Church government, and what not. A "uniform" metrical psalter was among the desiderated improvements upon the then condition of affairs ecclesiastical. The Scottish Psalter, as we have already seen, differed considerably from the English; and besides this, both versions, it was felt, contained a good deal that was at once obsolete and objectionable. A new version was thus not only expedient but advisable, and the matter was heartily entered into when the famous Assembly of Divines met at Westminster in 1643. Much time and much argument were spent

over the several translations sent in by their authors for the approval of the divines, but in the end Tate and Brady carried the day for the Church of England, and Francis Rous became the accepted of the Scottish Presbyterians.

"Our old friend Rous," as Carlyle calls him, was one of the lay commissioners of the very assembly which sat in judgment upon his poetical "travails." A native of Cornwall, he had several times been returned to Parliament, and was successively a member of Cromwell's Council and his House of Lords. Cromwell was his hero, and that hero he regarded as a compound of the characters of Moses and Joshua. During the Commonwealth he was made Provost of Eton, and he held this lucrative post until his death in 1658. It was probably on account of his proposal to form the English Commonwealth after the model of the Jewish that he earned for himself the title of "the illiterate Jew of Eton," given him by the Royalists. That he was not illiterate we know from his works as well as from his career, although, to judge him solely by his Psalter, there might be with some a *primâ facie* ground for the opprobrious designation. Even the Scottish Presbyterians were not entirely pleased with his treatment of King David. Their commissioners at the Westminster Assembly had recommended the acceptance of his version, but this did not prevent the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland from taking the work into its own "independent consideration." At a meeting of the head Court in 1647 a committee of four eminent Churchmen was appointed, with instructions to amend in the Rous Psalter "such passages as were faulty, to avail themselves of the labours of other poetical writers, and to attend to the animadversions of Presbyteries."

It was a novel piece of literary work, this tinkering of an author while the author was himself living; but the Committee went forward to the task with a will, and in less than two years the Psalter, as used by the Scottish Kirk to-day, had been "authorised" by the Assembly and the Scottish Parliament. Sternhold was dead. Rous reigned in his stead. No doubt it cost the Scottish people a pang to part with their old Psalter, notwithstanding its many and grave defects. It was the Psalm-book of Knox, of Welsh, of Melville, and of the men who carried on the struggle with James VI. and Charles I. It had "cheered the prisoners in the dungeons of Blackness, sailed with them in their ships to France, consoled their exile, and sent its notes from Duns Law across the Merse to challenge the song of the Cavaliers." On sentimental grounds its claims to the veneration and regard of the nation were thus by no means slight. But the tide

of reform in matters both civil and religious had set in strong; and the idea of having one common form of worship would naturally outweigh such considerations of sentiment as may have attached to the giving up of the old Psalter.

Regarded as a literary production, the Rous version is greatly in advance of its predecessor. Indeed, it is upon the whole the best poetical translation of the Psalms of which the English literature can boast. There is a fine, manly ring about it that is quite foreign to Tate and Brady, and a smoothness which the Sternhold versifiers seldom attained. It is characterised by an eminent truthfulness to the original, and it yields the sense of the Hebrew in a real Saxon strength and simplicity. But it has its imperfections and its blemishes too. It is deficient in variety of metre; its language is in too many instances blunt and uncouth; and its rhymes are often rough and ragged to the verge of doggerel. There are frequent obscurities, and many ambiguities in the style; the old Scottish idiom occurs in several places; and, as Dr. Beattie once pointed out, the antiquated Scottish pronunciation is sometimes necessary to make out the rhyme. All this would, no doubt, have been admitted by the past generations who have used the Psalter from Sunday to Sunday as a vehicle of devotion.

But to look at the Psalter from the purely Scottish point of view is not to criticise it at all. It has been woven into the religious life of the people; and so, whilst it is of little poetical value, the people regard it as both beautiful and venerable. Sir Walter Scott gave fine expression to this sentiment when, in the early years of the century, he was consulted about a proposal to make another change in the version. "The expression of the old metrical psalms," says Sir Walter, "though homely, is plain, forcible, and intelligible, and very often possesses a rude sort of majesty which, perhaps, would be ill-exchanged for mere eloquence. Their antiquity is also a circumstance striking to the imagination, and possessing a corresponding influence upon the feelings. They are the very words and accents of our early reformers, sung by them in woe and gratitude in the fields, in the churches, and on the scaffold. The parting with this very association of ideas is a serious loss to the cause of devotion. I have an old-fashioned taste in sacred, as well as profane poetry; I cannot help preferring even Sternhold and Hopkins to Tate and Brady, and our own metrical version to both. I hope, therefore, it will be touched with a lenient hand." The Psalter was, however, left untouched; and in Scotland Rous is sung to-day as he left the Assembly's hands in 1649.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

FURNESS ABBEY, AND ITS STORY.

ON the extreme north-westerly portion of Lancashire, in a district severed from the body of the county by the wide-spreading bay of Morecambe, lie the mouldering remains of a famous religious house. The scene has been depicted by the brush of the painter, reverently investigated by the antiquary, and trodden by the feet of the architectural and the historical pilgrim. Nor is it surprising, for the ruins are those of the once powerful Abbey of St. Mary at Furness, one of the ancient glories of the county palatine of Lancaster. Among the many mementoes of the instability of human institutions in which this county abounds, we know of none more pathetic than these. If stones can preach, assuredly these could preach; if stones could cry out, these stones assuredly might cry out. For the most part, the history of an abbey is written in consequence of the important, exciting, or instructive events that have had birth within its walls. Notwithstanding, the history of an abbey may be both entertaining and useful, although it has not been the stage on which splendid actions have been performed. Let us, then, caution our readers at the beginning that they must not expect from us an architectural dissertation on Furness Abbey, but instead thereof a recital of some passages from its chequered annals.

Before the Normans landed on our shores, under the command of Duke William, in 1066, we know nothing of Furness, either from oral tradition or from written tradition. An impenetrable obscurity hangs over this period. But after the Conquest the darkness begins to break. We search the Latin chronicles of monastic history, and we find that Furness under Norman rule was inhabited by Roger de Poicton, a Norman baron, to whom Duke William had granted it. What this person said or did to merit banishment from the realm by his liege or lord we cannot tell, but banished he was, and whether his tenure was long or short, certain it is that it came to an end. Furness changed hands. The King transferred it to Stephen, Count of Bologna, who conferred it upon a colony of monks at Savigny. These monks belonged to an order, which was the stem of a greater,

which had been founded in conjunction with another by Stephen Harding, a monk of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, at Cistertium or Cîteaux, in Burgundy, on Palm Sunday, in the year 1098. From that time onwards the monks of this peculiar order were termed Cistercians, and their foundations were soon to be found in every quarter of Europe. This is not the place for any detailed account of the Cistercian order. Whoever has dipped into the pages of the singularly attractive and solid work of Mr. Beck, the "Annales Furnesienses," will have perused what we conceive to be one of the most luminous expositions of the principles on which the famous order was conducted. All that we can say of it here is that, like all others, it grew by degrees in enormous wealth and power, riches continuing to flow into their capacious treasuries with a rapidity truly marvellous.

The first monkish colony from the Savignian monastery, of which we have spoken, arrived in the neighbourhood of Furness some time during the year 1124, when the First Henry had been King of England nearly a quarter of a century. It is a matter for regret that some member of this band did not constitute himself its chronicler. A record of their journey at this distance of time would have been worth its weight in gold to the historical student, for the time present is always eager to learn of times past. Fastidious curiosity satiated, it would seem, with the rich, indigestible delicacies of the present, turns with avidity to the potted meats of the past. Like Ulysses of old, they saw many cities, and were furnished with opportunities of studying the minds of many men and the manners of many countries. But we should labour under a very grave misapprehension were we to suppose that the England of that day bore any very close resemblance to that in which we live. Their first halting-place was Tulket, in Amournders, where they remained under the guardianship of their leader, the first abbot of the subsequent abbey, Ewan d'Avranches, three years. But the peninsula of Furness, or, as it was then called, Futher, proved a too irresistible attraction. The keen eye of the monks detected in it a spot created for monastic retirement. Nature had been lavishing upon it all her charms. Its lofty mountains, its softly swelling hills, its wood-crowned heights, its gentle vales, all marked it out for monks. Representing the desirability of the accession of this fair domain to Count Stephen of Mostam and Boulogne, it was given to them in 1127. The spot was thus won. An abbey was soon to rise. In that sequestered, deep, and narrow vale, in which the traveller sees nought but crumbling ruins now—in that smiling valley, known as the valley of the Nightshade, building

operations were commenced, of what in its pristine perfection was one of the most extensive and important monastic establishments in all our realm.

Exactly eleven years after the foundation of the abbey had been laid, its great benefactor, Stephen, as nephew of Henry I., was elected King of England. This event gave great cause for joy and satisfaction to the abbot of Furness and his twelve monks. By the conditions of their donations they had prayed for the souls of their founder and his family. But monks were only human, and it would have been strange had they omitted to pray for his temporal welfare, and his unabated interest in their abbey. We may assume, however, in the absence of anything directly leading us to a contrary opinion, that Stephen's interest after his accession was but lukewarm. Enemies both at home and abroad left him little leisure for contemplation, and engrossed all his energies. Fightings and fears within and without were his portion in the land of the living. Possibly Abbot Ewan d'Avranches saw little of his benefactor; he died in 1134, leaving behind him a reputation for piety, learning, and eloquence. "Magne scientie et non minoris sanctitatis vir," says the Furness Register, and again, "hicque fecundus."

During the two centuries which followed the death of Abbot d'Avranches the monks, under a succession of abbots, rapidly accumulated territorial possessions through the piety of benefactors of every rank. Their ample stores included the benefactions of both princes and peasants. Both in England and in Ireland their estates were numerous, extensive, and productive. Not always, however, did an abbot create favourable impressions among those whom he was sent to govern. Why it was so does not appear; whether he was haughty, imperious, overbearing, or what not, is not recorded. Possibly it was a case of—

> I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell:
> Only this I know full well,
> I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

The case of John Cockan, the twenty-sixth abbot, affords a case in point. Abbot Cockan's appointment evoked such serious dissensions and disturbances among some of the monks that the aid of a special visitor from Citeaux was called in. But even his presence did little to soothe the contentious parties, and only by means of letters patent, which the King directed to some of the Yorkshire abbots, commanding them to assist the Cistercian visitor in restoring unity, peace, and concord, were the disturbances allayed. But this was as nothing when

an abbot was found in the capacity of a smuggler. Robert—we do not know his surname—was the delinquent. Whether he found that life at Furness was monotonous, or whether his lordship got crossed in love, which diverted his thoughts from the contemplative life, and made him pine for a life of adventure, or whether the pride of life triumphed over the vows of the priesthood and the cloister, we cannot pretend to say; only this we know, astounding as it may seem to some of our readers, that Abbot Robert was convicted of smuggling. "Avarice," says the learned Fosbroke, in his "History of British Monarchism," "was the great vice of the Cistercians; they were great dealers in wool, and, in fact, farmers more than monks." This may seem libellous, but we fear that it can be credibly substantiated. In the year 1423 the merchants of the staple at Calais exposed the corrupt practices of which the Abbot of St. Mary's had been guilty in the petition which they presented to the English Parliament. They showed what admitted of no dispute, that the brotherhood of Furness had so far forgotten the injunction to take no thought for their life that they used to employ their own vessels for transporting their wool to distant lands; and that owing to the abbot having first set the example of loading a vessel of 200 tons burthen with wool in Peel Harbour, it subsequently became a retreat for those who wished to evade the payment of royal duties, as the abbot had done ever since his appointment.

The investigations of architects and of antiquaries alike have been instrumental in determining that Furness Abbey, so far as its ruinous condition has admitted of investigation and decision, possessed all those buildings which conformed to the established canons of Cistercian architecture. It had its Church for devotion and its Chapter House for deliberation. It had its refectory for eating and its dormitory for sleeping. It had its locutory for conversation and its cloister for exercise. It had its calefactory for warmth, its almonry for alms, its infirmary for the sick, its scriptorium for the studious. It had its novitiate for the reception of novices, a bursary for disbursements, a suite of apartments for the abbot, an hospitium for the reception of guests. Add to these the kitchens, the sculleries, the larders, the pantries, and the cellars indoors, and the ovens, the mills, the bakehouse, brewhouse, granaries, storehouses, barns, stables, orchards, gardens, and fish-ponds, and some idea may be formed of the extent of the monastic premises in the pre-Reformation era.

The Church at Furness presented the appearance of a Latin cross, and was of enormous length—two hundred and seventy feet

eight inches. The chancel extended sixty feet to the east, and was elevated by two steps above the rest of the church. Through a grand east window and four other apertures a flood of richly-tinted light poured into the chancel, on to the high altar, which stood upon a raised platform. Hard by, in the south wall, were the sedilia, or canopied stalls, traces of which yet remain. While the cradled clouds flushed round the summer sky, the monks by tillage had made the solitary desert to blossom as the rose; and in fields ripe to the harvest, songs of reapers blended in harvest time with the music of the Irish part of that shoreless ocean which tumbles round the globe.

At the head of the community at Furness stood the abbot, who possessed absolute sway over all. His usual style was my lord. His usual style of living was luxurious. His duties were strictly defined. To bless the novices at their first tonsure, to impose penance upon monkish offenders—to appoint, to provide, to degrade the inferior officers, such were his chief duties. Moreover, it was at his hands on every first Sunday of the Lenten season that the monks who presided over the various offices of the convent received their appointment, accompanied by a solemn admonition to acquit themselves honourably of their appointed tasks. Next to the abbot ranked the prior. The prior, who was assisted by a sub-prior, was the abbot's right hand man, and assumed the head of affairs whenever required. The third important personage was the cellarer, who superintended the gastronomical functions of the establishment. The food, the wine, the various meals, all were entrusted to his care. The "vestiary" took charge of the wardrobe; the "pitanciary" distributed the pittances; the "refectioner" managed the refectory; the "hospitaller" entertained the guests; the "infirmarer" attended the sick; the "almoner" distributed the alms; the "porter" guarded the gates; the "sacristan" looked after the chapel; the "precentor" superintended the service; the "bursar" controlled the expenditure. We have not, however, yet enumerated all the officers who found a local habitation and a name at Furness. For there were the master of the novices, the master of the carvers, the hebdomidaries, or weekly officers, and the seneschal, or steward. There were, in addition, numerous artificers for every species of manufacture which the necessities of the abbey demanded. We read of tailors, of tanners, of weavers, of cobblers, of carpenters, of smiths, of a gold embroiderer, of a master-mason. To the master-mason was committed the care of all the buildings of the abbey.

Of the inner life at Furness Abbey we catch hardly any glimpses

during this eventful epoch. The monastery contained no such gossiping chronicler as Jocelin de Brakelonda, the garrulous monk of Bury St. Edmunds, whose figure has been rendered so familiar to modern times by the author of "Past and Present." Possibly the fat, lazy brethren were unequal to composition, and even if they had been, we doubt whether they would not have resented "a chiel among them taking notes." In the centuries which preceded the Reformation, the *furor autobiographicus*, which has become almost a weariness to the flesh in these days, was not so marked a characteristic of the English world of letters. Men thought more and wrote less. The fashion of composing elaborate *mémoires pour servir* had not been set even by sprightly France. Gastronomy took precedence of literary pursuits. The kitchen and the wine cellar were of more account in monkish eyes than the scriptorium and the library. Bacchus, we suspect, could count more devotees among the good brethren of Furness than all the Nine Muses put together. These failings, we are aware, have exposed the monastic orders to the poignant ironical shafts of those who sit in the seat of the scornful, but this comes of not making due allowance for the infirmities of human nature. The monks would have declared with the Preacher of old time that there is really nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and make his soul enjoy good in his labour ; and thus nine-tenths of them degenerated into Nimrods, Ramrods, and Fishing Rods.

The history of an ordinary day in the life of a Furness monk was something like this. At two o'clock in the morning he attended the Nocturnal, that is to say, the first of the seven devotional exercises in the twenty-four hours. He was also required to attend matins or praise at six, tierce at nine, sext at twelve o'clock noon, "none" at three in the afternoon, vespers at six, and compline, or "completory"—a service so-called from its completing the day's services—at seven o'clock in the evening. All meals were taken in common. Eating began so soon as the abbot struck a single blow on the table with his hand or his knife. This signal was repeated at the close of the repast, in order that the servants might remove the dishes. Silence reigned always at meal times.

Of the dietary at Furness we possess no records. Two meals a day only were allowed, in addition to a "mixture" or composition of bread and water or wine, which is taken as a breakfast. Flesh meat was allowed only to the infirm ; broth appears to have been in general use. Wine was freely allowed, but frequent potations after compline were strictly forbidden. From time to time a more than

generous abbot allowed the brethren a "pittance" and grant of food, either solid or liquid, in addition to their regular fare.

Nominally, every member of the abbey, unless let by sickness or infirmity, did something. He either copied and illuminated manuscripts for the augmentation of the library in the scriptorium, or else attended to the breeding and keeping of sheep, oxen, horses, pigs, and other domestic animals. The abbey school, moreover, where the novices were received into probation, and were instructed in the "rudiments," furnished employment for monkish hands and minds. Now and then two of the number were sent to attend the local markets and fairs for the purpose of buying and selling various commodities. Then at the due season all monks were required to undergo bleedings by the monitor, bleeding being considered the remedy for most disorders. One or two of the community, it was almost certain, would be ill, and their needs in the infirmary, where they were laid on hair mattresses, were carefully attended to. Speaking was permitted only at the appointed hours in the locutory or the parlour, and even then the conversation was directed to turn only upon spiritual topics and subjects of an elevated character. Now and then we may well believe Furness furnished a brace of pilgrims bound for one of the great shrines.

So peacefully stole the years away, until the Eighth Henry resolved on the dissolution of the monasteries. The religious orders were seized with fear and trembling. Even to the secluded abbey of Furness whispers of the King's intentions found their way. It was useless to talk as many talked of gradual reformation, of the religious and moral abuses which length of years and superfluity of wealth had brought forth. The stern decree had gone forth. Blacker and blacker the clouds darkened around England. In the visitation of the Royal Commissioners, in the spoliation of the minor abbeys were seen the first bursts of the tempest. Soon followed the crash of the greater houses. The storm was not spent until every monastic establishment throughout the whole length and breadth of the country was despoiled.

Cromwell's Commissioners arrived at Furness in 1536. The monks, with Abbot Pele at their head, assembled to receive them in the Chapter House with many misgivings. Not long before, an insurrection had broken out among the inhabitants of the northern counties, which were Catholic almost to a man, and jealous for the old superstitions. The King, in his letter of instruction to the Duke of Norfolk, had expressed his opinion that the monastic orders had fomented rebellion. How far this charge was true cannot now be

ascertained. There are, however, reasons for believing that the Abbot of Furness, in common with the abbots of other northern monasteries, had something to do with it, though his wariness and diplomacy removed from him any imputation of overt treasonable aims. The Earl of Sussex was not slow in concealing the low opinion which he entertained of the monks of Furness at this period, for, in writing to the King, he declared that he believed they possessed as evil hearts and minds as those of any other monastery in the kingdom.

Fully aware of all this the Commissioners warmed to their work. Questions of a kind never dreamt of were now put to the monks, the Commissioners meantime watching their countenances as a cat watches a mouse. No evasion, no subterfuge, no hesitation was permitted. Crimes real, crimes imputed, treasons actual, treasons contemplated—nothing was allowed to be passed over. The Holy Inquisition never put more searching questions. The catalogue of the crimes with which the monks of Furness and Salley were charged has been preserved. A ridiculous catalogue it is. One pities the time when prophecy was ranked among crimes, or when a monk was liable to have his head chopped off for daring to prognosticate that Edward VI. would be slain before he reached the throne, or for daring to whisper his opinion that the "King was not right heire to the crowne, for his father cam in by no true lyne but by the sworde." Hard as the Commissioners tried to incriminate the brethren of Furness they achieved little success, and had in the end to content themselves with committing two of the number to Lancaster Castle. Monasteries, however, had surrendered to the King in all directions. Some of the abbots were deposed, others imprisoned, others executed. The King was determined that Furness should not escape, foiled as he had been in laying any crimes, real or imaginary, at the door of Roger Pele. But Pele saw clearly enough that it was useless to hold out against this unprincipled monarch. As well might he resist an avalanche as resist bluff King Hal. At last, in 1537, Pele gave in. With his own right hand, albeit a reluctant one, in the presence of the Commissioners at Whalley Abbey, whither he had been cited to appear, he appended his signature to a declaration of resignation. "It cometh freely of myself and without any enforcement," he said, and posterity gasps as it peruses the sentence on the original instrument. Before it was translated to the King the Earl of Sussex took the liberty of adding a postscript, in which he observed that it had been obtained from "the very facile and ready mynde of the abbot." One wonders what the abbot would have said himself had he *known* it.

No one had more reason to be satisfied with the result than the King, who sent three knights to take possession of the abbey. They were followed by the Commissioners. In the meantime Abbot Pele had rejoined his brethren, and had doubtless bade them prepare for the worst. As soon, therefore, as the Commissioners appeared at their door they assembled in full chapter, where the fatal deed of surrender, which had been prepared by Antony Fitzherbert, was submitted to them. With heavy heart and faltering hand Pele passed the quill to each of his thirty brethren in succession. The deed soon numbered its full complement of signatures. The shades of night had closed over their heads. One of the monks stole into the magnificent chapel, gazed for a time on the awful beauty of the scene, seized his extinguisher, and quenched for evermore the lamp which perpetually burnt before the altar, mysterious symbol of the presence of Him whom no man hath seen or can see, who dwelleth in temples not made with hands, in a light which no man can approach unto.

The strife of ecclesiasticism was over. The breach with the Holy See had been consummated. Furness had been added to the number of the despoiled monasteries. Pele received some compensation from the Crown in the rectory of Dalton, worth little more than thirty pounds; but he had hardly been inducted before Cromwell sought to deprive him of it. Whether he succeeded is not clear. We may hope that he did not. What became of the surviving monks we cannot tell, though the fact that some of them must have survived the dissolution sixteen years, is apparent from the fact that in 1553 they were in receipt of fifteen pounds from the revenues.

The most deplorable part of our story concerns, as may be supposed, the fate of the fabric. No part of it that was likely to secure a purchaser was overlooked by the Commissioners. Its lead, its bells, its ornaments, its vestments, its outbuildings, its farm stock—all were knocked down to the highest bidder. The monks, on being ejected from their comfortable quarters, it seems, murmured loudly. They were not the people to take joyfully the spoiling of their goods. The King had graciously allowed them only forty shillings wherewith to purchase secular goods, and to carry them on their journey, whither they had resolved for the future to dwell. One hundred and twenty milk cows, formerly belonging to the abbey, were sold in the neighbourhood of Furness, and the lead was melted down by the greedy crew of spoliators, who, in their anxiety to extract every particle of the metal, actually remelted the very dross. The church and steeple were not suffered to remain, but were pulled down and defaced. One

thing, and one alone, is commendable in all this work of plunder, and that is, that to the applicants who clamoured for grants of the abbey's belongings, the preference was given to its poor servants over those who had never had any connection with the house. The spoliation over, the task of destruction began. A few days sufficed to bring it to the forlorn condition which it has now worn more or less for three hundred rolling years, a silent witness to the influence of that faith from which has sprung all the strength, the wisdom, the freedom, and the glory of the Western world.

WILLIAM CONNOR SYDNEY.

WILLIAM WEBBE.

I.

SCHOOLMASTERS, from Orbilius down to Busby, have been the perennial gibe of satirists. It is the profession that most encourages the exercise of loud and empty pretension. Just now the minor poet (a profession held by some to have been invented by Mr. Traill) is trapped and shot by the journalist, like a pigeon from a box, with merry gibes at the infinite affectation of the creature, and his little airs and graces. Horace, the Philistine bard, gave him no quarter; he says that mediocre poets were not permitted by gods or men or columns, whatever that may mean.

My hero, Mr. William Webbe, must be held to have laboured under grave disadvantages, for he was, first, a schoolmaster, and of that abhorred species, a private tutor; and he was also a minor poet.

Mr. Webbe, in the year 1586, when he may be held to have passed his thirtieth year, wrote a "Discourse of English Poetry." The original is a rare and valuable book. Two copies are known to exist: one is in the Bodleian; the other was sold in 1773, at Mr. West's sale, for 10*s.* 6*d.* It changed hands several times, rising in price, and in 1812 was bought at the Duke of Roxburghe's sale for £64 by the Marquis of Blandford.

In 1871 Mr. Edward Arber carefully edited it, and it is within reach of all; and a very tiresome work it is—thin and affected, but not without interest.

Mr. Webbe was private tutor in the house of Edward Sulyard, Esq., at Flemyngs, near Chelmsford. Edward and Thomas Sulyard were his pupils. Thomas was thirteen in 1586. Mr. Webbe calls them "pregnant ympes of right excellent hope," which, we may presume, gave pleasure to their father, though grotesquely phrased. Further, he says, in the printed dedicatory epistle, that his tractate was composed "in the intermissions of my daily business, even these summer eveninges," when the "pregnant ympes" had probably "reluctantly gone bedward," excusing himself thus, no doubt, for fear

that his worship might imagine that his daily business had been intermittent indeed. But his tutorial services appear to have been acceptable, for when the little Sulyards grew to man's estate, the virtuous Mr. Webbe went to intermit his daily business in the house of Mr. Henry Grey, afterwards Lord Grey of Groby, a kinsman of Squire Sulyard, at Pirgo, in Essex, formerly a palace of the Queens of England, where, indeed, it will be well to leave him.

II.

It is a curious and interesting thing to find that, even in 1586, Mr. Webbe was depressed and anxious at the thought of the unwieldy and increasing mass of printed matter in the world. He speaks in his preface of "the innumerable sortes of Englishe Bookes and infinite fardles of printed pamphlets, wherewith thys Countrey is pestered, all shoppes stuffed, and every study furnished." The world, it would seem, knows how to take care of itself in matters of supply and demand. Three hundred years have passed, and we can still find room for a few more good books. Webbe refers to some forty-one authors and translators, of whom only Spenser, the Earl of Surrey, Gascoigne, Lyly, Sir E. Dyer, Tusser, Ockland, and Heywood may be said to have survived. He does not mention Sackville, Greene, Marlowe, or Raleigh, all of whom were writing or had written. He seems to apprehend danger from the "rude multitude of rusticall Rymers," and frankly confesses that the English tongue has never yet attained to "anie sufficient ripenes," and that it does not avoid the reproach of barbarousness in poetry. The only hope, he thinks, is the establishment of some settled tradition of prosody derived from the classics; we shall see presently what he desires. So much for his preface.

III.

In the "Discourse" itself he first takes a short retrospective glance at the history of poetry, and arranges the Greek poets chronologically in the following order:—Orpheus, Amphion, Tyrtæus, Pindar, Homer, the dramatists, Theocritus, Hesiod. It may be noted in passing that he derives the word "eclogue," which he spells "aeglogue," or "Eglogue," from the talk of goatherds, upon which derivation Dr. Johnson pertinently said that if it meant anything it would mean the talk of goats. He then passes to Latin, and goes on to speak of mediæval rhymed verse, which he dismisses as "brutish Poetrie . . . I meane this

tynkerly verse which we call ryme." And he passes on to English versifiers, but still his contempt for rhyme comes out. "Many," he says, "can frame an alehouse song of five or six score verses, hobbling upon some tune of a Northen lygge, or Robin Hoode, or La Lubber, &c. . . . and therewithal an A to make a jercke in the ende." Then he passes on to prove somewhat discursively that the praise of virtue is the office of the poet, which he confirms with some striking quotations from Phaer's translation of the "Æneid," which are more quaint than forcible. Fame, says Phaer, translating from the fourth book, "monstrum horrendum," &c.

> A monster gastly great, for every plume her carkasse beares,
> Like number learing eyes she hath, like number harkning eares,
> Like number tongues, and mouthes she wagges, a wondrous thing to speake,
> At midnight foorth shee flyes, and under shade her sound dooth squeake.

IV.

Of rhyme, following the error of Ascham, he fathers it on "Symias Rhodias," and says that his foolish attempt was so contemned and despised that the fashion disappeared, and was not heard of again till the Huns and Goths brought it into Italy. He then defines various English metres, and ends by saying that any musical tune may have corresponding ditties, "some framed to Rogero, some to Trenchmore, to downe right Squire, to Galliardes, to Pavines, to Jygges, to Brawles, to all manner of tunes which every Fiddler knows better then myself, and therefore I will let them passe." He points out that iambic metres are the appropriate scansion of English, and gives a table of metrical feet, which is somewhat confusing, as he defines a trochee as three short syllables, and a long syllable followed by a short as a "choreus."

It is interesting to find that Webbe believes that there is such a thing as quantity in English, independent of accent. The subject is an obscure one, and demands a few words.

The definite quantities of syllables in Greek and Latin seem to prove that there was a time when quantity and accent were identical; in process of time, however, the accents shifted, but there was still a certain pleasure derivable from words arranged according to ancient quantities, though they had ceased to correspond with pronunciation. In Latin, though we do not know exactly how pronunciation had varied, it seems probable that in the Augustan age they pronounced, *e.g.* such words as *cŏlō* and *ămō* rather as a trochee than an iambus,

just as we do. In Greek the problem is more difficult still, for we have the Alexandrian system of accentuation independent of quantity, which must have corresponded to pronunciation then, which now neither corresponds with our English pronunciation nor with the modern Greek pronunciation, which is divergent from the English ; indeed, to hear a modern Greek read Homer is a curious experience—it seems to have no metrical form whatever, and yet a modern Greek professes to derive a metrical pleasure from it. How far such divergence can go in English is best illustrated by the fact that Clough, in the "Amours de Voyage," has the effrontery to make the line

Hŏmō | sūm, nīhīl | hūmān ⏜ i ā me ălī ⏜ ēnūm | pŭtō,

which is an irregular comic iambic, into a spondaic hexameter, scanning it

Hōmŏ sŭm, | nīhīl hŭ ⏜ mānĭ ā | mē ālī ⏜ ēnūm | pūtō.

V.

Mr. Webbe next produces two or three experiments of his own in classical metres : the First Eclogue of Virgil, which he translates, is an interesting and beautiful piece of work. He begins :—

Tityrus, happilie thou lyste, tumbling under a beech-tree
All in a fine oate pipe these sweete songes lustily chaunting.

But the following passage appears to me the best :—

Happie olde man. In shaddowy bankes and coole prettie places,
Here by the quainted floodes and springs most holie remaining,
Here, these quicksets fresh which lands sever out fro thy neighbors,
And greene willow rowes which Hiblae bees doo rejoice in,
Oft fine whistring noise shall bring sweete sleepe to thy senses.
Under a Rock side here will proyner[1] chaunt merrie ditties.
Neither on highe Elme trees, thy beloude Doves loftilie sitting,
Nor prettie Turtles trim, will cease to crooke with a good cheere.

In the Second Eclogue the inspiration flags somewhat :—

Hedgerowes hott doo resound with Grasshops mournfully squeaking

cannot be said to be a good line.

He then turns to sapphics, and translates into that attractive but delusive metre the Fourth Eclogue from the "Shepherd's Calendar":—

Ye dainty Nymphes that in this blessed brooke.

I quote the last two stanzas (not of the poem, because he confesses that he had meant to finish it, but "by reason of some let which

[1] Pruner.

I had" he has been unable to do so). There is a peculiar charn about them :—

> Bring the Pinckes, therewith many gelliflowres sweete,
> And the Cullambynes ; let us have the Wynesops,
> With the Cornation, that among the love laddes
> Wontes to be worne much.
>
> Daffadowndillies all along the ground strowe,
> And the Cowslyppe with a prety paunce let heere lye,
> Kyngcuppe and Lillies so beloved of all men,
> And the deluce flower.

Then follows an appendix of the Canons of Poetry, adapted from the "Epistles" and "Ars Poetica" of Horace, with which we need not concern ourselves. It will be seen, I think, in these metrical experiments that the principal crux is the value of monosyllables in English, most of them being in reality long, except words like "and" and "if" and prepositions. But it will also be clear that English does not lend itself to quantitative metres, except very loosely, and that the metrical scheme merely bothers the ear and eye, and necessitates a sort of sing-song pronunciation which is fatal to melody.

The only English writers who have treated such metres with success, that I am aware of, are Clough—not in the "Bothie," which is horridly overpacked, but in the elegiac pieces which are interspersed with the "Amours de Voyage," as,

> "But," so finish the word, "I was writ in a Roman chamber,
> When from Janiculan heights thundered the cannon of France"—

Tennyson, with moderate success, Charles Kingsley in "Andromeda," where the metre is loose but spirited, and Provost Hawtrey, of Eton, perhaps the most successful of all, in his privately printed translations. But it may be said that English is not really a dactylic language : Mr. Swinburne has shown how far more dactylic effects can be produced in English than was supposed possible ; but he may be said to have exhausted almost all possible combinations, and the glory of English verse will reside in the grave iambic march.

VI.

In the "Discourse" occurs a delicate instance of the process now known as "log-rolling." This fact is of interest, because it proves that this species of criticism was not invented by the *Daily Chronicle*, as some have held. The "Shepherd's Calendar," when Webbe wrote,

was still anonymous; he says that some have attributed it to Sir Philip Sidney, but he mentions the name of Spenser ("whether it were Master Sp. or what rare Scholler in Pembrooke Hall soever") in connection with it, and it is obvious that Webbe had no real doubt as to the authorship. Together with the name of Spenser he couples the name of Gabriel Harvey, as two of the most promising poets of the time. Now, both Spenser and Harvey had been acquaintances of Webbe's at Cambridge, and we thus have an instance of private friendship overriding critical judgment, which is the essence of true log-rolling.

VII.

I have thought it interesting to give an account of this chaotic little book, because it wins a value from the time of its appearance which it does not intrinsically possess, composed as it was in the twilight, and on the eve, so to speak, of Shakespeare. English poetry was about to receive from Spenser and Shakespeare an impulse which was to decide its fate. The "Faerie Queene" began to be published four years, and the "Venus and Adonis" seven years after the date of the "Discourse," and it is curious to note how many great writers appeared simultaneously in the last decade of that century. It was on the verge of the foundation of a great classical tradition that this tentative essay was written; and though all the principles which Webbe suggested were to be rudely overthrown, and vernacular language and indigenous metres were to be glorified and enlarged, and made the heritage of the whole world, yet Webbe was somewhat in the position of the Wise Men, surprised and bewildered by the rising of an unexpected star, and guided to worship at a memorable Nativity.

Whether Webbe was converted to the new faith we have no means of knowing; his literary projects seem to have been laid aside, and he goes down into darkness, leaving this curious waif of the elder literary world; yet, like a shell from a sea-beach, it has some faint echo of the portentous sea within its tiny convolutions, and dreams uncertainly of things to come.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

TABLE TALK.

KEATS ON SHAKESPEARE.

MRS. BARRETT BROWNING, in "Bianca among the Nightingales," talks about the soft Italian words on the lips of an Englishwoman,

> bruised
> To sweetness by her English mouth.

Not even the mouth of a Keats can add aught to the marvellous and overmastering sweetness and beauty of Shakespeare. It is none the less delightful to have the choice morsels of poetry picked out for us by Keats and dropped, as it were, into our mouths. Writing to John Hamilton Reynolds, Keats says: "Whenever you write, say a word or two on some passage in Shakespeare that may have come rather new to you; which must be continually happening, notwithstanding that we read the same play forty times—for instance, the following from the 'Tempest' never struck me so forcibly as at present:—

> Urchins
> *Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,*
> All exercise on thee ——

How can I help bringing to your mind the line—

> In the dark backward and abysm of time."

The italics are in the original.

Again, writing to Leigh Hunt, he says: "I ought to have said a word on Shakespeare's Christianity. There are two [passages] which I have not looked over with you touching this thing, the one for, the other against; that in favour is in 'Measure for Measure,' Act ii. Scene 2:—

> *Isab.* Alas, alas!
> Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
> And He that might the vantage best have took,
> Found out the remedy.

That against is in 'Twelfth Night,' Act iii. Scene 2:—

> ***Maria.*** For there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness."

The Sister of Launce.

ONE passage Keats quotes I must have glanced over a score of times, and yet remained insensible to its grace and beauty. Writing to his brother, he describes his journey, in 1817, to Southampton. He did not know, he states, the names of the towns through which he passed, but he saw various objects, "dusty hedges, sometimes ponds—then nothing—then a little wood with trees, look you, like Launce's sister, 'as white as a lily and as small as a wand.'" There is a dainty which Keats took up and put into my mouth. Never once, though I had read the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" I know not how many times, had I made acquaintance with this pretty sister, whose sweet existence is a redemption of Launce himself, henceforward a person of more consideration than before. I cannot recall who was the gentleman who suggested a book concerning Shakespeare's unseen characters, a book in which the husband of the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," "God be with his soul, a' was a merry man," would have a prominent place, as for the matter of that, might "Hercules in Cadmus." I would reserve one of the best places in that gallery for Launce's sister. What, I wonder, was her name? The scene of the action is Verona and other portions of Northern Italy, and the female names given are appropriate enough—Julia, Silvia, and Lucetta. This matters little, however. The masculine names are, in some cases, less conformable to Italian speech, and names such as Launce and Speed come direct from Snitterfield or the Bankside. It should accordingly be an English name, such as Anne. Does not the mere mention of Sweet Anne Page by Slender—it is scarcely more than a mention—serve to immortalise her? And does not the name haunt us still in Windsor as the sound of the kisses of Consuelo still linger in Venice? Blanch would be an appropriate name. Where can we "find it fairer than in Blanch"? and though Shakespeare's only use of it as a woman's name assigns it great distinction, the Lady Blanch, yet he also uses it of a dog. Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart are the names of the little dogs that bark at Lear, so it might perhaps have been worn by a domestic or an attendant, such as we may suppose Launce's pretty sister to have been. At any rate, I have fallen over head and ears in love with her, and could write sonnets to her eyebrows and canzonets about her pretty feet. I would certainly suggest her as the heroine of a tale, and no less certainly give her the place of honour among Shakespeare's unseen characters. She might almost, I think, be Silvia,

were there not another Silvia in the play, and then one would understand the query—

> Who is Sylvia, who is she?
> That all our swains commend her.

"White as a lily and small as a wand." The goddess of love needs not refuse the compliment. Small, mind you, means slender, not diminutive. Who, thinking of her, would not say—

> Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty?

The Poetic Birth.

"NOW my oat proceeds," as says Milton, and in a more sober and decorous guise declares that delightful revelations concerning Keats are furnished in this volume of letters. One thing it clearly shows is, how deep was Keats' passion for poetry. Once I find him writing, "I find I cannot exist without poetry—without eternal poetry; half the day will not do—the whole of it. I began with a little, but habit has made me a Leviathan. I had become all in a tremble from not having written anything of late—the sonnet over-leaf did me good. I slept the better last night for it; this morning, however, I am nearly as bad again. Just now I opened Spenser, and the first lines I saw were these:—

> The noble heart that harbours virtuous thought,
> And is with child of glorious great intent,
> Can never rest until it forth have brought
> The eternal brood of glory excellent.

This conveys exactly the idea of the 'fine frenzy' of which Shakespeare speaks as characterising the poet." Pope declares that he

> Lisped in numbers, for the numbers came,

and Tennyson asserts that

> I do but sing because I must,
> And pipe but as the linnets sing.

The utterances of the two poets of the days of Anne and Victoria are happy, and have something in common with the words of Keats. I do not know where, however, to parallel these fierce throes of poetic birth which Keats depicts. It seems an instinct, a desire, a necessity all in one, almost like the pangs of labour. Something of the kind in one respect, though different in another, is said by Ben Jonson when he talks of his own plays—

> Things that were born when naught but the still night
> And the dumb candle saw his pinching throes.

Keats on Self-supposed Poets.

BEFORE dismissing for the present these Letters of Keats—and I make the confession before a "cute" reader can detect the fact that I have only dipped into the book as yet, and that my extracts are all from the early pages—I will extract one more utterance. "There is no greater sin after the seven deadly than to flatter oneself into an idea of being a great poet, or one of those beings who are privileged to wear out their lives in the pursuit of honour. How comfortable a feel it is to feel that such a crime must bring its heavy penalty? [*sic*]. That if one be a self-deluder, accounts must be balanced." I commend this statement on the part of one of the most inspired of poets to those very worthy and self-deluded gentlemen, the candidates for the laureateship. As yet, one and all of them have been spared the ignominy for which each pines. The man who is taxed by Keats with deluding himself into the idea that he is a poet, and concerning whom the diatribe, if such I may call it, is written, is Leigh Hunt, surely a much nearer approach to a poet than any of the compounders of epics or satires who are credited with being candidates for the post. I may wrong these gentlemen in taxing them with such aim, but in that case I do so in company with the world. For the rest, I do not think I wrong them. Those who read between the lines may trace signs of indirect application in most of them. Now, if Leigh Hunt was not a poet, what on earth are these worthies? I am not, of course, referring to Mr. Swinburne or Mr. Morris, either of whom might wear the title of laureate, and transmit the bays untarnished to his successor. But * * * * and * * * * and * * * *, let these gentlemen be content with the honours altogether adequate which they have received, and not challenge the laughter of the present generation and the contempt of the following, which will surely be theirs if their wishes are granted. Returning once more to the point from which I started, Keats' devotion to Shakespeare, I make one more short extract: "I never quite despair, and I read Shakespeare—indeed, I shall, I think, never read any other book much. . . . I am very near agreeing with Hazlitt that Shakespeare is enough for us." The new edition with which I have so long dealt contains a portrait, hitherto unpublished, of Keats seated and reading a book, which is, I think, the best I have seen. It conveys what I am disposed to believe to be an absolutely faithful idea of the poet's appearance.

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THE RUSTICATION OF LOLL TOPLIS.

BY THOMAS KEYWORTH.

NO outsider would think of saying a good word for Poppy Corner, a court leading out of Bean Croft, in Sheffield. It was called a "social gangrene," and this name was bestowed upon the place itself, or upon the inhabitants thereof, without much discrimination. What may be called insiders had no idea they deserved either pity or blame.

The houses were small and dilapidated, the air was thick with smoke, and many peculiar smells pervaded the place. When red-hot steel is plunged into oil, when horns are boiled or roasted, and when the demand for buttons makes the storage of bones necessary, there is sure to be a warfare of scents.

Poppies, as they were called by their neighbours, were used to it all. To be a Poppy, bred and born, was a subject of self-gratulation. What privilege or honour it conferred nobody could explain; but there it was. Some inhabitants of the court were natives, and others were settlers: the difference counted for something.

Sam Sky was a native; he ought to have been a puny weakling, if sanitary laws meant much, for every circumstance of his life had been unhealthy, according to ordinary ideas; but he was a big fellow, and the opinion prevailed that he did not know his strength. Perhaps genius is physical sometimes, and the same mystery may enshroud the body of a Sam Sky which enshrouds the mind of a Shakespeare. Sam was a grinder, too. Not a dry grinder, however; the huge stone over which he leaned when at work ran in a trough of water, and that had a tendency to keep the air of his workplace

free from the flying particles which made havoc with some men's lungs. He could neither read nor write, a deprivation which in his opinion kept him from the higher walks of life. He did a bit of betting, trusting to his memory, and his knack of quick reckoning, to atone for his inaptness with pencil and paper; he trusted to his fists when there was danger of repudiation on the part of men who fancied they might take advantage of the law and not pay their losses in the absence of documentary evidence.

At the entrance to Poppy Corner was a small public-house, called Poppy Nobs, generally abbreviated to Nobs; it had front entrance, side entrance, and back entrance, and was the most difficult place to watch in the whole town, especially after eleven o'clock was made the closing hour; because the Poppies to a man regarded all restriction on their drinking liberties as gross tyranny. "These Gover'ment chaps treats us like kids," was their disgusted comment when the new condition of things was explained to them. The women did not go as far as the men in their objection to reform, but they dissembled their love; and, while chuckling over the prospect of their husbands going to bed at a reasonable time, and getting up in the mornings early enough to put in full days, they protested against all interference with up-grown folks, "who knowed what to do as well as Gover'ment did."

Eph Butts was landlord of the Nobs, and he was after a fashion the philosopher, guide, and friend to most of the Poppies. He had been known to come forward when bailiffs were in the houses of his customers; and he had paid fines or given security when a man had drunk not wisely but too well, and had made skittles of his wife and children or his neighbours. There was a prevailing opinion that Eph Butts was a useful fellow, and that Poppy Corner would do badly without him. He required a good stiff glass of brandy in a morning before he could undertake serious work, but that difficulty being overcome he was able to keep himself in tune during the day, and to retire at night with the consciousness that he had not mixed his drinks and had not eaten more than was good for him. He was stout, very stout, and his breathing was laboured; he had a face of many colours, and a voice which seemed to travel far before it reached the outer air. He held his heart responsible for many of his troubles, and the opinion prevailed that Eph Butts kept himself alive by means of judicious soaking.

He was in the habit of taking the advice of his customers on the slightest pretext; this meant a drink, it might mean a day's drinking; but Poppy Corner never imputed motives, it never suspected them.

"Two heads is better than one, and three is better than two," was Eph's explanation, when he asked Sam Sky and a few other persons to tell him what they thought about a new Government move, or a new bobby on the beat, who was making himself officious.

No postman ever appeared in Poppy Corner. If a letter had been delivered there it would have created a deep sensation, and might have aroused suspicion. Loll Toplis had never written to anybody, though he had been away three years. He could not write, but his daughter Ma'n had been to school, and was supposed to be a tremendous scholar. Ma'n was short for Mary Ann, but nobody ever gave her the full name. An aunt of hers took a fancy to her, and was responsible for the unusual educational advantages which the girl had enjoyed; for those were times when the school-board inspector had not begun to invade the Englishman's castle, and to insist on the supremacy of the three R's in civil life. Loll Toplis was missed by his friends; he was supposed to have emigrated, and there were people who thought and said Ma'n was the cause of it; for she was the only person who seemed able to control her father, who was called "a pig-headed chap, with a temper and a pair of mauleys." Tet Toplis, his wife, counted for very little; she was a spiritless creature, whom Loll could rule with a look.

A very important council was held at the Nobs; it took a whole afternoon and evening, it ran over into the next day, and, as far as several persons were concerned, it lasted a week. Eph Butts had received a letter from Loll Toplis, containing the important information that he had grown tired of foreign parts near London, and he intended to see what Sheffield looked like. It would simplify matters if a house happened to be empty in Poppy Corner at the end of the month, for he should make his appearance on the first of April, "towards night." His furniture might be expected on the previous day.

"Who's wrote that?" Sam Sky wanted to know.

"Ma'n, as sure as dickens," said Eph Butts.

"Where's it wrote from?" was the next inquiry, and the person who wanted to know was Cris Parker, a man with a long body, but very short legs, which gave him a stunted appearance. He was a famous wrestler, as many people knew.

"Mellowford, Sussex," replied the publican, holding the letter at a distance, as if he could read it better at arm's length.

"What month's this?" Pete Sowden asked. "Pancake Tuesday's gone a fortnight since. Is it March?"

"March 8th," said Eph, with the air of a man who had a thousand dates at his finger ends.

"That carting chap will have to go," Sam Sky remarked.

"He's no good to Poppy Corner," replied Eph.

"I don't believe in chaps living here if they haven't a trade," Judd Wedge interrupted. He was stouter than the publican, and was a smith of some kind, but he never worked. "What's his name?"

"Malkin," somebody said.

"He'll have to go," Sam Sky repeated. "Loll Toplis lived there, and he shall come back to his own house if I have to knock somebody's head off."

The company went into committee forthwith.

It would be difficult to imagine a town more unlike Sheffield than Mellowford. Everything was different; the atmosphere, the neighbourhood, the architecture. Then the people: they had a dialect, of course, but to ears accustomed to the folk-speech of Sheffield, the Mellowford provincialisms were dreadfully mild. Loll Toplis longed for the sights, sounds, and smells of Poppy Corner, and the mud, smoke, and grime of Bean Croft. Mellowford was clean, its streets were wide and pleasant, the houses were picturesque, gardens abounded on every hand, the surrounding country was lovely enough to charm any admirer of nature, but it was not Sheffield.

Loll was a cutler by trade, a general utility man, who could mend as well as make, and could turn his hand to most jobs, including grinding. He was thin, his complexion was dark, and he had a melancholy appearance at most times, even in the best of company, but he could tell a tale and sing a song. He was stronger than he looked, as many a bigger man had discovered to his sorrow. Why he left Sheffield and went away to the ends of the earth, as his old companions called it, was a profound mystery. There were hints that he had been up to something, and that he wanted to get out of the way; but no proof was forthcoming, and the suspicion died out. "Loll would have done his time," said Sam Sky. "He wouldn't have run away. It must have been pig-headedness, or Ma'n was too proud for Poppy Corner."

There was a reason for the removal, but no Poppy ever suspected it. If the real cause had been mentioned nobody would have credited it, nobody *could* have credited it; for the men of Poppy Corner were men of the world, and the women thereof were women of the world. They knew better than to think Ma'n had fallen into trouble, and for her sake the family migration had taken place.

Nonsense. Why, there was Liz Tandy, and there was Jin Spencer, and there were others. These affairs were troublesome, but they were not matters of life and death.

Ma'n Toplis might have sprung from an aristocratic family, to judge by her appearance ; tall and stately in build, her features were good, and she had a wonderful head of hair, black as jet. She was a bit above Poppy Corner, but that was ascribed to the educational mania of her aunt. She did not sit on door steps like other girls, or play five-stones there ; nobody ever saw her play hop-scotch on the pavement, or shuttle-cock, even on Shrove Tuesday. When she went to work it was as a finisher at a silversmith's warehouse. She wore good clothes, and enjoyed the sensation produced in Bean Croft when she turned out in her Sunday best. Nobody knew she was courting, not even her father and mother ; and the sudden disappearance of Leonard Watts from Mettlams', the people by whom Ma'n was employed, was regarded as a proof that he had been making free with the firm's goods ; and when close investigation showed that nothing was missing, his conduct was regarded as inexplicable. He was a dandified young fellow, with very light hair, a silky beard, and good looks. Ma'n knew what his disappearance meant, and she set herself to face the future without suffering humiliation in the presence of those who had witnessed her pride. She and Leonard had agreed to keep their engagement secret, in consequence of his family, whom he described as "stuck up." He would be independent of them soon, and then he would marry the girl he loved, in spite of all the world. He was what girls in he. position called a swell, and it was supposed that he would set up in business for himself. Ma'n understood the reason for secrecy, and she met him in quiet places, where they were not likely to be seen together. She loved him with all her heart, and when he absconded she was amazed and crushed. What could it mean? Surely there would be some message to comfort her. Mr. Mettlam learnt from Leonard's father that the young man had decided to settle in America, but in what part was not known. "Lenny has got entangled with some companions who were doing him no good," Mr. Watts explained, "and like a brave fellow he decided to break loose from his dangerous associations. Not one in a thousand would have the moral courage to act like that. Depend upon it, he has robbed nobody. I know my boy, he is gold at the bottom, real gold."

This information was spread through the warehouse, and Ma'n had to listen while it was discussed, and her own opinion was sought,

while a shameful secret was preying upon her soul. No message came to her, and she wondered what she must do. She had learnt from her father to treat her mother with scant respect, though Tet Toplis was so proud of her handsome daughter that no slight or neglect was felt. In spite of the mother's sorrow, when Ma'n revealed her anxiety and fear, there was a sense of satisfied love in the humble creature, and she pressed her daughter's bowed head to her bosom, and kissed the raven locks with an ecstasy she had never felt before. Ma'n, who had seemed to be beyond her and above her, was brought back by a sense of shame to the mother's hungering heart.

When Loll learnt from his wife the mental agony which Ma'n was enduring, and the cause of it, he said some dreadful things about Leonard Watts for playing the coward. "If he ever comes back, I'll leather his head with a trip-stick," he exclaimed. "If I don't——"

Toplis was a famous knur-and-spell player, and the instrument with which the ball is struck in that game is called a trip-stick ; it is from three to four feet long, is of flexible wood, and at the end of it is the pommel, a piece of hard wood, several inches in length and width, and a couple of inches in thickness. A savage blow on the head with a trip-stick would kill a man, especially if given with the swing which an expert player can command. To "leather" is to beat, and Tet believed her husband meant what he said.

Several remarkable events occurred in Poppy Corner, soon after Loll Toplis was made acquainted with Ma'n's trouble. He brought a newspaper home every day, and got his daughter to read through the advertisements in the "wanted" column. Then she had to write a letter for him in answer to the offer of a situation at Mellowford. A cutler was required who could undertake repairs, grinding, polishing, and who could make himself generally useful. Not a word did the father speak about the reason for this step ; he began to find fault with Sheffield, he said he was getting too fond of company, and was drinking more than was good for him. A letter was delivered by the postman not many days afterward, to the astonishment of all the Poppies. Loll said a cousin of his wanted him to be security for a loan of ten pounds ; that was the explanation he gave of the phenomenon. Another letter followed, and that was said to be full of abuse because he had not answered the previous one. Then he gave notice to leave his workplace, and Ma'n did the same ; he gave notice to leave his cottage, he bade farewell to his friends and neighbours, and informed them he was going abroad to teach niggers how to play knur-and-spell. Nobody believed that statement, but he was

not contradicted. The family departed, Ma'n holding up her head proudly to the last, though she tried to comfort her mother, who wept bitterly at breaking the fond ties which bound her to the neighbourhood where she had lived all her life. Loll declared that he was sick of the place, and he whistled "Over the hills and far away."

In the train, several persons, at different times, during the long journey to Mellowford, were taken into Loll's special confidence, and informed solemnly of the reason why the family had decided to migrate. The information was conveyed in a voice loud enough for Tet and Ma'n to hear every word. The story was always the same; if Loll had written it down and committed it to memory, he could not have been more exact.

"We had six youngsters," he commenced, "and five of 'em died when they were kids. Sheffield is a dreadful unhealthy place. Scarlet fever, every man Jack of 'em, and two were lasses. I says, 'It's time to potter out of this.' When my daughter got married, we stopped on to be near her; but her husband took scarlet fever, and died only three months since. His name was Mann. Did you know him? Herbert Mann. He was a silversmith. I said, 'We must move.' My daughter, Mary Ann is her name, doesn't believe her husband is dead. She was delirious when he was buried. We cannot persuade her to wear black. But we are going past London, a very healthy place, where nobody never had no scarlet fever. T' doctor at Sheffield said, 'She'll come right again in time, but keep black clothes out of her sight.' It was t' very last word he spoke."

Ma'n soon understood the part she was to play. A wedding ring not quite new, but the next door to it, as Loll explained to Tet, was placed upon her finger, and father and mother began to call her Mary Ann.

Loll was delighted with Mellowford, so he said. He was never tired of contrasting it with Sheffield, and expressing his wonder that he had endured the smoke and dirt so long. Sometimes he fell into a brown study, and over his face came a look of intense sadness, but he roused himself, and began to praise the place where he was living, and the work, and the people. Tet was sure to begin weeping, to Loll's great indignation; but Ma'n said nothing; she understood the matter quite well.

That apocryphal story about Herbert Mann was told to the kindly neighbours, and they perceived the reason for Ma'n s reserve and sadness. She spoke to nobody, and nobody spoke to her; but she drew near to her mother in those days; and Loll himself was kinder to Tet than ever he had been before; but he insisted

on Herbert Mann being regarded as a reality, even in the privacy of home; nothing offended him so much as a hint that Ma'n had been wronged, or that any secrecy was needed; he acted as if he believed his own explanation.

He was tempted to blame Mellowford when he discovered how ignorant all the people were on the subject of knur-and-spell, but his feeling changed to one of pity, especially when any of his acquaintances tried to learn the game, and could not hit the knur as it sprang from the trap. They praised his skill, that was something. He was a tidy player he acknowledged, not to be compared with his daughter's late husband, however, who never had his equal with a trip-stick. "Herbert Mann could give me seven score in five rises," he explained in a low voice, "and beat me twice out of three times." This statement was invariably followed by a deep sigh.

Three years passed away, with little change in the circumstances of the family, except that little Poppy was born, a baby girl with light curly hair and pink face, the image of Herbert Mann, Loll Toplis told his friends. Ma'n doted on the child, and could not bear it out of her sight. Then there was scarlet fever in Mellowford, and a great dread came upon the Toplis family. What Loll had said in the railway train about the death of his own children at Sheffield was true, five of them had fallen victims to the infantile scourge. Tet remembered her own weary vigils, when first one and then another of the sufferers had tossed about in the agonies of sickness; she remembered the feelings of despair which seized her, time after time, as she realised that death had entered the cottage and seized her beloved—the joy of her poor weary heart.

Loll was terrified too, but his plan was to bring home news of a reassuring character. To judge by his speech, it would have been supposed that he was on intimate terms with every doctor at Mellowford, and that scarlet fever was almost extinct. There was inconsistency about his messages, but he managed to reconcile them. "I seed a doctor to-day," he would remark, in the coolest manner possible. "He told me there was very little fever in the town, but what there is of it is to be kept away from. He thinks a little bit of fever is to be kept away from more than when there's a lot."

Poppy was watched and tended, but the precautions were unavailing, and she sickened. Loll gave a hundred reasons for supposing it was not scarlet fever the child had taken. Tet listened with drawn features and wide open eyes. Ma'n simply wept in silence. All three appeared to know what the end would be. The

battle for life was not prolonged ; one night, not more than a week after the symptoms appeared, little Poppy died.

A great change came over the family after this bereavement. Loll persistently abstained from mentioning Sheffield, and the words "Bean Croft" were never on his lips. He declared his intention to live and die at Mellowford. Tet, on the other hand, began to mention little incidents which had happened in her early days. Reminiscences of Sheffield Fair were favourites with her, and recollections which gathered round Christmas. Loll never rebuked her, which was wonderful, because in former times he compared her to a magpie when she said anything. Ma'n went to the churchyard every day, and after she returned home she worked with a determination which surprised the meek and quiet Tet. There were not tasks enough for her to perform, so she began to go next door, where a woman with a scalded hand was vainly trying to keep things tidy. Ma'n expended her energies there, to the poor woman's grateful delight. Ma'n was silent, that was the only drawback ; she did not appear to notice what was said to her, and she answered no questions. When this had been going on several weeks, and the woman was well again, Ma'n said to her one day, "Can I trust you to keep Poppy's grave tidy, and to put a flower or two on it now and then?" The woman was startled, and wanted to know why. "We are going back home," was Ma'n's explanation. The promise was readily given, but the woman was surprised that Tet had not mentioned the projected removal, for Tet was rather communicative as a rule ; she had repeated the well-worn story about Herbert Mann several times, and had described Poppy Corner in very exalted language.

"I am ready when you are, father," Ma'n said that night. "We cannot do Poppy any good staying here. Agnes has promised to look after the grave." Agnes was the woman with the scalded hand.

Loll was about to declare that no power on earth would drag him away from Mellowford, but he restrained himself, and asked Ma'n to write a letter to Eph Butts instead. Tet took the earliest opportunity of slipping into her neighbour's house, and repeating the good news. "We are going home again," she said ; "there's no place like Sheffield." Agnes thought its skies must be Italian, its streams silvery, and that spicy breezes must blow there. She did not know.

Loll's employer was sorry to part with him, but a month's notice was given and accepted, and another advertisement appeared in the Sheffield newspaper.

The carter who occupied that cottage in Poppy Corner was not

willing to remove; he said he paid his rent, and intended to remain as long as he liked. A thick coat of coal tar on the doorstep, and a slip of paper thrust under the door, with an intimation written on it that something worse would follow, caused him to alter his mind. The cottage was vacated in time for Loll Toplis's furniture, which friendly hands arranged as well as possible before the family arrived.

Loll stepped into the Nobs as if he had been absent only a few days; he did not think of shaking hands with anybody. Tet and Ma'n went into the cottage to put things right, while admiring neighbours looked on, and told what had happened during the three years.

"You are both looking wonderful well," they said. "That place you've been to must have agreed with you."

"Nice place, but lonesome," replied Tet.

Ma'n did not speak; she was busy with a flower-pot, which had been filled with soil from little Poppy's grave, and which contained also a small plant, gathered in Mellowford churchyard.

Loll came forward before inquisitive questions could be put.

"How are you all?" he exclaimed. "I'm glad to see you, and to see this old place again. Where I've been living there's nothing but fields, and trees, and flowers, and such like. Now look at that!"

A great cloud of smoke was blown into the court, and it brought with it the scent of blazing oil, burnt horns, and boiling bones.

Loll Toplis smiled, and said, "This is home-like."

All the circumstances connected with the migration and return were soon known throughout the neighbourhood. Loll must have been the tale-bearer. He had been professional knur-and-spell player at a club beyond London; all the members were swells; the pay was good. A young fellow, a nice young fellow too, who had a large shop—grocer's shop it was—fell in love with Ma'n. His name was Sidney Rutherford. They were about to be married, when Sidney took scarlet fever and died. Ma'n could not settle there after that. The flower-pot which she tended so carefully was filled with earth taken from his grave, and the sickly-looking plant had grown there.

The story spread, and all friends and acquaintances pitied the beautiful girl with the melancholy countenance. She appeared to be prouder than ever, but that might be expected. She went back to her old situation, and longed to ask about her faithless lover, but would not condescend to do so. One day, however, she overheard a conversation between two women working near her, and learnt that he was still in America, where he was married and doing well.

"He was a nice chap," said one of them.

"A very nice chap," replied the other.

"Why did he go away, I wonder?"

"That's a mystery."

There was silence for a minute; then one of the women began to sing. After the first word or two the others joined in. The song was the expression of their thoughts, as they remembered Leonard Watts, whom they regarded as a kind of exile, suffering far away, for some unknown reason. So they sang:—

> Midst pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
> Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.

THE DIVERSIONS OF A SUB-EDITOR.

THE sub-editors' room in a daily newspaper office has been styled "the whispering gallery of the world." In the daytime there is not a whisper in it. The littered den, with its impassive books of reference and dusty official documents, is as silent and deserted as the Chinese city in the story of "The Golden Butterfly." The only living thing in it is the office cat, a grave, thoughtful animal, that sits reflectively by the hearth as if it were pondering on the subject for to-morrow's leading article. At night, however, the sub-editors' room has an altogether different aspect. Energy is let loose in it. The dingy chamber is now ablaze with light, instinct with quick thought and rapid movement. It resounds with eager inquiry and brusque instruction ; it echoes with the messenger's footstep, the whirr of the telephone bell, and the hiss and clank of the pneumatic tube. Into it, torrent-like, pours news from home and abroad. Along the private wire is flashed political secret, or perilous rumour about banking-house, or grave charge against someone in office. The public wire is, meanwhile, busy with statesman's speech —with the utterances of Lord Rosebery in Wales, or Lord Salisbury in the North, or Mr. Balfour in the County Palatine, or Sir William Harcourt in the Midlands.

It may be a big night in the House of Commons. Perhaps the two great parties have had a three-line whip, and gathered in strength for important division. Speech after speech is ticked into the room by the telegraphist's nimble and untiring fingers. The apparently dull debate develops swiftly into a "scene." Hon. members and visitors hurry from dinner. The House is crowded. The fate of the Government is in the balance. The Ministry have been placed in jeopardy by the cool, philosophic onslaught of the leader of the Opposition. Confidence is slowly but surely restored by the powerful reply of the right hon. gentleman who is at the head of the particular department assailed, and intends some

day to be Premier. Your desk is piled high with this parliamentary oratory ; and as you wade through it, with blue pencil, on the look-out for solecism or omission or error, you are conscious of a slight pulsation of political strife in your own veins.

Three or four colleagues are also up to the elbows in work. Many parcels of news have been brought in from the railway stations. Hundreds of telegrams are coming through the tube, bringing accounts of crime, disaster, and daring deed. The state of the cotton market is cabled in mystic cypher from New York. The rises and falls on the Stock Exchange—more interesting to investors than any novel—are taken from the tape ; and all this intelligence adds, little by little, or heap by heap, to the vast pyramid of news on the sub-editors' table, where story of rescue at sea, or description of Royal pageant, or narrative of pit explosion, or prospectus of commercial enterprise, jostle the prim slips of paper that tell the latest value of the rupee and the Clearing House quotations for silver.

It is a common notion that the sub-editor, in his nightly struggle with a huge mass of work, in the imperative filling of the paper with the best news, displayed in most attractive fashion to tempt the reader, becomes a mere gin-horse of the Press, a surly creature of routine, devoid of ambition, and with every spark of humour hammered out of him. But this estimate of the quiet, self-reliant, somewhat sarcastic man, who doggedly arranges and builds up the daily newspaper, whether the telegraph has been broken in storm, or a political mob is howling around the office, is a mistaken one. The character of the sub-editor's toil socially effaces him. He is not, like the editor or the newspaper reporter, seen at demonstration and banquet ; but he gets some diversion. He finds it in the safest quarter—in the mountain of news on his desk. No night passes without revealing the idiosyncrasy of correspondent, the freak of telegraphist, the politician's move in ambition's game of chess, the newest phase in the effort of mankind, and perchance a flash of wit.

The rural correspondent is better educated than he was twenty years ago ; but in certain districts he clings to a whimsical style of composition, still spells alleged "alledged," and invariably makes the victim of crime "bleed profusely." His adjectives are numerous and pathetic, and his descriptive power, in a rude way, rivals that of the great Lord Macaulay. What, for instance, could be more touching—ignoring the question of lucidity—than the following account of the weather at a notable man's interment in the North ? :—

"It was a boisterous winter's day, with fitful showers of rain and hail, and as the polished coffin was borne into the church, the lid

was sprinkled with rain like dewdrops on a laburnum leaf, which was a great contrast to wreaths of flowers, as the deceased did not approve of them."

Fact and sentiment are alike involved in this strange reference to the deceased; but the paragraph is not quite so mystifying as the appended account of an extraordinary tragedy that recently perplexed a sub-editor in Lancashire:—

"It transpires that the man Kelly, who was shot by a man named Callaghan, and who was afterwards killed by a blow from a crowbar at Ballanderry, is not dead, but his condition is critical."

The country correspondent is not only a vivid descriptive writer, but a bold inventor of headlines for news. Nothing is too trivial or too stupendous for his pen. He will send you, by train or by special messenger, a paragraph with the sorrowful heading, "Sad Suicide of a Horse"; or another with the startling line, "Dreadful Burglary in a Hen-house." If an important event occurs in his district, he thinks his opportunity of fame has come. He will scour the country-side for information, and overwhelm himself with facts. At midnight the sub-editor receives from him a bulky parcel containing, perhaps, twenty or thirty lead-pencil-written slips, telling, in impressive and grandiloquent language, how the "awful fire," or the "terrible murder," or the "fearful explosion," has resulted in loss of life, and "cast a gloom over the neighbourhood." There is the stamp of dogged endeavour, the evidence of a painful struggle with syntax, in every sentence of the long report, and the sub-editor, knowing the splendid zeal and personal worthiness of the correspondent, does not pitch the man's manuscript into the waste-paper basket without a feeling of self-reproach. He thinks he could have made the thing readable; but there is a terse account of the disaster already in type. The telegraph, with its winged words, forestalled the country correspondent two hours ago.

The telegraph has, to a great extent, superseded the news parcel. It has also multiplied sub-editorial work. The two chief news agencies not only supply reports of statesmen's speeches, the sittings of Parliament, and all sorts of conferences, at a cheap rate, but they scrape the country, like small-tooth combs, for intelligence of every kind. Lord Rosebery declared a year ago that it was impossible for the business of the Cabinet Council to ooze out—that every Minister was sworn to secrecy and kept his oath. Nevertheless the news agencies tell us, with daring assumption of authority, what is done at every meeting. At all events, if the pressman is unable to obtain any idea of the question discussed in the famous house in

Downing Street, his journalistic resource helps him out of the quandary. He tells that this or that Minister attended the Cabinet, that he stayed an hour, that he walked away with the Premier, that he looked pale, wore a light overcoat, and carried an umbrella.

On a busy night, when every line of space in the newspaper is valuable and time precious, "political information" of this kind is apt to try the sub-editor's temper. He may have been properly brought up; but rage surges through his heart, and he savagely wishes that all writers of ministerial gossip and lobby notes were doomed to the fate of the wicked journalists mentioned in the account of an execution at Worcester: "The bell began tolling at a quarter to eight, and at that hour the representatives of the Press were conducted to the gallows in charge of a warder." Before the sub-editor's task is done he receives many shocks; but the particular telegram that is likely to rob him of self-control is the annual one about the rediscovery of the sea-serpent, or the finding of yet another Balaclava hero, or the death of some centenarian, who never took a railway journey, but could see without spectacles to the last. It is possible that he may receive by telegram singular testimony to the remarkable vitality of human nature. For example, he may read:—

"A woman, aged seventy-three, living at Atherton, is cutting a fresh set of teeth. Seven new molars have made their appearance, and the lady has experienced no pain. Visitors, with more or less dental difficulties, are frequent."

The sub-editor wonders whether the chronicler of this nonsense has cut his own wisdom teeth; then deftly takes up another sheet of flimsy, and whistles softly. The latest telegram gives details of a narrow escape from death on the line, and contains this merciless passage:—

"The man was laid with his head on the metals; but *un*-fortunately no train passed along, or undoubtedly he would have been killed."

When the errors of the telegraphist are added to the whims of the newspaper reporter and the fine writing of the country correspondent, it may be imagined that the sub-editor has diversion enough. The telegraph clerk, generally zealous and painstaking, puts his hand to remarkable phrases in moments of mental abstraction or caligraphic weariness. In one of the late Lord Randolph Churchill's speeches at Bradford, that statesman was made to say:—

"We are now at the parting of the ways. Will you take the path that is full of *footballs* and precipices?"

Devotion to athletics led the telegraph clerk astray, and he wrote "footballs" for "pitfalls." His lapse, though entertaining, was not malicious. It did not defame anybody. It did not arouse so much indignation as the following message :—

"The League of the Cross looks with favour upon the effort to rescue the pope from the curse of intemperance."

This telegram, of course, should have read that the League of the Cross looked with favour upon the effort to rescue the *people* from the curse of drink. The sub-editor does not often get such an exquisite morsel as "No cross, no crown," telegraphed "No cows, no cream!" but he receives many telegraphic perversions of the truth. An awkward instance occurred not long ago at Liverpool. Mr. McCarthy was made to say that he had forsaken *Liberalism* to show the electors that there was something in Home Rule. What he really said was that he had temporarily forsaken "literature" for that purpose. One of the most curious telegraphic slips in modern journalism came to my own desk in the course of a night's work. The message contained intelligence from Cambridge University, and set forth that the adjudicators of the Thirlwall prize were of opinion that the essay by Mr. Hibbert, of St. John's, on "The Development of English Girls," was well worthy of publication. One can imagine the flutter of amazement this news would have created in the breast of the New Woman. The telegram should have read, "The Development of English Guilds."

The telegraph is always in feud against poetry and classical quotation. It mutilates verse, and revels in the murder of Latin. The sub-editor, though it is his duty to suggest subjects to the leader writers, to be familiar with every historical event since the time of Montezuma, and to be acquainted with every language living and dead, occasionally finds himself embarrassed by the telegraph clerk's peculiar reading of Latin, German, French, or Italian phrase that fell correctly, no doubt, from statesman's lips. He cannot always follow the shrewd Press motto : "When in doubt, leave it out." The context, perhaps, depends on the quotation for life. In the turmoil of effort after midnight the sub-editor has not time to verify the phrase. Desperately he lets it go, and the next day there is an editorial storm.

Many forces fight against the sub-editor. If not ever on the alert, he may plunge his paper into libel, or kill—in print—some man still bristling with health and strength, or inadvertently, in type, send the prosecutor instead of the felon to prison. He manages, amid many difficulties, to produce a readable newspaper; but, after all,

he is best seen in emergency. On the night of President Carnot's assassination, unshaken by conflicting telegrams, he has killed the French statesman, entirely on his own responsibility, for the first edition. He has grimly gone to press, determined to catch the special newspaper train, whatever the fate of the Ministry; and he has, with peremptory voice, stopped the machine, and suppressed the partially printed edition on receiving in the small hours the following disquieting telegram: "For Heaven's sake, don't publish the news I sent; it is inaccurate and without foundation. I shall get into desperate trouble if you do."

JOHN PENDLETON.

THE MERITS AND THE DEMERITS OF THE REVISED APOCRYPHA.

ALTHOUGH the apocryphal books of the Old Testament did not belong to the Hebrew canon, are not quoted in the New Testament, and the most authoritative of the Christian Fathers, such as St. Jerome, excluded them from the canon in its strict sense, yet, none the less, they possess an exceptional interest and value as a necessary link between the Old Testament canonical Scriptures and the New Testament, not merely historically, as in the books of the Maccabees, but ethically.

In the first place, they bear testimony to the Old Testament Scriptures. They speak "of the Law and the Prophets and the other Books," and in a remarkable passage in the first Book of Maccabees, referring to the proposed alliance with Sparta, it is stated, "We have no need of these things, seeing we have *the holy books* in our hands to comfort us." Again, we find in the apocryphal books much on religious teaching and on practice to be found in the New Testament, such as the exorcism of devils from the souls and bodies of men, solemn injunctions for fasting and almsgiving, a distinct enunciation of the doctrine of the resurrection from the dead and a day of judgment, and the prediction of the conversion of the heathen. "Besides," to quote the eloquent words of Dr. Bissell, the Prince of Apocryphal Commentators, "they are the repository of not a few philological and grammatical treasures, furnish many a term and form employed by Christ and His Apostles, as the vehicle of the grandest revelations, so that no thorough student of the New Testament can afford to overlook or despise them. And there is good in them, too, of another sort. No one can help being attracted and charmed by the picture of Wisdom drawn for us by the Alexandrian Solomon; and there are succinct, well-worded proverbs to be found here and there in the Son of Sirach that shine with the beauty and speak with the power of the deepest moral truth. It is related of John Bunyan that, being greatly comforted by a certain passage which occurred to him, he was, nevertheless, perplexed that he could not find it within the four

corners of the Bible. It was this: 'Look at the generations of old and see; did ever any trust in the Lord and was confounded?' He says in regard to it: 'Then I continued above a year and could not find the place; but, at last, casting my eyes upon the Apocrypha books, I found it in the tenth verse of the second chapter of Ecclesiasticus. This at the first did somewhat daunt me; because it was not in those texts that we call holy or canonical. Yet, as this sentence was the sum and substance of many of the promises, it was my duty to take the comfort of it, and I bless God for that word, for it was good to me. That word doth still oft-times shine before my face.'"

In any fair estimate of the merits and the demerits of the Revised Apocrypha,[1] the great work of the foremost English Biblical scholars of the century, in the Church of England and out of it, account must be taken of the very grave and numerous difficulties under which they laboured with respect to the manifestly corrupt text which they translated. The materials for correcting the Greek text were inadequate and scanty, and the Revisers felt they could not, under such circumstances, undertake "any complete revision." The outcome is that some passages in the revision are obscure, a few misleading, and a few unintelligible; but as a rule it must be admitted that in the majority of cases the Revisers have, by happy emendations, overcome their most formidable difficulties, and brought sense out of nonsense. The unsatisfactory renderings, in some cases, are due to the unsatisfactory readings, which are beyond the powers of textual criticism at present to deal with. The renderings in such cases are only evidence of the too faithful adherence of the Revisers to the incurably corrupt readings of the text. With respect to the Latin text, that of St. Jerome's Vulgate, it may be as well to bear in mind that, to a very considerable extent, as in the Book of Judith, St. Jerome himself confesses that he had given little attention to the work, as it deserved little, and had not translated word for word, but only given the sense.

The gains of this revision are not only many, but their value is considerable. In the unrevised Apocrypha we have, to use a Scriptural simile, apples of gold in a basket of pewter; in the revised, "apples of gold in a basket of silver."

Amongst the gains we must count the presentation of the poetical books of the Apocrypha in a poetical form, with the parallelisms so characteristic of Jewish poetry. This is conspicuous in the admirable versions of the Book of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus, but more especially in the latter, which abounds in practical lessons of everyday

[1] London: Henry Frowde.

life, and presents a singularly vivid picture of contemporary Jewish society. Its maxims find many parallels in the Book of Proverbs, and in no portion of the Apocrypha do we find the antithetical parallelism of Hebrew poetry drawn out more fully in detail. In chapter xxvi., for example, may be noted a remarkable contrast of the good woman and the bad woman, part of which we quote from the Revised and the unrevised versions by way of comparison.

Authorised Version, 1611.

"Watch over an impudent eye, and marvel not that she trespass against thee."

"She will open her mouth as a thirsty traveller when he hath found a fountain, and drink of every water near her: by every hedge will she sit down and open her quiver against every arrow."

"The grace of a wife delighteth her husband, and her discretion will fatten his bones."

"A silent and loving woman is a gift of the Lord; and there is nothing so much worth as a mind well instructed."

"A shamefaced and faithful woman is a double grace, and her continent mind cannot be valued."

"As the sun when it ariseth in the high heaven, so is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of her house."

The Revised Version, 1895.

"Look well after an impudent eye;
And marvel not if it trespass against thee.
She will open her mouth, as a thirsty traveller,
And drink of every water that is near:
At every post will she sit down,
And open her quiver against any arrow."
"The grace of a wife will delight her husband;
And her knowledge will fatten his bones.
A silent woman is a gift of the Lord,
And there is nothing so much worth as a well-instructed soul."
"A shamefast woman is grace upon grace,
And there is no price worthy of a continent soul.
As the sun when it ariseth in the highest places of the Lord,
So is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of a man's house."

The Douay version in English from the Latin Vulgate gives the passage in terms very similar to the English unrevised version, with

the exception of "A silent and loving woman is a gift of the Lord," where the Roman Catholic version renders "Her discipline is the gift of God." It is impossible to lay these three versions side by side and to compare them with the text without perceiving the great and manifest superiority of the Revisers' version in clearness and in phraseology. Happily the Revisers of the Apocrypha were allowed a freer hand in changes than in the case of the Old and New Testaments, where the decisions were arrived at by a majority of two-thirds, but in the case of the Apocrypha by a bare majority, so careful were the Revisers to change as little as possible the language of the Old and New Testaments, which had become almost sacred and unalterable in the mind of English-speaking Christendom.

It will be noticed that in the passage above quoted the Revisers give us :—

"As the sun when it ariseth in the *highest places of the Lord*,
So is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of a man's house,"

where we should have preferred *husband's* house ; while the Authorised Version gives "*high* heaven" and "*her* house." Here the Greek requires "*highest* heaven," and also *his* (*i.e.* the husband's) house. The comparison also requires such a change for bringing out its fulness of beauty and force. The "house of the Lord" is here "the heavens above," and the sun, the servant of the Lord, when it arises, fills it with light and heat and beauty; and so the good wife, who manages her husband's house below as the minister of her husband, fills it with bright sunshine, the light and warmth of her love, in the management of his house—a comparison, by the way, that reminds one of Campbell's lines :—

> Without the smile from partial beauty won,
> Oh what were man—*a world without the sun* !

It is, by the way, almost impossible to exaggerate the immense indebtedness of English poetry and Italian poetry to the Apocrypha. The beautiful lines of Young in his "Night Thoughts"—

> But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
> Soon close ; where passed the shaft no trace is found,

are evidently to be traced to the verse in the Book of Wisdom, "As when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, that immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through." The famous Hymn of Praise in Milton's "Paradise" is clearly modelled after the "Benedicite," or the Song of the Three Children, *in the Apocrypha, as in the lines*—

> His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
> Breathe soft or loud, and wave ye tops, ye pines,
> With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.

It is also to the Apocrypha, as to the Book of Proverbs, we owe many maxims which have become household words in our language and in the language of all civilised nations. In the first Book of Esdras, for example, chap. iv. 41, we find, as the Revisers correctly render it, "Great is truth, and strong above all things." Here the Latin Vulgate has it, "Magna est veritas, et prævalet," which last word has been, in the process of time, converted into "prævalebit," and become proverbial in the civilised world.

In many cases the conservatism of the Revisers has brought a distinct gain, especially in conserving archaic terms, which find so conspicuous a place in our older literature, such as "weening," 2 Maccabees v. 21. So Shakespeare, 1 Henry VI., "weening to redeem." Again, "submissly" is retained, as in Ecclesiasticus xxix. 15, "and for his neighbour's money he will speak *submissly*," which reminds one of Browne in "Britannia's Pastorals":—

> Some time in speech and then began
> Submissly prayer to the name of Pan.

On the other hand, we regret the absence of a few expressive archaic terms, used by our poets, which now disappear from the Apocrypha as revised, and in some cases to the loss of force and aptness of expression, as, for instance, Wisdom v. 22 is rendered by the Revisers "And as from an *engine of war* shall be hurled *hailstones* full of wrath," where the Authorised Version gave us "And hailstones full of wrath shall be cast as out of a *stone-bow*." Here "stone-bow" reminds us of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," ii. v. "O, for a *stone-bow*," and, what is more, the *stone-bow* is not only more in harmony with *hailstones*, but is a term definite and distinct, whereas "engine of war" is indefinite and indistinct. Lastly, in some few cases there appears a comparative neglect of the authorised Oriental versions, especially the Syriac, in elucidating the text. In Ecclesiasticus xxiv. 14 we have a typical case: "I was exalted as a palm-tree on the *sea shore*," as the Revisers render it. Here the Greek word is in form very *like* the term En-gedi, given in the Authorised Version and in the Syriac. Now En-gedi was famous for its palm-trees, as we see from the Second Book of Chronicles. Again, its original name was Hazazon-tamar, "the pruning of the palm"—called so, according to Josephus, because of the *palm* groves that surrounded it.

T. H. L. LEARY.

THE SHIRÉ HIGHLANDS.

THE country known as the Shiré Highlands—now included within the British Protectorate of Nyasaland—lies east of the Shiré, and may be said, roughly speaking, to occupy the angle between that river and its tributary, the Ruo. The latter takes its rise—the source has not yet been explored—among the outlying spurs of Mount Mlanje, and forms the boundary between British and Portuguese territory. Chiromo is situated at the junction of the two rivers, the British gunboat-station being on one bank of the Ruo, the Portuguese custom-house and telegraph-office on the other. The country about Chiromo is a sandy plain, producing chiefly tall grass baobabs and fan-palms, though it becomes more fertile as you proceed inland, where the open scrub abounds in game, especially buffaloes. This plain extends to the foot of Mlanje in one direction, and the rolling ridges of Tyolo in another. Between Tyolo and the Shiré lies the Elephant Marsh, which also continues for miles on the other side of the river—an immense level of grass and reeds. The elephants, from whom it took its name, have now deserted it, but large herds of water-buck and other antelopes are still to be found there. After passing through the Elephant Marsh—which, in a favourable state of the river, can be done in a day or two's steaming—a short run brings one to Katunga's, sometimes called Port Blantyre, twelve miles from the foot of the Murchison Cataracts. Here the hills, which we have kept in view for the last few days, approach nearer and nearer to the river, till, in fact, they cross its bed—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the Shiré here throws itself over the edge of a table-land—taking that leap which every African river of any length has to take sooner or later.

Above the cataracts the river-valley widens again, till we have a broad plain extending—only broken by one or two slight undulations—from Mount Zomba on the east to the Kirk Range on the west. North-west of Zomba (which is a range and not a single height) the

ground falls away to Lake Nyasa;[1] east and south-east to the plain containing the ever diminishing area of Lake Shirwa. Probably this plain was once an inland sea; it stretches, level as a floor, from Zomba to Mlanje—save for certain isolated peaks which once were islands—and so, roughly speaking, forms the north-eastern boundary of the Shiré Highlands. Beyond it lies the Lomwe country—only partially explored as yet—where live the Anguru and Alolo—people without calico (having little or no trade with the coast or the river), dressing only in bark-cloth, and apparently in a state of constant war among themselves—no man venturing more than a day's journey away from his own village. East and south-east of Mount Mlanje, as already mentioned, the Portuguese territory begins.

Owing to the great elevation of this region—Blantyre being at a height of 3,700 feet above the sea—the climate might be called a temperate one for that part of Africa. None of the mountains reach the snow-line (the central and highest peak of Mlanje has recently been ascertained to be 9,680 feet high), and frosts have only been known to occur on the Mlanje plateau at a height of about 6,000 feet. On the table-land itself the heat is seldom excessive. I have known the thermometer at 100° F. in a fairly elevated position at the foot of Mlanje, but this was considered exceptional. At Chiromo, and other places on the river, 112° and 115° are not unfrequently reached. The nights at Blantyre are often as cold as they can be, short of freezing, and the difference between the temperatures of day and night is very striking—as much as 30° having been recorded. Wheat has been successfully grown both at Blantyre and Mlanje, and most European vegetables and some fruits flourish with a little care side by side with coffee, bananas, and pine-apples. Malarial fevers, though not absent, are less deadly than in the low-lying coast-lands—and, indeed, with proper care and attention to hygiene, need not be more dangerous than in the less settled districts of the United States.

This region was one of those first made known to Europe by Livingstone. Next to the finding of the Nile sources, the dream of David Livingstone's life was the establishment of a British colony—Scotch for choice—in the highlands of Central Africa. The idea recurs again and again in his letters and journals, and probably, at the time, seemed rather more chimerical than the quest which finally cost him his life. But though it is now known where the Nile comes from, its ultimate sources can hardly be said as yet to have been

[1] This is the correct way of spelling the name, which is simply the Yao word *for a large river* or lake—*nyanja* in Mang'anja—*nyanza* in other African languages

actually explored; whereas "British Central Africa" in general, and the Blantyre township in particular, are accomplished facts and daily increasing in importance.

Livingstone, it may be remembered, ascended the Shiré[1] in 1859, believing himself to be the first European who had done so. The Portuguese, of course, knew of the existence of this river, but confined their colonising operations—such as they were—to the main stream of the Zambesi. He found the river-banks, and the hill-country east of the Murchison Cataracts, occupied by the Mang'anja, whom he describes as an industrious race, cultivating the soil, manufacturing cotton cloth, and working in iron. They were warlike enough to have deterred the Portuguese from exploring the Shiré by the fear of their bows and poisoned arrows, and they were ruled by chiefs who had the title of Rondo or Rundo. Mankokwe was the Rundo of what is now the Blantyre district.

Livingstone made his first trip up the Shiré in January, 1859, proceeding no further than the foot of the Murchison Cataracts, as the natives were so suspicious of strangers that it was deemed unadvisable to land. In March a second attempt was made, and, landing at or near Katunga's, Livingstone and Sir John Kirk marched northwards and discovered Lake Shirwa and the mountains of Mlanje and Zomba, returning to the river by way of Chiradzulo.

In September of the same year Lake Nyasa was discovered, and it was on this occasion that the explorers first came in contact with the Yaos, or, as Livingstone calls them, Ajawa,[2] who have played so great a part in the history of the country. He describes them as "broken remnants of tribes, who, being driven away and wandering about, had become so thoroughly demoralised as to live by marauding, and selling their captives, and even each other, without compunction." In the course of this journey he noticed the comparative healthiness of the hill-country, and its fitness for European colonisation; he also notes the desirability of placing a steamer on the lake.

In the beginning of 1861, Bishop Mackenzie and the members of the Universities' Mission arrived at the mouth of the Zambesi. After many delays, they ascended the Shiré in the new steamer

[1] Shiré, it may be hardly necessary to remark, is not a native name. I have never heard it called by natives anything but "nyanja"—the river. *Chiri*, in Mang'anja, means a steep bank, and may by some misunderstanding have been taken by the Portuguese for the name of the river.

[2] They are called A-chawa by the Mang'anja—their own name for themselves is A-Yao (sing. M-Yao).

Pioneer, and reached Chibisa's[1] in July, to find that war had broken out and the country was being desolated by the Yaos. They started for the hills, and at Mbanu—the present half-way station on the road from Katunga's to Blantyre—occurred the now historical encounter with the Tette slave-gang, which left the Bishop with a number of freed captives on his hands. These were taken on to Magomero, at the south end of Lake Shirwa, where the first mission station was founded.

The tragic story of the Universities' Mission, ending in the deaths of Bishop Mackenzie and three of his companions, is but too well known. The Mission was entirely withdrawn from the Zambesi Basin and started afresh at Zanzibar, in 1864, by Bishop Tozer.

Livingstone never revisited the Shiré Highlands. The time he came nearest to doing so was at the beginning of his last expedition, when, having struck inland from the Rovuma to Lake Nyasa, he crossed the Shiré at its point of exit from the Lake—somewhere near Fort Johnston. Then he marched away westwards, to discover the Lakes of Bangweolo and Mivern, while his runaway *capitao*, Musa, returned to the coast with a lying report that the Angoni[2] had murdered him.

Mr. E. D. Young, R.N., who had at one time been a member of the unfortunate Zambesi Expedition, went up the Shiré to the Lake in 1867, in order to investigate the truth of the above report, and returned with pretty satisfactory evidence that it was groundless. For eight years no further attempt was made to explore this region; but, in 1875, Mr. Young once more appeared on the scene as the pioneer of the new colony. The prime mover in this enterprise was Dr. James Stewart—now well known as the Principal of the Lovedele Training Institution in Cape Colony—who had visited the Zambesi in 1862. The steamer *Ilala* was brought out in sections, carried past the cataracts, and launched on the Upper Shiré. Two parties of pioneer missionaries were sent out by the Established Church of Scotland and the Free Church respectively. The latter proceeded to the Lake and founded their station of Livingstonia, on Cape Maclear; the former, led by the late Mr. Henry Henderson, made choice of a spot nearly equidistant from Katunga's and Matope, to which they gave the name of Livingstone's birthplace—Blantyre. The great fig-tree under which the party encamped is still standing in the Mission garden.

[1] Near Katunga's.

[2] Called by Livingstone Mazitu or Mavitu. They will be referred to more in detail later on.

Two circumstances must be borne in mind as having greatly changed the aspect of affairs in the country since Livingstone's first journey to the Lake in 1859—the establishment of the Makololo chiefs on the Shiré valley, and the Yao conquest of the Shiré Highlands. In later years the Angoni became a prominent factor in local politics; but, at the time I refer to, they had not extended their raids west of the river.

It will be remembered that Livingstone, when he started from Sekeletu's for the Zambesi, after returning from his great journey to Loanda, took with him a Makololo escort furnished by that chief. These men he left behind at Tete, promising to return, after visiting England, and on that they were sent back to their homes in safety. He kept his promise, but found when he came back that many of them had married women of the country, and were quite content to stay where they were. A few years later, some of these men were found reigning as chiefs over the Mang'anja population of the Shiré valley.[1] They seem to have been independent of each other, though they formed a kind of loose confederation when threatened by the Yaos or other enemies. The most powerful seems to have been the well-known Ramakukane, or Kasisi, who died a few years ago. His sons are still living on the river. Chipetula—who was shot in a quarrel by a British trader—as may be read in Professor Drummond's "Tropical Africa"—was another; his son and successor carries on the business near Chiromo, but is a comparatively unimportant person. Only three are now left, and of these, I believe that old Masea—who has his village a little below Katunga's, and on the opposite bank—is the only genuine survivor of Livingstone's companions. He is a fine tall old man, who wears a kind of cotton toga with regal dignity, and carries—in his capacity of "friend of the English"—a silver-headed staff, which was sent out to him by Lord Clarendon. Several of his numerous, and mostly very good-looking family, have been educated at the Blantyre Mission; in fact, some of the younger boys are still at school there, and an elder son is in training for the native ministry.

Last year, when the telegraph was completed between Blantyre and Chikwawa, one of the first messages sent over it was received by the young man in question—Thomas Mpeni by name. It read, "Your father wants you at once," and he started for the river in some alarm, only to find that the old chief had merely wanted to

[1] I have never been able to ascertain exactly *how* this came about. Probably, being experienced warriors, they were called by the Mang'anja to help them against the Yaos.

test the efficiency of this invention of the white men. It is believed that Masea was somewhat disappointed when he found that he had to wait till his son had walked from Blantyre in the ordinary course of things, instead of seeing him come flying along the wires in answer to the telegram !

The Yao disturbances began somewhat earlier. This tribe—or confederacy of tribes—seems to have originally occupied the highlands between Lake Nyasa and the sea ; but they never seem to have formed a nation in the true sense of the word, as the Zulus, the Matabele, the Basutos, and other African peoples have done. Livingstone found them raiding about in isolated parties in 1859. In 1861 they are described as "pressing into the country of the Anyasa" (as they call the Mang'anja) "killing, enslaving, and spreading terror on all sides." Gradually they seem to have taken possession of this district almost to the river, being only checked by the power of the Makololo chiefs. The Mang'anja were either enslaved or driven out.

A lady who has been several years resident in the country, told me that many of these took refuge on the heights of Tyolo, where they and their descendants are living to this day. She had herself seen an old woman who remembered Dr. Livingstone, saying that, when she was a girl, she had accompanied her father to Sochi (a mountain a few miles from Blantyre Mission Station) to see the white man and bring him a goat as a present. The population about Blantyre is now very mixed—some villages speaking Mang'anja, and others Yao. Those nearest to the Mission (except the Chipetas, who were originally freed slaves from a distance) are all Yao. There has been a good deal of intermarriage, which probably accounts for the fact that most people can speak both languages—though preferring Yao, as being the language of the conquering and presumably superior race.

The Yaos are, as a rule, a tall, finely-developed people, less quick and intelligent than the Mang'anja, but with more strength of will and force of character. They show, it is true, the defects of these qualities, and are apt to degenerate into arrogant, swaggering bullies, loud in their contempt for Mang'anja and Angoni. Planters and traders are heard to complain of the "stubborn Yaos," and their "confounded independence ;" but perhaps it is not unfair to assume that, in these cases, nine times out of ten, what would be mere becoming self-respect in the white man ranks as impudence in the black. They are proud—with something of the "touchiness" of Scots, and more especially of Highlanders—and one does not find them, at first sight, as attractive as shallower and superficially more

amiable natures. But a Yao of the right sort can always be depended upon; and once he is convinced that you mean him well, he is sure to stand your friend. I have in my mind three sturdy fellows, native teachers at the Blantyre Mission, who lived (still live, I hope) on Mount Ndirande. At their baptism—it is a small point, but significant—they declined to choose new names, but kept their old ones, which may here be recorded—Mwepeta, Tambala, Silombela. English names were rather the fashion—I suppose it is so, more or less, at all Mission stations—and, remembering the partiality of the African, outside his own country, for high-sounding and ridiculous designations, one could not help feeling that the three had shown the self-respect of free men. They used to walk five or six miles on five mornings a week, to attend a class at eight o'clock, and then, somehow, between the three of them (I have never been able to apportion the exact amount of pedestrian exercise got through by each), taught a class in Blantyre school, and then schools (several miles apart) on Ndirande. I have in my possession an old exercise-book of Tambala's, written in a beautiful clear hand, which contains, among other things, the narrative of Daniel in the lions' den, in Yao. Unluckily I didn't acquire that language, and cannot judge of the composition.

Speaking of composition, I may mention that Thomas Mpeni, referred to above, once, in a flight of ambition, translated into Mang'anja part of one of Tolstoï's little stories (if I remember right it was "What shall it profit a man?"), and it appeared in the native perodical (*Kalilole*) published at Blantyre. What there was of it was exceedingly well done, but I have never heard whether he completed the translation. It strikes me, by-the-by, that missionaries everywhere would find these little books ("Where Love is, there God is," &c.) admirable for translation into native languages—at least, those in which the story does not depend too much on "local colour" to be readily explained. They were specially written, in simple language, for a very primitive people, and the human nature to which they are addressed is the same everywhere. Only I should abstain from translating the one wherein all brain-work is said to be an invention of the Devil. It might raise awkward questions between teachers and taught.

To return to the Yaos—even at the time of their invasion they do not seem to have been a coherent, organised force; they were, rather, a wave of people driven southward by a succession of years of famine, and the raids of the Magwangwara. The three chiefs who settled in the Blantyre district were Manjambe, Kumlomba, and

Kapeni. Kapeni, who lived on Sochi up to the time of his death a few years ago, and was a frequent visitor at the Mission, seems to have been the most powerful of them, though I believe the others were quite independent of him. Whether Kumlomba is still living or not I do not know; he left the neighbourhood some years ago, but his village (a little to the left of the road as you come to Blantyre) still bears his name. Chikumbu and Inkanda (they both, a native once told me, "have bad hearts") dwell near Mlanje; they both figure in recent Blue Books, and have given a good deal of trouble to the Administration. Matapwiri also occupies a stronghold near Mlanje, just beyond the British border—you can catch a glimpse of his mountain by going out along the Fort Anderson road—and he frequently fights the Portuguese. Last October he gave them a bad time up there, and looted the French R. C. Mission, driving Father Dupeyron to take refuge in the fort. Kawinga is another of these Macgregor-like gentlemen, with a propensity for attacking his neighbours, and driving off—not cattle, but men, which brought him into collision with the Administration in January last. He is said to have retired over the border to join Matapwiri.

Other Yao chiefs, who have come greatly under the influence of Arab traders from the coast, and call themselves Mohammedans, are settled at various points on the Lake and Upper Shiré. Such are, or were, Mponda, Jumbe of Kotaketa's, the late Makanjira, and others. Most of them have been systematically engaged in the slave-trade, keeping dhows on the Lake (built for them by Coast-men), while they themselves were "run" in his own interest by some enterprising merchant of the Tippoo Tip stamp (but usually of a lower grade), who fixed his residence at the chief's place and acted, practically, as his Grand Vizier.

The English gunboats on the Lake have, in great measure, put a stop to this sort of thing for the last four years; but there is reason to suppose that cargoes are still occasionally run on the sly. Mponda's people sometimes make raids into South Angoniland, sending *ulendos*[1] of slaves across country by unfrequented paths. Whether any of them are sent down to the coast I do not know; more probably they are disposed of privately as domestic slaves. I have been told of petty Yao chiefs and headmen, not many miles from Blantyre, who were in the habit of buying or kidnapping slaves from beyond the river; but since the traffic on a large scale had become too risky, they confined themselves to women, who were useful as cultivators, and could, if inconvenient inquiries were made, be

[1] Ulendo, lit. a journey—is also used for a caravan (kafila) of travellers.

accounted for as their wives. But with every new post established by the Administration the facilities for the trade are greatly lessened. The Yaos are divided into five great tribes, two of whom, the Machinga and the Mangoche, occupied the Shiré Highlands. Some of the former, as already mentioned, are settled along the Upper Shiré, above the small Lake of Malombe, forming an exception to the generally received dictum that "the River people are Mang'anja." At Kumlomba's village, near Blantyre, the present headman, Chentambo (a man, I should say, between forty and fifty), one day introduced to me as his father, an old patriarch who had arrived on a visit from the River. Knowing Chentambo to be a Yao, I was surprised at this, but the old man explained that his people had been driven out from the hill-country by Kawinga, and had settled "*pu nyanja*" on the River. This must be the war referred to in Livingstone's "Zambezi Expedition," where Kawinga is spelt "Kainka."

The early history of Blantyre, which started this digression, may be found given at length in Mr. Young's "Mission to Nyassa," Mr. J. Buchanan's "Shiré Highlands," and the Rev. Duff Macdonald's "Africana"—or, more compendiously, in a pamphlet issued by the Rev. Horace Waller in 1890, entitled "The Title Deeds to Nyassaland." It need not, therefore, be recounted here in detail. The first party consisted of a medical missionary—Dr. Macklin—and five artisans, the first ordained minister—the Rev. D. Macdonald—being sent out in 1878. Certain difficulties, due to the assumption of a civil jurisdiction on the part of the settlers, led to Mr. Macdonald's retirement and the recall of some of the staff, and in fact, for a time, threatened the very existence of the Mission. The matter cannot be fully gone into here; but it is sufficiently evident that the position was a difficult one. The country was practically a No-man's land—there was no central or very firmly-established native authority; and there seems to have been some lack of definiteness about the instructions issued from home. The settlers appear to have honestly thought themselves justified in taking the law into their own hands. What may be thought of their methods, and whether it was fair to place them in such a position at all, are other questions.

The Mission was reconstituted in 1880, when the present head, the Rev. D. C. Scott, went out to take charge of the work.

In the early seventies, the Yaos, having settled down into (comparatively) peaceful possession of the Shiré Highlands, began in their turn to suffer from the raids of the Angoni. These appear to be a Zulu tribe whose fathers rebelled against Tshaka, and being

driven out of the south country, gradually fought their way northward and across the Zambesi, subduing various tribes by the way. Their principal seat is west of the Lake, where they have gradually driven the Ataya down to the Lake-shore, and would probably have exterminated them but for the intervention of the Livingstonia Mission. In this country was Mombera's great kraal, the headquarters of the real Angoni who speak Zulu, or at any rate a dialect so similar as to be easily understood by those who know that language. The southern Angoni are ruled by another chief—Chekusi, dwelling on one of the treeless plateaus of the Kirk Mountains—but most of the so-called Angoni of this district are Mang'anja subject tribes. Some families of the conquering clan are settled round the great kraal, but I believe they are not really very numerous.

These warriors, after having overrun the country west of the Shiré, began to cross it, and attack both Yao and Mang'anja. The former fled to the hills, the latter to islands on the river, while the Angoni ravaged the country, carried off the crops, and retired. They became an annual visitation, till the advent of the white men at Blantyre brought relief. A great raid was threatened in July, 1877, and all preparations were made to meet it, but the danger happily passed off, the Angoni "returning without having attacked a single village." After that they did not come for some years, but the Great Raid some ten or twelve years ago is still fresh in men's memories. It was the last. In 1884 Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Scott[1] and Dr. Peden made their adventurous journey to Chekusi's, and secured a personal interview with that chief, who received them in a friendly manner, and declared his willingness for white teachers to settle in his country. For a long time it proved impossible to send anyone, but the Livingstonia Mission opened stations at Livlezi and Gowa; and in 1893 an offshoot of the Blantyre Mission was planted at Ntumbi, at the foot of the Kirk range. A school is now being carried on there by native teachers.

Chekusi, like Mombera, has died within the last few years; and their sons have succeeded to their respective positions and titles (the present Chekusi is named Chatantumba, also Gomani), but to nothing like the same power and importance.

In chronicling the rise of British Central Africa, it would be most unfair to make no mention of the African Lakes Company.

[1] It is sad to have to relate that this lady, whose energy and activity so greatly contributed to the success of the Mission, died at Mozambique, on the voyage home, in April 1895.

Originally founded by a knot of philanthropists, who were prepared to sink their money in developing this splendid country by means of legitimate commerce and opening up facilities for transport, it was, for a long time, far from profitable to its promoters in a pecuniary sense; but the value of the work it has done can scarcely be calculated. Its stations extend from Chinde to Lake Tanganika, and it has now nine or ten steamers on the River and Lake. Their central depôt, Mandala, with its brick-built store, neat houses, beautifully kept garden, and acres of coffee, is, with the Blantyre Mission, the nucleus of the colony. It is a sight to see a big ivory *ulendo* come in from Matope, where they have picked up the cargo of the *Domira* or the *Livingstone*, and file into the compound, man by man, perhaps two hundred of them, each with a tusk or two on his head—or maybe a bundle of small ones—carefully sewn up in sacking. The manager's house at Mandala is the only two-storied building in the country save one. Its rival was built in imitation of the original by an ambitious chief named Kumtaja, who grew rich by trading in ivory, and subsequently acquired enough civilisation to become bankrupt.[1] His house passed into the hands of a planter, and is now, I believe, used as a store.

Mandala takes its name from the native appellation of its founder, Mr. John Moir, whose spectacles (*mandala* means glass) made a great impression on the African mind; and whose *faicts et gestes*, from the defence of the stockade at Karonga's, in which he bore so gallant a part, to a certain adventure with a youthful elephant (whereof I dare not give the details from memory, not being sure of the true version of the story), are passing into the traditions of the country. "Mandala," though he has retired from the scene of his first labours, is still in Africa; his brother (locally known as *Chindebon*), author of an account of the affair at Karonga's which appeared in *Murray's Magazine* for November 1888, has returned to Scotland.

The Company has, during the last year or two, been reconstituted on a somewhat different basis, and I believe that its proper style and title now is, "The African Lakes Trading Corporation, Limited"; but it will always be difficult to dissociate Mandala and Matope, the *James Stevenson* and the ivory *ulendos* from the initials *A.L.C.*

Towards the end of the eighties, great uneasiness was caused by the claims of the Portuguese, who, as we have seen, had abstained

[1] One is glad to be able to add, from Commissioner Johnston's Report (published in the Blue-Book for Africa, No. 6, 1894), that Kumtaja "fortunately possessed valuable assets in the shape of land, and is rapidly regaining prosperity."

for over 200 years from exploring a region of which they now began to perceive the value. The ensuing discussions ended in the proclamation of a British Protectorate in 1890, which I think we may say has, on the whole, been for the good of the country.

It is, indeed, a good land, not so exuberantly fertile as some tropical regions, but responding generously to care bestowed on it, and very fair to look on. Blantyre lies on one of the broad ridges or undulations of a rolling table-land, and is surrounded—at greater or less distances—by hills. The red brick church, with its white dome, occupying the highest point of the ridge, and with a number of beautiful trees grouped about it, is a conspicuous object from many points of view. The terraced gardens, the neat houses—brick bungalows thatched with native grass, and with roses climbing over the verandahs—the expanse of grass which, if not exactly turf, is green enough during the rains; the avenue of fine blue-gums leading to Mandala (only it is a pity that, owing to the prevailing winds, the gum trees and cypresses all have a decided slant to the west)—all these make a very pleasant picture, enlivened by the passing hither and thither of bright-eyed, brightly-clad, chattering boys and girls. The schoolboys' costume unites the merits of becomingness and cheapness—the latter an important consideration from the point of view of missionary committees. It consists of a *tewera* (or waist-cloth reaching to the ankles) and a short-sleeved shirt of simple construction (one can run them up in an hour or so if one has a sewing-machine), generally of striped stuff, blue and white, or red and white. The *tewera* consists of two, or two-and-a-half yards of unbleached calico, or some of the cheap coloured stuffs supplied by the traders—a single width of the stuff suffices for all except the biggest boys. Those of the latter who are earning wages generally invest, as soon as they can, in a jacket and trousers, which are much less becoming to them than the shirt and *tewera*. The women and elder girls wear the long cloth of the Zanzibari women, folded round the body just under the arms, and a short jacket with or without sleeves. They are very skilful in draping the cloth and getting it to remain in place without pins or tying; the sash (*mpango*), which is greatly affected, is rather for ornament than use. The true native fashion is to wear it rather low down, with the ends tied in front. The little girls have a regulation costume of petticoat (a word which is becoming naturalised in Mang'anja, as "*potokosi*"), and a species of pinafore—a "work-party" type of garment, with a sash tied in a bow behind. Boys and girls alike have white Sunday suits

trimmed with scarlet braid, which, collectively, have a very pretty effect as they come trooping into church.

Beyond Blantyre, in a north-easterly direction, lies Ndirande, a strangely-shaped mountain like a couching sphinx, partly covered with bush, partly with long grass, and showing here and there a precipitous face of grey granite crags. Due north is Nyambadwe, a small, conical hill, whose top can be reached in little more than half an hour from the Mission. Over its long south-westward slope lie scattered the conical huts of the Chipeta villages—populated (in part, at least) by the members of slave caravans, freed, in early days, by the Mission, as they passed along the track behind Ndirande. The sun goes down behind the long, wooded rampart of Michirn, a dark-green mass, full in view of the Manse windows. To the south-east, beyond Mandala and the Bana (the Consulate with the Court-house and post office), the view is more open, but here, too, the distant mass of Mpemba closes the horizon. Southward lies Sochi, a brown pyramid, very like a Highland mountain in late autumn or winter, with its granite crags and sheets of dead heather—only in this case the brown is that of dry grass. Between Sochi and Ndirande, but at a greater distance, lie the twin hills of Mpingwe and Bangwe, between which lies the track which Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie followed in 1861. And if you ascend to the top of Nyambadwe, you see a tossing sea of hills, peak beyond peak, wave on wave, till they melt into the strange blue outlines of a humpy range somewhere to the east of Cape Maclear.

A great part of the country, as already implied, is covered with bush—scrub would, perhaps, be a better word. There are few or no large trees, except in the beds of streams, or isolated clumps, which the natives have carefully preserved from forest-fires to bury their dead in. Near every group of villages there is one of these *nkalangos*, scrupulously shunned by the living. If you enter, you will probably see broken pots lying on the ground. When the graves are recent there is a rough mound of earth, of very slight elevation—old graves do not seem to rise above the level of the soil. I once entered the *nkalango* of the Chipetas, near Blantyre, and saw on the graves, besides pottery, baskets (broken to render them useless), and handles of hoes or axes ; but the most startling object was a corpse wrapped in a *bango*-reed mat, and slung between two trees. I do not know whether this kind of burial is usual in Africa—or, if so, where ; I never came across another instance. There were two or three pits looking like empty graves. I have been informed that these are dug for the benefit of the *afiti* or wizards, who have strong ghoulish

propensities, and frequently act as resurrectionists. Apparently their supernatural powers (like those of some other wonder-workers) are not supposed to avail to protect them against a very simple stratagem.

The bush (to return from this digression) consists of small trees and shrubs, scattered about pretty thinly—the intervals filled up with grass and weeds. The long grass of the open country does not occur here, or only in scattered tufts, so that walking, as a rule, is easy and pleasant. The clear streams—the Nasolo and the Mudi—running over shelves and ledges of granite, with ferns of various kinds, and small crimson lilies growing here and there among the clefts—with their great trees from which strange creepers hang in ropes and festoons, and in whose tops one hears unseen birds calling to one another—win themselves, somehow, almost a personal place in one's affections, as it is the manner of streams and hills to do. This bush is not, perhaps, remarkably rich in flowers compared with other tropical countries, still it makes a gallant show at the beginning of the rains, with gladioli—pink, yellow, cream-coloured and crimson—mauve and golden ground orchids, purple amomums, and lavender ones, and deep yellow ones, and—I dare go no further for lack of botanical knowledge. And I never had the luck to see that valley, between Mpingwe and Bangwe, which was trodden, just at the right season, when it was carpeted with lilies and orchids, by Livingstone and Mackenzie, and called by them the Valley of Flowers.

The naturalist in the Shiré Highlands will find much to interest him. The extraordinary variety of mimetic insects—to take but one point—will well repay study; and he who should devote his time to ascertaining in all their details the ways of the locust and the bone beetle, would earn the lasting gratitude of the planter, and, to quote the immortal schoolboy, "eat up a monument harder than brass." The locust plague of last year seems to have extended over nearly the whole of South Africa. It was the first that has visited Nyasaland within the memory of white men; but old natives remember another before the Yao invasion. Severe famines have been the result in some places; the coffee has not suffered to any great extent, but planters find it a serious matter to supply food for their native labourers whose crops of maize and millet have been destroyed—especially with the uncertainties of transport, if it has to be brought from a distance. No certain way of destroying the pests seems to be known; and the efficacy of the methods used in Cyprus (where, however, they seem to have been, at all events, got under) is hotly debated. Simple, but hardly effectual, was the remedy tried by certain villagers at Mlange, who offered a solemn

libation of beer to the manes of their late chief Chipoka (Chipoka having appeared in a dream to an old man who was his friend in life, and told him that he—Chipoka—was thirsty in the spirit-world, and the locusts had come to remind his people of their neglected duties), and on the same occasion bestowed on the locusts a new name—they were no longer to be called "dzombe," but "Ndaipaine" —"I have been bad!" I fear they heeded the latter as little as, when once settled, they do the shouting and banging of tins which seem to prevent their alighting, if still on the wing.

Statistics are a weariness to the flesh, and I have avoided them on principle; but, as it is a question likely to be asked, I may conclude these notes by stating that there are about two hundred and thirty-seven Europeans in "the eastern part of British Central Africa." The Blue-Book, from which I quote, includes under this term considerably more than the actual Shiré Highlands; but as by far the greater part of the *Azungu* in question are concentrated within the area we have been considering, I let it stand. I have taken the liberty of adding "about," since, to my personal knowledge, some have left the country, and others arrived, since the Commissioner wrote his report. Death, too, has altered the balance; in so small a community every departure is noticed; and last year the Mission and the whole district sustained a peculiarly heavy loss in Dr. W. Affleck Scott. It would be impertinent, in such an article as this, to attempt a description of such a life and character; it is, perhaps, enough to say that the whole community felt that they had lost in him, not only a doctor, but a friend.

A. WERNER.

A VOLUNTEER LAUREATE.

THE by-ways of our literature reek with the memories of sordid tragedies. Ghosts of neglected wits, squalid still, winnow the air in the least disturbed corners. Many a genius has here dwindled, guttered, and gone out, a beggarly unknown garreteer; hustled from earth either to vanish in oblivion or be saturated with post-mortem praise—thin food and fit for a spook to feed upon.

Gather together these ravelled skeins, these records of souls prodigally wasted, none will fret the heart more than that of Richard Savage, the tale of whose pilgrimage has thrilled many a heart-string. Distressed poets there have been a many, but still the miserable chronicle of this man's privations remains unequalled. His attempts not so much to live as to evade the shears, while heavily handicapped by birth, and ever by his own follies increasing the penalty. Born in January 1697, the House of Lords pronounced him illegitimate some few months later on proof that his mother, the Countess Macclesfield, had committed adultery with Earl Rivers. Renounced, or repudiated, by her from the first, he was placed with a poor woman who had directions to rear him as her own. Of his birth he afterwards wrote

> Two fathers joined to rob my claim of one,

and calls himself a "derelict from my cradle." "The Fates" he considered his "nearest kindred"; they recognised the relationship by dancing the hays with him all through life. He plaintively tells how

> No mother's care
> Shielded my infant innocence with prayer,
> No father's guardian-hand my youth maintain'd,
> Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd;

and likens himself to a "babe"

> Murder'd to preserve a mother's fame,
> Or cast obscure, the child of want and shame.

Earl Rivers, the putative father, when on his death-bed in 1712 desired to make some reparation by leaving him £6,000. To

this end he sent for the mother, who in the interim had bowdlerised herself by a marriage with a Colonel Brett—to whom, according to Whitehead, Cibber had to lend a shirt to propose in. She declared their son dead, and the legacy passed to another. She was also the means of a second legacy being diverted—that left by Savage's godmother, Mrs. Lloyd—the trustee querying his identity at her instance, and he being without means to press the claim. Doubtless, he had these incidents in sight when he wrote :—

> Yon shade illustrious quits the realms of rest
> To aid some orphan of its race distrest ;
> This plaintive ghost from earth when newly fled
> Saw those the living trusted wrong the dead ;
> He saw by fraud abus'd the lifeless hand
> Sign the false deed that alienates his land.

His maternal grandmother showed him one kindness, as by her direction he was placed at a grammar school near St. Albans, where he received what scanty education he ever had. When removed from there he was apprenticed to a Holborn shoemaker, and for a while wooed St. Crispin, but, the deputed mother dying, some letters revealing his true parentage fell into his hands. Although these papers could have told nothing but a tale of naked, unrelieved cruelty, they seemed to have awakened in him a son's affection. He made many attempts to see his mother, but without success, she utterly repudiating him. Then, according to the *Plain Dealer* (a weekly paper named after Wycherley's comedy), he haunted her door on dark evenings in the hope of seeing her either at a window or as she came out. Once he found the door open, and, entering unnoticed, passed upstairs. Then, indeed, he succeeded, but only to hear her accuse him of breaking in with a view to murder, and order his expulsion by servants. Of this incident she made lethal use hereafter, as will be shown.

Needless to say, he would no longer stick to his last, and, having neither means nor occupation, was reduced to the direst straits. He describes his position with a poet's blandness as "worth severely try'd." "Having no profession," says Dr. Johnson, "he became by necessity an author," or, to be more exact, a stray in the threadbare army of pamphleteers, and, like most of that rank-and-file, without success, his pamphlet on the Bangorian controversy at once sinking out of sight in an ocean of similar inconsidered trifles. As a result of failure he explored a depth of misery even lower than that peopled by cobblers' 'prentices at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and recounts :—

How was I treated when in life forlorn?
My claim your pity, but my lot your scorn.
Why were my studious hours oppos'd by need?
In me did poverty from guilt proceed?
Did I contemporary authors wrong?

and

Æneas-like he passes through the crowd
Unsought, unseen beneath misfortune's cloud.
Hunger, thirst, nakedness their grievous fall,
Unjust derision, too—that tongue of gall.

He next essayed dramatic writing, adapting two comedies from the Spanish, "Woman a Riddle" and "Love in a Veil." Their success was trifling and brought him no profit, with the exception of an introduction to Sir Richard Steele and "Graceful" Wilks. Steele—who, by the way, was an intimate of the Colonel Brett who had married the divorced Countess—warmly championed his cause, asserting "that the inhumanity of his mother had given him a right to find every good man his father." But everybody's child met the fate of everybody's business. Steele, according to Dr. Johnson, had intended marrying Savage to his illegitimate daughter, and certainly made him for a time a small allowance, but, hearing he had been ridiculed by his *protégé*, he withdrew the allowance and severed the connection. Wilks proved of stauncher stuff. Not alone did he continually assist, but obtained him occasional benefits and an introduction to Mrs. Oldfield. Nance, moved by his sad history, allowed him a small pension of £50, which she continued until her death in 1730. Of her he says :—

Fair and more fair you every grace transmit;
Love, learning, beauty, elegance, and wit.
In conscious majesty you shine serene,
In thought a heroine and in act a queen.

Not a remarkably eloquent tribute to her public character—of her private character he was wisely silent.

He now wrote a tragedy on the story of Sir Thomas Overbury. This was submitted to Colley Cibber, who amended it to such effect that Dr. Johnson says, "The rays of genius that glimmered in it, glimmered through all the mists which poverty and Cibber had been able to spread over it."

A friend and a better critic he found in Mr. Aaron Hill of the *Plain Dealer*. Hill wrote prologue and epilogue for the tragedy on its appearance in 1723, but it only held the stage three or four nights. Its publication was more successful, although the total proceeds of publication and performance did not amount to £200. It

was dedicated to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and in a very fulsome strain, as witness: "Since our country has been honoured with the glory of your wit as elevated and immortal as your soul," &c. It may be of interest to mention that this tragedy was revived by R. B. Sheridan in 1777, who wrote a new prologue in which he says :—

> Ill-fated Savage, at whose birth was giv'n
> No parent but the Muse, no friend but Heav'n.

Very much the poet's own way of describing himself. Aaron Hill's kindness did not end here. He published his sad story in the *Plain Dealer* with a view of encouraging subscriptions to a Poetical Miscellany." This publication brought Savage some £70. He says of Hill :—

> You call'd my lays and wrongs to early fame.
>
> Oft when you saw my youth wild error know,
> Reproof soft-hinted taught the blush to glow.
>
> Young and unformed, you first my genius rais'd.

Although it must be confessed he was an intractable subject to reprove.

He had now bid fair to emerge from the condition of mere tramp, living from hand to mouth on the alms of friend and stranger, when his self-styled "nearest relatives" played him another sorry trick. In 1727 he became entangled in a night-house quarrel in which a man was killed. He and his companions were brought to trial. The hag who kept the night-house, her maid, and some unzoned Venus of the streets swore that Savage gave the fatal thrust, and that before his victim could draw. The judge, Page, treated him with great severity, thus, according to his victim, addressing the jury: "Gentlemen of the jury, you are to consider that Mr. Savage is a great man, a much greater man than you or I, but, gentlemen of the jury, is it not a very hard case that Mr. Savage should therefore kill you or me?" He and a companion were found guilty of murder and sentenced to death. The mercy of the Crown was prayed for by his friends. Now came his mother's opportunity. Obtaining an audience of Queen Caroline, she related how this pseudo-son had once forced his way into her house at night with intent to murder. The Queen, in consequence, set herself against any pardon, and no doubt the common hangman would here have ended his troubles and aspirations had not the Countess of Hertford come forward. She, becoming acquainted with the true story of his life, laid it before her Majesty, and with such address that the desired clemency was at once obtained. "On

March 3, 1728, he pleaded the King's pardon," writes Dr. Johnson. Of his unjust judge he says :—

> Once a drudge
> From thundering in low cases rose a judge.
> Form'd to make pleaders laugh, his nonsense thunders,
> And in low juries breaches contagious blunders.
> His brothers blush because no blush he knows,
> Nor e'er one uncorrupted finger shows.

Of the unhappy manslaughter he says :—

> Is chance a guilt?—that my disastrous heart
> For mischief never meant must ever smart?

And of the victim :—

> He might, perhaps, his country's friend have prov'd,
> Both happy, generous, candid and belov'd;
> He might have sav'd some worth now doom'd to fall,
> And I, perchance, in him have murder'd all.

A free man he again found himself dependent on eleemosynary bounty. His mother's last act having turned him against her, he prepared for publication a complete account of their relations, but Lord Tyrconnel, her nephew, intervened and prevented the exposure by receiving him into his house, contracting to allow him £200 a year. "The Bastard," inscribed "with all due reverence to Mrs. Brett, late Countess of Macclesfield," was indeed written, but not then published. It contains perhaps his best known line, here applied to himself :—

> He lives to build, not boast, a generous race;
> *No tinsel trans-mitter of a foolish face.*

This autobiographical poem is undoubtedly his strongest effort, and is full of good lines. In its opening stanzas he hysterically exults at the manner of his birth :—

> Blest be the Bastard's birth! Through wondrous ways
> He shines eccentric, like a comet's blaze.
> No sickly fruit of faint compliance he—
> He! Stampt in nature's mint of ecstasy!
>
> Born to himself, by no possession led,
> In freedom foster'd and by fortune fed;
> O mother, yet no mother! 'Tis to you
> My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
> You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
> Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,
> Discharg'd my grasping soul, push'd me from shore,
> And launch'd me into life without an oar.

What had I lost if . . .
You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life by force your own !

In a sadder strain he continues :—

Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose and to act were one ;
Mother miscall'd, farewell—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear ;
All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,
Alone from strangers every comfort flow'd !

During his stay in Tyrconnel's house the world smiled on him. Mr. Savage became the rage. What his rhyming could not compass, the ægis of a title did. While with him he published a pamphlet entitled, "The Author to be Let," in which, under the name of "Iscariot Hackney," he scourged the genus of literary prostitutes then so rampant and numerous—the "Bezaleel Creaks" who brought forth their tainted offspring at some "Bible and Ink-bottle" ; or, better still, dispensed with all mention of a birthplace, well knowing their chrisms would never need a certificate. Had he rested here he had done well, but must needs disgrace himself by putid reflections on the poverty of that very class of needy wits from whose ranks he had only just been charitably drawn. Moreover, some lines in the dedication to this pamphlet cannot be passed without comment. The censorship of the Press had only been abolished in 1695, two years before Savage's birth. Its consequent effect on newspapers was now very manifest. For the first time in our history we had an unmuzzled Press. This is how Savage's dedication treats it : "The liberties taken by the writers of journals with their superiors were exorbitant and unjustifiable." As Savage at no time spared anyone he considered deserved chastisement, or who was not for the time in his favour, such an expression of opinion comes with very bad grace, and nullifies a good many of his mouthings to liberty. It is asserted he did not write the dedication, but he certainly allowed it to appear over his name.

"The Wanderer," his most ambitious poem—essentially, if not overpoweringly, didactic—containing plenty of "bark and steel for the mind," was also published at this time and dedicated to his patron in the following strain : "But that I live, my lord, is a proof that dependence on your lordship and the present Ministry is an assurance of success." Surely the apotheosis of begging-letter writing ! In this poem, whilst describing a landscape, he puts the spectrum into verse, as if he were writing a class-book for infant schools :—

The flaming red that pains the dwelling gaze ;
The stainless, lightsome yellow's gilding rays,
The clouded orange that betwixt them glows,
And to kind mixture tawny lustre owes ;
All-cheering green that gives the spring its dye ;
The bright, transparent blue that robes the sky ;
And indigo, which shaded light displays ;
And violet which in the view decays,
Parental hues whence others all proceed.

Now also was published the "Epistle to Sir Robert Walpole," in which he says :—

Thy spreading worth in various bounty fell,
Made genius flourish, and made art excel.
Where for relief flies Innocence distress'd ?
To you, who chase oppression from the oppress'd.

As he had always spoken of Walpole in private with contumely, it must be owned this was simply written for what it would fetch, in patronage. He bowed in the House of Rimmon, and, sad to say, fruitlessly. Walpole promised him a place, but never kept his word. Grown sick of waiting, he relinquished all hope and addressed that statesman in a very different strain :—

E'en right in him from some wrong motive rose.

Where lives the statesman so in honour clear,
To give where he has nought to hope nor fear ?

To starve on hope ; or, like chamelions, fare
On ministerial faith, which means but air.

Oh, to be there ! To tread that friendly shore,
Where falsehood, pride and statesmen are no more !

When out of power through him the public good,
So strong his factious tribe, suspended stood !

When ill his purpose, eloquent his strain,
His malice had a look and voice humane.

His noblest actions are illustrious crimes.

If Savage could not bless with grace, he at least could curse with vigour.

The "Fates" now gave the box another shake, and again their "relative" lost. Tryconnel turned him out of his house, alleging that it was his custom to bring home tavern friends, assume the government of the house, drink with them, and "practice the most pestious frolics and outrages of drunkenness." Savage, on the other hand, asserted Tyrconnel was in difficulties and merely sought

occasion to be rid of an unwelcome expense. Wherever the fault lay, the fact remained—Savage was again roofless and penniless. A prodigal when opportunity offered, that failing, he became once more a pauper. Immediately on leaving the protecting shadow of the great man's house, his prestige fell from him ; but the publication of "The Bastard," which quickly followed, again brought him forward, and on his merits. It even attracted the attention of George II., to whom he thus refers in its preface: "For being a spot of earth to which nobody pretends a title, I devolve naturally upon the king, as one of the rights of his royalty." His Majesty promised on the death of Eusden to make him Laureate, a promise which remained unfulfilled, Colley Cibber, instead, getting the laurel.

It was now he arrogated to himself the title of "Volunteer Laureate," publishing an ode to the Queen on her birthday in 1731 under that heading. For this, to quote his own words in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, he "received a bank-bill of £50, and a gracious message to this effect: That her Majesty was highly pleased with the verses ; that she took particularly kind his lines there relating to the king; that he had permission to write annually on the same subject; and that he should yearly receive the like present, till something better (which was her Majesty's intention) could be done for him." Here we have the anomaly of a king and queen running a laureate apiece, Cibber and Savage—fire and tow.

The "something better" never arrived, but Savage continued to write his volunteer odes and to annually receive £50 until Queen Caroline's death in 1738. Not, however, without protests from Cibber, who considered his appanage curtailed. Concerning these protests, Dr. Johnson says : "Savage did not think any title which was conferred upon Mr. Cibber so honourable, as that the usurpation of it could be imputed to him as an instance of very exorbitant vanity, and therefore continued to write under the same title."

These laureate odes show little merit, being mostly a compound of fulsome flattery and complaint that the "something" better did not arrive. Such sentiments as these are reiterated to weariness :—

> My queen my mother and my father God.
> Your heart is woman tho' your mind be more.

He jogs her memory with this :—

> Honours and wealth I cheerfully resign,
> If competence, if learned ease, be mine !

To further maintain his newly-assumed character of courtier he dedicated to Frederick Prince of Wales a poem, "On Public Spirit,

with regard to Public Works," a badly-digested compendium of proposed reforms. It deals with the building of bridges, lighthouses, courts of law, theatres and hospitals, repairing harbours and public roads, making rivers navigable, and colonising. On this occasion his throat was tuneless, for not only is the construction rude in the extreme, but the main idea is with difficulty followed. These lines occur :—

> No arch of triumph is assign'd
> To laurell'd pride, whose sword has thinned mankind.

An expression of opinion very much at variance with these lines in his prologue to Henry VI. :—

> Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
> And one red victory, years of peace maintain'd.

His advice as to what *not* to do when colonising may seem appropriate to some at the present time :—

> Do you the neighbouring blameless Indian aid,
> Culture what he neglects, not his invade,
> Dare not, oh dare not, with ambitious view
> Force or demand subjection never due !
> Let by my specious name (Liberty) no tyrants rise !
> And cry, while they enslave, they civilize !
> If these you dare—albeit unjust success
> Empowers you now unpunish'd to oppress—
> Revolving empire you and yours may doom—
> Rome all subdued, yet Vandals vanquished Rome.

With an eye on his own early days, he thus advocates the erection of a Foundling Hospital :—

> The babe of lawless birth doom'd else to moan,
> To starve or bleed for errors not his own !
> Oh ! guard his youth from sin's alluring voice ;
> From deeds of dire necessity not choice !

Dr. Johnson mentions that his curious custom was, on receiving the Queen's annual £50, to disappear for a while, only returning to his usual haunts when all was spent. Questioned as to his motive, he avowed it was to study, but the shortness of the period belied him. More probably he was afraid of being called upon to pay a part of his numerous debts, or spend some of the Royal windfall on those of his associates as indigent as himself. He, doubtless, held with many others of his kidney

> that cash to pay one's bills
> Was never meant !

Certainly, beyond putting a short debauch within his reach, this

pension was useless. He still swung between a few days' excess and many months' want. Anon hobnobbing with the choicest wits and quidnuncs of the coffee-houses, or ruffling it in geneva-shops (whose keepers invited people to come in and get drunk for a penny), a bonnet-laird amongst minor bards; anon rubbing shoulders with the gutter-and-gallows scions of the ale-bench. Emphatically, he could not be helped to any advantage. Having long lived by chance, he could not be brought to care for, or indeed recognise, the morrow. Friends he had, whole battalions; indeed, it has been said, so fascinating was his manner, that he never encountered a stranger, even over a casual sneaker of punch, without transmitting him into a friend—but, the sequel is less pleasing, he straightway returned the friend back into the stranger by his incessant borrowings. To ask for a return of moneys lent him he deemed and resented as an insult.

The Queen's death in 1738 again stranded him; not only his yearly bank-bill, but all prospects of preferment died with her. On the anniversary of her birthday in the ensuing year he issued, as a forlorn hope, his customary ode, now dedicated to the King. Addressing the spirit of her late Majesty, he says:—

> Lo! still he bids thy wonted bounty flow
> To weeping families of worth and woe.

All in vain. He did not even get an acknowledgment of his verses, let alone a continuance of the "wonted bounty," and this although the conceit was happy and the ode the best of the batch, or, as he himself calls it,

> His honest heartfelt tributary lay.

Fast becoming a nuisance to his acquaintance—as a threadbare poet with a marked love for his own verses and a well-accented talent for borrowing was like to be—they concerted a means of helping him and themselves at the same time. Their proposition was, he should retire into Wales, about as readily reached then as the prodigal son's West Australia now. There he was to exist on a pension, equivalent to her late Majesty's, provided by them. Savage did not conceal his dislike of the scheme, but had no option but to accept or rot. He agreed, reserving to himself the right of returning to London on his completing the MS. of a second tragedy, already commenced, on the story of Sir Thomas Overbury—this reservation being as unknown to his friends as entirely foreign to their programme, which was to see the last of him cheaply. Of the amount to be raised, Pope, who had often befriended him, alone guaranteed a yearly £20.

Accordingly he left London in July, 1739, and after some delays reached Bristol. As an embargo had been laid on all shipping there, he could not at once proceed to Swansea, the place chosen by his Lords' Bountiful, so perforce remained in the Western City. He was well received, and for a time found himself not only far removed from want, but at a premium.

His popularity at length waning, he removed to Swansea, where he remained about a year. That he made some friends even there the date of his lines to Mrs. Bridget Jones, of Llanelly, proves. He thus portrays her :—

> A small, sweet circle forms your faultless waist,
> By Beauty shap'd to be by Love embrac'd.
>
> Lo! cunning Beauty on each palm designs,
> Love's fortune and your own in mystic lines;
>
> The shapely chin to Beauty's rising face,
> Shall doubling gently give a double grace
>
> To curious crescents bound
> The twofold entrance of inspiring sound

And this Elizabethan touch,

> Two little porches (which one sense empowers
> To draw rich scent from aromatic flowers).

Not receiving the full £50 a year promised, he wrote to certain of the subscribers, and in such a resentful strain that they declined to further contribute; indeed, he obtained little in the long run but the £20 supplied by Pope. Dr. Johnson, not unfairly, resents this treatment of his intimate, considering that they might at least before repudiating their pledges have recalled him from exile. At Swansea he completed his tragedy, which, however, never got as far as the footlights.

At length he returned to Bristol, there to repeat the line of conduct which had outworn the patience of his London friends, and with the same result—he was almost unanimously shunned. Sinking deeper and deeper into distress, events culminated in his arrest on January 10, 1743—being the anniversary of the commencement of all his troubles, his birthday—for a debt of £8 due at a low coffee-house. What moved him to that determination cannot be said, but he would not allow any of his few remaining Bristol friends to release him by paying the debt.

From a sponging-house he was shortly removed to prison. There he passed his time in writing a satire, "London and Bristol

extraordinary romance called after the poet (a book, by the way, much admired by Dante Gabriel Rossetti), says: "Proof of the identity of Savage was required before he could obtain the bequest—legal proof that he was that very Richard, son of John and Mary Smith, born in Fox Court and registered at St. Andrew's, Holborn. However true the story of Savage may have been, is it credible that he could be possessed of such legal proof? The whole matter of the birth was transacted with the utmost caution and secrecy. The obscure lodging, the assumed name, the assumed mask—these do not afford much reason to expect that Lady Macclesfield would leave at the time such evidence as would enable the child legally to prove his parentage." This, I think, effectually disposes of Boswell's second and last objection.

Galt drags him into his "Lives of the Players" (1831) on the strength of his having three or four times appeared in his own play, "Sir Thomas Overbury," and apparently for the purpose of rough-handling him. At the outset he speaks of him as "this vagabond," not using the epithet in its sometime legal sense as descriptive of all players, but to mark his objection to ability in rags. His statements as to Savage's "invented" story display, on their own part, much crude invention, but require no confutation here, as they contradict each other. Indeed, to Galt may be applied Savage's own lines on "False Historian:"—

> Thus, 'stead of History, such authors raise,
> Mere crude wild, novels of bad hints for plays.

In support of Savage's claim these facts may be adduced. His presumed maternal grandmother, Lady Mason, arranged and paid for his education; it may be assumed, therefore, she was satisfied as to the relationship.

Lord Tyrconnel, his mother's nephew, received him into his house to prevent an exposure of that mother. If he were an impostor, the family had everything in their favour either to obtain legally his punishment as one, or to employ hack writers to demolish his case. Neither was done.

Sir Richard Steele, an intimate both of the Countess and her second husband, believed in this story and publicly maintained it. Aaron Hill, and the hard-headed, humbug-exposing Dr. Johnson, followed suit. Sir Robert Walpole and the Duke of Dorset are also said to have credited him, but this lacks corroboration. He first publicly claimed the parentage in his dedication to "Love in a Well" in 1718. Curll's "Poetical Register" repeated the claim in 1719.

The *Plain Dealer* in 1724, the preface to "Poetical Miscellanies" in 1726, his life by Beckingham in 1727, the dedication to "Bastard" in 1728, and Dr. Johnson's "Life" in 1744, iterated and reiterated that claim. To this piling-up of prepotent testimony the other side offered—silence. An argument difficult to combat, it is true, but fortunately as unconvincing as it may be cowardly. Furthermore, on the publication of the "Life" by Dr. Johnson, a critic, said by some to have been Fielding, by others his successor on the paper, Ralph, thus reviewed it in the *Champion*: "As to the history of the unfortunate person whose memoirs compose this work, it is certainly penned with equal accuracy and spirit, of which I am so much the better judge as I know many of the facts (*sic*) mentioned to be strictly true and very fairly related."

It is known that Anne Mason, to give her her maiden name, had counted on Earl Rivers making reparation by marriage, but this he failed to do. When Colonel Brett came forward and made an "honest woman" of her the child was only two years old. What could be better, or more convenient, than to spirit him away, and, proclaiming him dead, free herself from such an objectionable burden as an illegitimate son? A drag he must have proved at the best, but being, in addition, the son of a man who had scorned her he would become an object of antipathy. That she proclaimed her son dead we know, that she produced proof we do not know, and must take leave to doubt, as such proof would have for ever silenced Richard Savage. An illegitimate daughter of hers, also by Earl Rivers, had been born in 1696, dying in infancy. In all probability that fact was so manipulated as to account for the death of the son born the following year. But, casting aside suppositions, the mere weight of evidence may fairly be said to preponderate on the side of Savage.

It may truly be told of this man that no one better knew the rules of life and no one more consistently disregarded them. His verse bristles with homily and aphorism, his life with instances of reckless prodigality, unreasoning passion, and stubborn folly. Dr. Johnson might aptly have applied to him the remark he bestowed on Topham Beauclerk, "Thy body is all vice and thy mind all virtue." Savage's career was throughout a pronounced contradiction of his written thoughts. The author of—

> Did I contemporary authors wrong,
> And deem their worth but as they priz'd my song?

could never stomach, or even listen to, adverse criticism. He who

had not strength of mind enough to tear himself from a midnight carousal, even to oblige a host, and who often bought a night's pleasure at the expense of months' privations, assures us—

> Passions, plebeians are which factions raise,
> Wine, like pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze.
> Their midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
> And fortune, health and dearer time destroys.

Dr. Johnson, a kindly critic and his companion in many all-night wanderings, allows him to have been acquainted with every form of debauchery. Certainly, his knowledge of last century London must have been as extensive and peculiar as that of a popular character in later fiction. Walking the streets homeless, sleeping amongst the ashes of glass-houses or in the straw of gin-shop cellars, picking up his daily bread (not forgetting the sack) as precariously as did a blind beggar. Oscillating between plenty and penury, from Tyrconnel's mansion to a thieves'-ken, and, according to report, equally at home in either. Dining one day with his patron, the Earl, the next with a Duke—Duke Humphrey. His clothes rotting on his shoulders, and without premonition of from where the next supply would come. Yet with it all, Dr. Johnson puts on record, he presented a marvellous serenity. "His distresses, however afflictive, never dejected him; in his lowest state he wanted not spirit to assert the natural dignity of wit." On the contrary, he seemed to possess a superabundance of spirit, and to have it so badly in control that it frequently escaped at the wrong time. While subsisting in prison on the sums sent him by a few remaining Bristol friends, he wrote of that city, and would have published had not death cut him short—

> In a dark bottom sunk, O Bristol now,
> With native malice lift thy lowering brow! . . . .
> Then as some hell-born sprite in mortal guise,
> Borrows the shape of goodness and belies . . . .
> Present, we meet thy sneaking treacherous smiles;
> The harmless absent still thy sneer reviles.

His Micawber-like spirit probably saved him from suicide. He was always determining to "commence a rigid economy, and to live according to the exact rules of frugality; for nothing was more contemptible than a man who, when he knew his income, exceeded it." He thus depicts Suicide in the *Wanderer*:—

> A robe she wore
> With life's calamities embroider'd o'er.
> A mirror in one hand collective shows,
> Vary'd and multiplied that group of woes.

Dependent on alms all his life, in his death he but escaped being one of

> That nameless host
> Who in the *fosse commune* are lost

by the charity of a gaoler. His epitaph he wrote himself, although he did not so entitle it.

> Say when in death my sorrows lie repos'd
> That my past life no venal vein disclos'd;
> Say I well knew, while in a state obscure,
> Without the being base the being poor;
> Say I had parts too moderate to transcend;
> Yet sense to mean and virtue not t' offend;
> My heart supplying what my head denied,
> Say that by Pope esteem'd I liv'd and died.

With these words, and some few others which Dr. Johnson's expansive heart prompted him to write, we may well leave him. "Nor will any wise man easily presume to say, 'Had I been in Savage's condition I should have lived or written better than Savage.'" Truly he sounded the whole gamut of eighteenth-century literary life :—

> Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail!

TOM RUSSELL.

A NATURAL ANTIDOTE TO PESSIMISM.

WE are all occasionally pessimists. When our body is depressed with disease, or our heart is wrung with grief, or our mind is distracted with care, we feel that everything is "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." The remedies generally prescribed for this hypochondria are diversion, change of scene, the exercise of a devout faith in Providence, and, above all, the promotion of the general health—health of body, of mind, and of spirit. But there is one cure which Nature has given to every man, and which attends him during the different stages of his life, but which has not been sufficiently recognised.

What is this cure? It is a light which the human spirit carries within itself to illumine its path and disperse the vapours of melancholy. I would call it the *mystic glamour* which our own individuality casts upon certain objects around us.

This glamour has been noticed by several authors. Gray refers to it as "the orient hues unborrowed of the sun." Carlyle talks of the sheen that "colours with its own hues our little islet of time." Emerson states that "a light shines through us upon all things." Wordsworth, in particular, distinctly alludes to it. At different places he calls it "the celestial light," "the gleam that never was on sea or land," "the vision and the faculty divine."

This mystic glamour of the soul is not the result of good health alone, for it is often found in a delicate constitution. It does not arise from the fresh feelings of youth, for, as we shall see, it often abides with its possessor during a long life down to extreme old age. Neither is it the special dower of finely-strung, poetic souls, for it bursts forth at intervals even in the most prosaic person. Let his heart be but touched with sentimental affection, and forthwith there springs up within him that mystic glow which throws on certain objects around him

The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

What, then, is this strange light? It is easily explained. One of our earliest emotions (as distinguished from our sensations) is the love of the Beautiful. "Beauty," says Emerson, "is the pilot of the young soul." The child very soon shows this by his fondness for flowers and other bright objects. And this love of the Beautiful implies the love of the Good. "The Beautiful," says Goethe, "includes the Good;" and Plato holds that "in wanting the Beautiful we want also the Good." The fact is, that the Beautiful and the Good are naturally associated in our mind. When we see a beautiful person, we at once take it for granted that he is good; and when we have known a good person, we come to regard him as beautiful also. Love, then, purest love, is one of the earliest of our emotions. And what is the most characteristic act of love? Undoubtedly it is to invest its object with a new charm, a halo of light. "Love is a spirit all compact of fire;" and it is the gleam of this fire that glorifies the beloved object. "The lover," as Shakespeare says, "sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt." Thus it is evident that the mystic glamour to which Wordsworth and others allude is nothing else than the light of love—the same light that shines in the face of the mother as she bends over her child, in the eye of the poet as he glances over the beauties of creation, and on the brow of the saint as he looks up in adoration to heaven.

This glamour of the soul, which is kindled so early, remains with a man during the different stages of his life, and, though often clouded by illness and sordid cares, bursts forth brightly at intervals. And its most striking peculiarity is, that at the different ages it shifts its scene of illumination. In childhood it concentrates its light upon the Present; in youth and middle life it projects its glory upon the Future; and in old age it turns back its radiance upon the Past. We may, in fact, compare it to a Magic Lamp, which the Pilgrim, Man, brings with him into the night of Time, to guide and cheer him on his way. At first he employs its light to make him acquainted with the objects immediately around him. When he has become familiar with these he throws its glow upon the road that lies before him. And when his career is nearly run, and the vista before him is closed by that dark veil which separates him from the next world, he casts back its rays to play upon the pleasant scenes through which he has come.

Let us now notice particularly how this glamour affects our Present, our Future, and our Past.

1. Our observation, as well as our recollection of our early days, will convince us that a child's present world is very different from

that of the adult. This is especially the case when he is fortunate enough to be brought up in the country, among the fields and woods. The glamour cast by his love of the beautiful, lies upon the world and transforms it into a Wonderland. There is a glory in the grass and in the flower which fascinates his eyes. There is a loveliness in birds and young animals which goes to his heart; and he is never tired of watching the egg-shaped chicks staggering about on their wire-like legs, the golden ducklings taking to the water as soon as they are born, the innocent doves in their slate-coloured or snowy-white plumage, the tiny, bright-eyed rabbits nibbling the red clover, and the merry kitten gracefully gambolling in the sunshine. As for his parents and other relatives, they appear to him superior beings, who can do almost anything. And of the same complexion must be the characters in any stories which are told to him. They must be giants and fairies, undergoing extraordinary adventures, and doing miraculous deeds. So thoroughly is his being filled with the objects around him, that he has no temptation to look behind or before. There is no Past, no Future: all is Present. Everything, too, is alive; and in his mind there is no idea of death.

The beneficent purpose which this glamour serves in the education of the youthful soul is very evident. A knowledge of the living objects in his daily life is what he chiefly requires; and this is the very thing which the glamour is especially adapted to give him. It draws his eyes towards these objects, fastens his attention upon them, excites his wonder about them, and will not let him rest until he is familiar with them.

2. But as the youth grows, new desires gradually spring up within him, which present objects cannot supply. The world around him, which once satisfied him, can satisfy him no longer. He "cannot live by bread alone." Then it is that man shows that he is an immortal soul, an emanation from the great Creative Spirit. He throws off the bands of Time and Space. As he is uneasy in the Present, he goes forth into the Future. As the real world is found to be imperfect, he resolves to make an ideal world for himself. Accordingly, from the storehouse of his memory he selects the images of the most desirable objects that have come within his experience; and these he groups together so as to create an improved state of existence. The individual forms are sometimes vague and wavering, like the shapes in cloudland; but the whole is made resplendent by the mystic glamour with which the soul enshrouds it. And not only does this glory fire the horizon of the Future, but it sheds its reflection upon the objects of the Present. Man is now like

a traveller going eastward on a bright summer morning. Not only does the dappled dawn steep in splendour the distant prospect before him, but, sending forth its benign influence, it calls up the balm, beauty, and melody of the landscape around him, and transforms the world into a palace of delight. The Present, in fact, is lightened and cheered by the brightness of the Future.

The importance of this glamour resting upon the Future is too manifest to need much comment. What is it the means of bringing to the man engaged in the battle of Life? Foresight, courage, industry, the very virtues that he most requires. His attention is drawn towards a possible Future. He sees there some of the most desirable objects that fall to the lot of humanity; and his whole soul is stirred within him. The world, he feels, is full of promise. Other people, he reasons, have enjoyed these blessings, and why may he not do the same? In this way Hope springs up within him, which is one of the three great Christian Graces, and the elixir of Life itself.

3. But even in the case of the most long-lived man the time comes at last when his earthly course is nearly run. His professional successes or failures are over. His children have grown up, and have turned out to be either blessings or the reverse. He has tried all the throws awarded to him in the lottery of Life. There is left very little of the Future in which his unresting soul can expatiate. Where can he find scope for his ideas and sentiments? He has no alternative but to turn back and live over again his early days.

And here a great surprise awaits him! His old world is found to be new again. Experiences of his early life which were thought to be dead and buried have only been slumbering. As he threads the shady labyrinth of memory, they rise on every side. Many an incident which has been absolutely forgotten and never recalled since childhood, now starts up as distinct and fresh as on the day when it happened. And whole episodes of his bygone career, he feels, are lying dormant in the depths of consciousness, and only waiting, like the inmates of the Sleeping Palace, for some sympathetic touch to waken them up into new life and activity. All that is required is the occurrence of some association. The sight of a face, the scent of a flower, the sound of a tune may strike the electric flash which lightens up the dark landscape of the Past.

But our bare reminiscences are not enough by themselves to prove a blessing. They contain, even in the case of the best men, black records of calamities, failures, errors, and sins. By themselves

they would prove anything but a comfort to us in our old age. Now, here it is that the mystic glamour comes in to cheer us once more. That magic lamp which glorified the objects of our childhood and fired the hopes of our early manhood, now beautifies the memories of our old age. Like the moonlight, it lies upon the scenes of the Past, not only intensifying the beautiful and the picturesque, but softening or concealing the mean and the ugly. Incidents which were utterly commonplace when they actually occurred, now appear interesting and charming when they are resuscitated. They were "buried mortal bodies"; they are "raised glorified bodies." They have become sublimated, refined, sacred. For example, in that golden haze, the great men of our early days appear like demigods. "Ah!" we say, "there are no men like them now."

And what is most extraordinary is the fact that things which were painful experiences have become pleasant memories. They have been hallowed by the glamour of the soul, and have become a part of a glorified world. We once heard a man comment pleasantly upon the brutal schoolmaster of his youth. "He was," he said, "a monster of cruelty, thrashing us for anything or nothing. I suppose he thought he was doing his duty and fitting us for the battle of life. Yet in spite of all his injustice, I now look upon him with a sort of pleasure. He is associated with my happiest days. I even wish that I could meet him. I would invite him to dinner and have a good laugh with him over old times."

What a happiness this glamour casts upon our declining years is very apparent. It provides for us a pleasant retreat, a peaceful hermitage, to which we may retire after the storm and stress of a long life. Our Future may be dark, our Present uncertain, but our Past is settled and fixed for ever. Even Jove, as Horace says, cannot alter it.

Its joys are lodged beyond the reach of Fate.

And in that enchanted ground the objects stand out "apparelled in celestial light." They are so fascinating that we are never tired of living them over again. They are far more delightful now in the retrospect than they were in actual experience. In actual experience we enjoyed them but once: in the retrospect we can enjoy them a thousand times :—

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

The very epithets we use for those dear old times become music and poetry on our lips: "Auld Lang Syne," "Long, long ago," "The days that are no more."

And as the man grows older, the glamour of bygone days grows brighter and more alluring, until it draws his spirit into it entirely. The Present has grown wavering and wearisome, and the Future has become a meaningless blank. The Past is the only region in which his soul can find life and interest. He returns in spirit to his natal spot to recruit himself with his native air. He is back again in the happy home of his childhood. He loiters in the sunny garden where he used to watch the bees, and pluck the ripe gooseberries; he strolls along the woodland path by which he went to school; and he rejoices in the presence of his parents and his early companions. As he dozes in his easy-chair by the fireside or reclines on his couch, he may be heard muttering the hymns which he learned at his mother's knee, and addressing his playmates in the familiar vernacular of his boyhood. All the fret and the fume and even the phraseology of his unresting manhood have been forgotten. He has become a little child again.

In the case of many of us, it must be confessed, this glamour of the soul has a tendency to wane and even to expire. Ill-health or sordid care ties us down to the perplexities of the Present, and breaks the elasticity of both mind and body. Our enthusiasm is quenched, and if we look back into the Past or forward into the Future, it is only to see the ghost of vanished joy in the one and the spectre of fear in the other. But there are a favoured few who keep the light of their spirit brightly burning. These are the men of imaginative genius—artists in the widest sense of the word—painters, sculptors, dramatists, novelists, poets. For what, after all, is the chief characteristic of the man of genius, the greatest agency which moves all his wonderful faculties? Is it not that unquenchable love of the Beautiful and Good which burns within him and casts a glow upon everything that he regards? He possesses the glamour of the Present and the Future, without losing that of the Past. He grows old without ceasing to be young. He has "the large discourse of reason, looking before and after." The glow of his enthusiasm rests upon the whole field of experience, and he seeks the Good and the Beautiful everywhere. He takes the world to his heart, covers it with love, and makes it charming. And so, it becomes his special duty to revive with his own enthusiasm the spirits of his downcast brethren; in other words, to rekindle the native glamour of the soul. This he does in two ways.

The first way is by creating an ideal world. The writer or artist of genius cannot be satisfied with anything less than perfect beauty and perfect goodness. Ordinary men would say that perfection

is not to be found in this world; but *he* knows better. It is not to be found in the individual, but it is to be found in the class or race. It is not to be found embodied in one object, but it is to be found in traits scattered among different objects. His great work, therefore, is to select the choice features in Nature, to combine them into a harmonious whole, and above all to shed upon them his own glow, which will dwell upon them like a golden atmosphere and make them fascinating to all.

In this way it happens that by the united efforts of men of genius there is gradually constructed within our mind an imaginary state of existence. We have two worlds in which to live. In addition to the real world lying before our senses, there is an ideal world lying before our imagination. And a wonderful provision of Providence this ideal world is—essential to our happiness, and in some cases to our very existence. It is a sheltered harbour in which we can find refuge from the storms of life, an enclosed garden where we can luxuriate amid everything that is bright and pleasant, an enchanted island of Avilion,

> Where we can heal us of our grievous wounds.

For example, what an unspeakable blessing to Milton in his blindness must have been that ideal world which he carried in his capacious soul! Shut out by "cloud and ever-during dark" from visible things, he could fall back upon those that were visionary. His mind was to him not only a kingdom, but a universe framed by the seers of old, "the serene creators of immortal things." Most picturesque was the scenery. There were mountains over which associations hung like clouds: the "secret top" of Horeb, the gray peak of Sinai, the sacred hill of Zion, the snowy summit of cold Olympus, and the "shattered side of thundering Etna." There were ancient rivers whose very names, like their own currents, made sweet music: the Rhine and Danaw, the Ganges and Hydaspes, the "Abana and Pharpar, lucid streams," and Jordan, "where winds with weeds and osiers whispering play." Interspersed were landscapes on which beauty loved to rest: "the flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines," "the fair field of Enna," "the olive grove of Academe,"

> Plato's retirement where the attic bird
> Trills his thick warbled note, the summer long.

Seated on hill or river bank were majestic cities: "Great Seleucia built by Grecian Kings;" "Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of Arts and Eloquence;" "the great and glorious Rome,

Queen of the Earth;" "the fair Jerusalem, the holy city, lifting high her towers." More interesting still were those who peopled this domain. There were "giants of mighty bone and high emprize," lionlike warriors of Judah, Greek heroes lithe and radiant with health and comeliness, and even angels "refulgent with heaven's own colours." It was in this glamour-lit region where the blind bard used to walk in glory and in joy :—

> Yet not the more
> Cease I to wander, where the muses haunt
> Clear spring or shady grove, or sunny hill,
> Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
> Thee, Zion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
> That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
> Nightly I visit.

Special reference must be made to the ideal world that has been prepared for us by the genius of modern novelists. In this age of strife and struggle we are often haunted by some tormenting care. To dwell upon it would be to stretch our mind upon a rack, which would not only torture us, but drain our strength and unfit us for the battle of life. Our best policy is to fly for a time, and to seek for rest and recovery in some new scene of contemplation. Now this is just the retreat, the health resort for the soul, which novelists have prepared for us. The ideal world which they have framed is a region of many provinces, illumined and made entrancing by the glamour of romance. It is like a genial clime of the sunny South where the scenes are beautiful, and the characters striking and picturesque, and the incidents new and engrossing; and where our weary soul can by turns be "delighted, raised, refined." What a comfort, nay, what a soothing, health-giving medicine to a bedridden patient is a high-class novel! Referring to the works of fiction which he had read during an attack of ague, Thackeray says: "These books gave me amusement from morning till sunset. I remember these ague fits with a great deal of pleasure and gratitude. Think of a whole day in bed and a good novel for a companion! No cares; no remorse about idleness; no visitors; and the 'Woman in White' or the 'Chevalier d'Artagnan' to tell me stories from dawn till night."

This ideal world, like other good things, is often abused. It is often made the resort of indolence and moral and mental dissipation. But when it is properly used, it is not only a blessing but an absolute essential of modern life.

There is, however, another and still more important way by which men of genius revive and intensify the public enthusiasm for the

beautiful and the good. This is by impressing their own character upon those who study them. The student of imaginative artists and authors cannot fail to be influenced by them. Insensibly he catches their manner of observation and expression. He is infected by them. He is, in fact, set on fire by their fine frenzy. In this state of ecstasy he goes out of himself, places himself in the position of his fellow-beings, looks at things from their point of view, thinks their thoughts, feels their emotions, and thus enlarges his own being by assimilating whatever is valuable in the sentiments of others. In other words, his early love of the beautiful and the good has been developed into Universal Sympathy; and the glamour which glorified the surroundings of his infancy has now broadened into that glow of philanthropic sentiment which settles upon the whole of creation. He has now come to regard this wonderful world as a home, mankind as his brothers and sisters, and God as the loving Father of all. The real world has in his eyes become the ideal world.

It will now be clearly seen that there could be no better cure for Pessimism than this Universal Sympathy. The Pessimist is like a man shut up in a close room, brooding over his own troubles and reinhaling the vitiated atmosphere which he himself has made. But let him once be inspired with the spirit of sympathy, and he is like a man who goes out under the free open canopy of heaven, where the pure breezes dispel all noxious vapours and touch every nerve and sinew with fresh energy, and where the many objects of interest in this ever-changing world bring all his powers of head and heart into healthy play. Able now to look at things from the point of view of others, he sees many beauties which he never saw before—beauties of Nature, of human character, of providential design. In the face of all these multiform blessings around him he grows ashamed of his own petty miseries, of his little bunch of thorns, in sitting on which he has been taking a morbid pleasure. This world, after all, he begins to reason with himself, is not a bad place, but is abundantly supplied with everything that can conduce to the happiness and elevation of man. It is, without doubt, imperfect; but then it is not yet completed: it is still undergoing Evolution—Creation. There is such a thing as Evil; but is it not in the process of being turned into Good? There are trials and troubles innumerable; but are not all these necessary for the development of the highest part of man, his spiritual nature? There is the great evil, Death; but is Death *really* an evil? Is it not rather a blessing? Is it not the ultimate Panacea, which cures our ills after

all other remedies have failed—our great Liberator in the last resort, who can alone solve our business perplexities, carry us beyond the reach of inveterate foes, and lift off for ever that time-worn and diseased body which, like the poisoned shirt of Nessus, has been torturing our immortal soul? Then, finally, there is the great mystery enshrouding the Creator, whose existence we would fain prove by the ordinary methods of reasoning. But, after all, are we not as certain of the existence of our Heavenly Father as we are of the existence of our earthly father? We do not see the real personality of our earthly father—his immortal spirit. We only see the material organisation—the perishable body through which he works. Yet we have no doubt regarding his existence and his ever-active love for us. In the same way, we cannot see the personality of our Heavenly Father. We can only see the illimitable universe in which He is always living and moving. Yet if our soul has been expanded and refined by universal sympathy we shall feel His presence everywhere. The proofs of His existence will come to us through all the faculties of body and spirit. We shall see His ever-active goodness in the solemn silence of night, in the glories of day, in the flush, fragrance, and melodies of the summer landscape, in the inexhaustible treasures of the earth, in the whispers of conscience, in the life-giving words of inspired writers, in the noble deeds of heroes and martyrs, and, above all, in the perfect life and sacrifice of Jesus Christ.

Such is the important part played by this mystic glamour which Nature kindles, and which Art and Poetry make it their business to sustain. Of course, the objection may be made that this glamour after all is an illusion, and, therefore, should be discouraged and not fostered. But to this there is a sufficient answer. It may be called an illusion, but it is also a reality. It is an important factor in human nature, without which there could be no rapture in childhood, no enthusiasm and hope in youth, and no pleasant reminiscences in old age. And in conclusion, let it be asked: Which of the two is really the truer: the fact with the mystic glamour upon it or the fact without the mystic glamour upon it—the fact as seen by a highly-organised intellect or the fact as apprehended by a dull mind—Wordsworth's idea of a primrose or that of Peter Bell—Newton's theory of the Universe or that of his dog Diamond?

DAVID PRYDE.

REMINISCENCES OF A BEHAR PLANTER.

IT is now thirty-six years since I first sailed for India in the good ship *City of Tanjore*. I was a boy of fifteen at the time, and although the voyage from Glasgow to Calcutta was of four months' duration, I thoroughly enjoyed it, owing to the fact that a great number of the sailors on board were West Highlanders, who knew all about me and my belongings. On arriving in Calcutta, I did my best to repay the kindness shown to me on board the old Glasgow sailing-ship, and I remember on one occasion taking all the apprentices to a big nautch at the house of a Bengali grandee. The Bengali, however, did not quite appreciate the company of my young sailor friends, as all that was offered to them in the shape of refreshments was soda-water. This was mistaken hospitality on his part, as few sailors relish unadulterated soda-water on a cool December night, even in India. Consequently, I and my boon companions did not grace any other native entertainment with our presence.

A consultation was held by my relatives in Calcutta as to whether I should be shipped off to a sheep-run in Australia or sent to an indigo factory in Behar. Unfortunately the evil genius of my Highland ancestors prompted these good people to choose indigo planting for my future career; and after spending a few pleasant months in Calcutta I was sent up-country in charge of a young gentleman in the Behar Opium Department, my fond relatives presenting me with a revolver and a copy of "Pickwick" before I started.

Travelling in those days (1859) was very different from what it is now in India, as the railway from Calcutta was only open as far as Raneeganj; and from there we had to make our way to Dinapur by *dâk-gharri* along the Grand Trunk Road. Like all boys with a new toy, I was immensely proud of my revolver, and slept with it under my pillow in the *dâk-gharri*, longing to have an opportunity to use it. This was soon given to me in an unexpected manner, through the light-heartedness of the gentleman who shared the

gharri. My companion was of a sleepless nature, so one morning at dawn he awoke me with a shout of feigned alarm, and with the assurance that we were surrounded by rebel sepoys. When I poked my head out of the *gharri*, sure enough there were sepoys to be seen on every side; I therefore instinctively pulled the revolver from under my pillow, and was proceeding to aim at the nearest Pandy when my arm was seized by my companion, who by this time thought that he had carried the joke quite far enough. I must acknowledge that my feelings were considerably relieved when my friend assured me that it was only a regiment of tame sepoys on the march to Calcutta; and I still shudder to think what would have been the consequences if I had shot one of the men in my fright. I could hardly have missed, they were so close to us; and next day I gave an exhibition of my skill by killing a pariah dog at fifty yards with my precious weapon.

My first introduction to an indigo factory was a novel experience, the manager being a very small man in a very big hat, and his principal occupation seemed to be the nursing of a most violent temper. He was always in a rage; and my Scotch sense of decency was shocked to see this diminutive tyrant galloping about on a white pony shouting and swearing, and belabouring the natives with a cane almost as long as himself. After two days' stay at the house of this little autocrat, I went on to Chupra, to the residence of the gentleman who had kindly given me my first appointment in indigo. This gentleman had only recently returned from a visit to England, bringing a Highland piper with him, whose services were in great request among the wealthy zemindars on festive occasions. It is curious how the natives of India love and appreciate the bagpipes. From Chupra I was sent to an outlying factory in the extreme west end of the Sarun district.

In those days, healthy and intellectual amusements were discouraged by the majority of planters. Polo was unheard of, and even pig-sticking was only indulged in by a few bold spirits. Reading was tabooed on the supposition that it made the young assistants lazy; in fact, I do not remember seeing a dozen books in the house of my manager; and my own library consisted of "Pickwick," 'Monte Cristo," and a few school prizes. The one thing that was encouraged was a little house in the garden, the dusky inmate of which was supposed to exercise an educating influence as a walking dictionary. At that time (1859-60) there was not a single European lady at any of the factories in the Sarun district; and the only married planter among us was an enterprising gentleman who had

paid a flying cold-weather visit to Calcutta, and had returned with an Eurasian wife from one of the orphanages. Verily, the ways and customs of that period were primitive in the extreme. Matters have greatly improved since then, and it is now a common occurrence to see a young man go down on his knees before turning into bed.

There was always a comic side to our lonely life, and I cannot forget that in the first year of my griffinage the mistakes that I committed were ludicrous in the extreme. One day I galloped into the factory, and announced to my manager that a body of Sikhs were in the neighbourhood. It was just after the Mutiny, and the country at the time was in rather an unsettled condition. In my ignorance I mixed up Sikhs, Pandys, Gurkhas, and Dacoits in a hopeless jumble in my head—they were all rebels to me. On this particular morning an old woman had rushed up to me in great distress, with a long story—not a word of which did I understand. Perceiving my ignorance, the old lady, in an endeavour to make her meaning clear, commenced to gesticulate violently, with shouts of "Sikh man, Sikh man!" This led me to the conclusion that rebels were in possession of her village; so I galloped into the factory with the information. The old dame, however, followed me as fast as her legs could carry her, and on her arrival I learned that her son was seriously ill with cholera, and all that she wanted was medicine. Her son had been a Company's sepoy, and he had evidently taught his mother a few words of English, with which she tried to enlighten my understanding, pronouncing "Sick man" "Sikh man"—hence my alarm.

On another occasion I scattered the bullocks and ploughs, and chased scores of ryots off their fields, under the impression that the villagers had suddenly rebelled and were uprooting their indigo crops. Lower Bengal at the time was in a very disturbed condition, owing to the indigo riots, and one morning, when I discovered peasants in every indigo field busily engaged in *bedani* (*i.e.* aërating the roots of the plants with country ploughs), I at once came to the conclusion that the indigo disturbances had spread to Sarun, and that our crops were being ploughed out of the ground by discontented ryots. When I had finished my work of driving the astonished natives and their cattle off the fields, I made all speed to the factory and reported matters to the manager. A veil will, however, be drawn over the ridicule that I incurred on this occasion.

I must say the days of my griffinage were particularly happy ones.

My manager was not a riding man, although there was not a better shot in Behar. Riding, however, was not in his line; consequently he professed a fine contempt for men who risked their necks after pig or in the hunting-field ; but, nevertheless, he mounted me splendidly. When I had mastered sufficient command of the language, I was sent to a little outwork on the borders of Gorakhpur, as lonely a spot as there is in India, and it was there that I first encountered the fighting wild boar of the country. In my first attempt to tackle him my career was nearly ended in an ignominious manner, and I was only saved by the coolness and courage of a native attendant. When word was brought to me one evening that a boar had passed through the factory grounds, I had not a hog-spear in my possession, my only weapons of offence and defence being an old cavalry sword and the much-prized revolver. Nothing daunted, I determined to come to close quarters with that pig, so I saddled one of the horses and followed quickly in pursuit, the sword dangling by my side and revolver in hand. When I got on terms with the boar, he took refuge in a large piece of scrub jungle. Bursting with excitement, I dismounted, and crept in after him on my hands and knees. There he stood, looking at me with those wicked eyes that a hog-hunter learns to love so well ; so, resting the revolver on my naked sword, I took deliberate aim and shot piggy somewhere about the shoulder.

Then, for the first time, I heard the sharp, loud snort of defiance, and before I could fire a second time I was on my back with the pig standing over me. Fortunately, one of the villagers, a fine, stalwart Rajput, armed with a big native spear, had crept in at my heels ; and before the boar could follow up his advantage he was pinned by the spear in time to allow me to regain my feet. The native and I then finished him off between us in the open. Since then I have had many a good gallop after pig, but I never again got so completely mixed up in a rough-and-tumble encounter. My wide white trousers saved me, the pig ripping them from top to bottom, and it was fortunate for me that I had not time to get into tight-fitting riding-gear before leaving the bungalow.

One of the keenest men after pig in Behar was a Mr. Jamie Macleod, a well-known Anglo-Indian sportsman. He and I were following a boar through dense jungle, near the banks of the great Gandak, when the animal suddenly disappeared, and a moment afterwards I was precipitated on to my head at the bottom of a dry nullah by my horse stopping short on the bank. The fall was a nasty one, and I lay stunned. "Stop," said a third man, who was with us, "Reid

is hurt." "Come on," answered Macleod, "or we'll lose that pig. Donald is all right, I see his long legs moving." But the momentary delay had lost them the pig, and they soon returned to look after me. From this account one would infer that Macleod is hard and cruel; as a matter of fact he is tender-hearted as any woman. When I recovered my senses I was told the whole story, and we had many a laugh over it. Rudyard Kipling's latest masterpiece, "The Maltese Cat," reminds me of the manner in which Macleod won one of his races at the Chumparun meeting. His horse had come down with him in the first race, the result being a broken collar-bone. This was awkward, as he had a horse running in the next steeplechase; but sooner than scratch him Macleod mounted and won the race, notwithstanding his disabled arm. On another occasion I saw him win a race at Sonepore with a broken knee-cap.

There was a good deal of excitement in other respects to be got out of our lonely existence. For instance, on one occasion when I took the law into my own hands I was nearly punished for my pains. The affair created some stir in Behar at the time, as the case came on for trial in the district court, and the magistrate in charge of the subdivision had serious thoughts of committing me for rioting. He was new to the district, and did not grasp the gravity of the situation, as my action in the matter undoubtedly saved the lives and house-property of thousands of natives over an area of 660 square miles of country; besides saving the standing crops of the poorest part of the district of Sarun, where the population averages 1,000 to the square mile. Sarun is bounded on the north by the great Gandak (the Kondochates of the Greek geographers), which is one of the largest snow-fed rivers in India. Before Behar was ceded to the British, most disastrous floods used occasionally to devastate vast tracts of country in the Sarun district, drowning the natives and their cattle, and destroying in a wholesale manner their houses and their crops. The river is deltaic, which means that, even at its lowest level, in the dry, hot-weather months of the year, its waters are higher than the surrounding country. This fact in itself will give an idea of what the river is like in full flood, when it stretches for miles from embankment to embankment, rearing its head several feet above the highest land in Sarun. It is impossible for me to convey a proper idea of the magnificent sight presented by a huge deltaic river in full flood; but the fact of the Hindus selecting these rivers as fit objects to worship proves that they are the grandest features in a comparatively tame landscape.

At a very early period it was found necessary by the Bengal

Government to erect high and strong embankments on either side of the turbulent Gandak, for the protection of life and property. The unprotected country, besides being the fair-weather home of numerous wild hog and nil-ghai, became inhabited by the most lawless men in Behar, who were attracted there on account of the protection afforded to them by the coarse jungle on the banks of the mighty river. These men are as wild in their nature as the Gandak itself, and are notorious cattle-lifters and thieves, their nefarious practices being so profitable as to enable them to square the native police, although, for the sake of appearances, a few of their number are occasionally handed over to justice. When the biggest flood on record occurred on the Gandak, in the latter end of August 1878, these were the men whom I had to encounter. The water on this occasion reached to within a few inches of the top of the high embankment, and I was warned by my servants, and by the officer in charge of the work, that an attempt would be made by the flooded-out villagers to cut the embankment at a spot close to and opposite my factory at Sadowa. I therefore took the precaution to place a guard of men at the place threatened.

In the afternoon of the day that I received the above-mentioned warning, a man rushed to the bungalow with the information that several boats containing armed men were approaching from the other side; so, putting a horse into the dog-cart, I drove at once to the threatened spot, accompanied by my brother; but we arrived too late to prevent the rioters from landing. We, however, succeeded in keeping them at bay, and the turning-point of the contest was reached when the civil engineer galloped up with a gun in his hand. As he approached I noticed that he was very excited, and that the gun was at full-cock. I therefore said to him, "You must not use that gun," and taking the weapon out of his hand put it at half-cock. A panic seized the rioters as soon as they saw a gun in my possession. There was a rush for the boats, and now occurred the most serious part of the affray, as the boats capsized and the struggling crowd was precipitated into the deep water. A few returned at once to the embankment; but the majority of the panic-stricken men struck out to swim across the Gandak in full flood. They would have been all drowned in the attempt, so I fired a few shots into the water ahead of them, and shouted to them to return. This had the desired effect, as every man turned and swam safely back to the embankment. We then secured our prisoners and looked after the wounded; a few broken heads and arms from the blows of clubs (lathis) being the only casualties so far as I could

judge. We had pressed the other side too closely, and so prevented them from using their swords and long spears; although I sent in a bundle of captured weapons to the magistrate at Sewan. Afterwards, when the flood subsided, my men picked up a cartload of swords, spears, battle-axes, and kodalis near the spot where the boats upset.

Before dawn on the morning after the affray, I was roused out of a sound sleep by a mysterious whisper in my ear: "Khodawund, Khodawund!" ("My lord, my lord!"). Starting up, I saw one of my peons at the bedside: "Well, what is it?" I asked him. "A body has been found floating near the spot where the boats capsized. Shall I bury it and say nothing about the matter?" was the startling announcement made to me. "You must do nothing of the kind," I replied. "Bring the body in at once, and make arrangements to have it conveyed without delay to the magistrate's court at Sewan." The body was brought into the factory, and identified as that of a notorious cattle-lifter who had taken a prominent part in the riot. It was perfectly naked except for the girded loins of the native fighting-man: but there was not a mark on it, and the poor creature must have gone under in the first rush, when the crowd were struggling in the water. It is a mercy that he was the only man drowned, as I feared an appalling death-roll when the boats capsized.

So far I have not touched upon the really serious side of a Behar planter's life, and many of my readers will begin to think that an indigo-planter's existence is made up of beer and skittles. I have shown that it is a particularly free life, with but little inducement to cultivate the higher instincts of humanity. We had matters too much our own way, and it is not surprising that the natives suffered in consequence. At the age of twenty I found myself the manager of one of the largest factories in Tirhut, with thousands of ryots at my beck and call: and I remember well the advice that was given to me by my own old munshi, at the little factory in Gorakhpur, when I left it to take charge of the large business in Tirhut. "For God's sake curb that hasty temper of yours," said the old man, "and remember that they are a miserable rice-eating people in Tirhut!" He was afraid that if I knocked the Beharis about in the way that I struck the sturdy coolies of the North-West Provinces that murder would be committed. I am sorry to say that I did not act up to old Shewchurn Lal's advice. A melancholy fact which does me no credit, although it shows that a good deal of coercion was employed to induce the ryots to cultivate indigo. The system is alone to blame, as planters now come from the same class which supplies the civil and military officers of the Crown.

It was not until 1866 that I commenced to seriously consider the great Indian problem. This paper will show that I do not set up for being a saint, and I fully acknowledge that my numerous faults are deeply ingrained in an impulsive Highland nature; but I do claim the right to have an opinion which is worth considering on the Behar question. In 1866, when manager of the Jogapur factory in Sarun, I was put in charge of large famine relief works by Government, a sad experience, which entirely changed the tenor of my life, and made me more sympathetic to the natives. Jogapur is said to be haunted now, and the managers who succeeded me tell of strange sights and sounds, at which I am not surprised when I consider the fearful deaths from sheer starvation that occurred at the factory during the famine year. There is a large peepul tree close to the bungalow, and every morning during the height of the distress dead and dying bodies of fearfully emaciated natives were discovered under its shade. The poor creatures had made their way to it from their distant homes, knowing that relief was being dispensed at the factory; but, alas! most of them were too weak to assimilate the food that was at last offered to them. In fact, the sufferings of the poor in Behar in that year were indescribable, although they were borne patiently and without a murmur.

When the next Behar famine occurred—in the year 1874—I was at Sadowa, a factory near the great Gandak river; and, profiting by the experience gained in 1866, I wrote to Shahjahanpur, in Oudh, for cheap food-grains on the factory account. The collector of that district was married to one of my cousins, and he kindly assisted me in getting all that I wanted. The Government, however, went to the dearest market for their grain, and wasted millions of rupees of public money in purchasing rice from Burmah. I believe that I was the only planter in Behar who laid in a stock of cheap millet in 1874. I also put all my empty indigo fields (three thousand acres of highly-manured land) under fodder crops for the ryots' cattle. This latter-mentioned arrangement was a god-send to the people, as fodder was particularly scarce in that year.

Having thus had extensive experience in the management of relief works in two Behar famines, I took the trouble to compile a report for the Indian Famine Commission, and had it printed in pamphlet form. This I forwarded direct to the secretary, and, although I have carefully looked through the four bulky volumes which purport to give the result of the evidence collected, I failed to find even mention of my name. This statement goes to prove the curious fact that the independent opinions of non-

officials are not relished by the authorities in India, who are as sensitive of criticism as any woman. Even in Ceylon there seems to be a good deal of official jealousy, and I was amused some time ago, on reading the proceedings of a meeting of the members of the Royal Colonial Institute, to find that not a single Ceylon planter took part in the discussion that followed the reading of a paper by Mr. Ferguson, of Colombo.

Robert Browning tells us that :—

> Progress is
> The law of life ; man's self is not yet Man !
> Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
> Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
> While only here and there a star dispels
> The darkness, here and there a towering mind
> O'erlooks its prostrate fellows.

These exalted sentiments are, however, not shared by the authorities in Calcutta, who ruined me by the introduction of section 183 in the Bengal Tenancy Act. No better section was ever invented to trip up an obnoxious opponent. When the Bill was under discussion I threw all sordid interests and commercial discretion to the winds, and warmly espoused the ryots' cause. Both in this country and in India I worked hard to place the Rent Law on such a footing that it would be possible for the planters to deal with the ryots on a sound commercial basis. The zemindar party were furious, and reproached me with cries of "*Et tu, Brute!*" But I never wavered, although much did not come of my efforts in the cause of progress. A half-hearted measure was passed into law, the authorities being frightened by the echo created by their own roar against oppression. The sinister meaning of section 183 will be gathered from the following extract from a Blue-Book on the "Return of Correspondence between the Government of India and the Secretary of State for India relating to the Cultivation of Indigo in Bengal," which was printed by order of the House of Commons on March 23, 1891 : "Mr. Reid, in trying to deal direct with the ryots, without the intervention of the landlord, has raised opposition on the part of the Maharajah of Hutwah. The ryots gave their holdings as security for the due fulfilment of their contracts. When they failed, and Mr. Reid tried to attach and sell these securities, the Maharajah objected, asserting that such holdings are not saleable according to prevailing custom in the Hutwah Estate. Under section 183 of the Tenancy Act he is, it seems, within his rights. As Mr. Reid has about 300 suits to file for breach of contract, his position seems a difficult one. . . .

As indigo-planters have often been blamed for not dealing direct with the cultivators, I quote Mr. Reid's case to show what difficulties are met with when a new line is adopted and the old custom, which has been so much condemned, of taking villages in farm, is given up." Here, in dry official language, my fate is truly defined, and to-day I am a bankrupt living in dingy lodgings in a mean street in Paddington —the result of an endeavour to bring justice to the door of the Behar ryot. Surely the times are out of joint !

DONALD N. REID.

CHRISTMAS ON THE NILE.

"HE who has once tasted of the water of the Nile can never rest till he drink it again," says an Arab proverb. What amount of literal truth the proverb may possess I will not undertake to say; but certain it is that he whose soul has once been touched by the fascination of Egypt turns again and again in spirit, if he may not return in body, with great longing to that land of stillness and mystery, of desert solitudes and forsaken temples. This fascination cannot, of course, be felt in Cairo; Cairo has quite another charm all its own. Nor can it nowadays be felt even under the shadows of the Pyramids, where tourists abound and lawn-tennis flourishes. Indeed, I doubt whether it can now be felt anywhere north of the first cataract—the beat of the steamer has driven it south as surely as it has driven the crocodile. But years ago, when, on board your dahabeeah, you might sail up long reaches of the Nile and hear no other sound than the chant of your sailors or the distant song of the Fellahin at their work in the fields, the fascination of Egypt might be felt in all its fulness. Anyhow, never does Christmastide come round, with its inevitable attendants, fogs and bills, but I go back in thought to a Christmas of long ago spent in the careless ease and splendid sun and dreamy silence of Egypt.

One day is very much like another on the up Nile voyage, for sight-seeing is left to be done on the down journey; southward, ever southward you go, sailing merrily and easily if the north wind blows fair, being towed along painfully and slowly if wind there is none. But we were fully determined that Christmas Day should not be spent like all the other sixty of the voyage to the second cataract. On the morning of Christmas Eve we became aware, in studying Murray and the map, that we were not so very far distant from Belianeh but that a push might be made to reach it ere nightfall; and that, Belianeh once reached and a halt called there, we might spend our Christmas Day in an inland expedition to the far-famed Abydus. Our dragoman was summoned to consultation, and gave the oracular response, after a form to which by this time we were well

accustomed, that we might get to Belianeh that day, or—we might not: "Inshallah," Belianeh should be reached. We all knew the uncertainties veiled by that pious ejaculation, and our spokesman now announced to the Dragoman that this was not an occasion for weak-kneed concession to the Fates. "We must get to Belianeh to-day, Inshallah or not Inshallah," said this impious Englishman. It reminded one of the rash deacon's announcement in the chapel that service would be held on Wednesday evening "D.V.," but in any case on Sunday. This recklessness so vastly tickled our dragoman that we heard him chuckling to himself over it for the rest of the morning. Moreover, he repeated it to the reis, who, however, looked shocked, being a religious man. But at noon the smile had died away from the face of the dragoman, and he began to repent him of his levity; for the north wind, which had been blowing all the morning with an ever increasing force, had by this time grown to a gale, before which we had to run into Girgeh for shelter and to furl the dahabeeah's huge unwieldy sail.

A difficult and even dangerous process is that of furling the great sail of a dahabeeah. The whole crew are engaged on it, the foremost of them clambering up to the extreme tip of the yard, some ninety feet in the air, and the rest disposed at intervals along its length; then, with arms and legs hanging over, and working with all four limbs, they strive to gather the folds of the sail into their grasp, and bind them firmly to the yard; but again and again, before the work is accomplished, will the sail be blown out to its full extent, threatening to involve in ruin the whole line of monkey-like figures in its mad efforts to free itself. However, on this occasion the sail was furled at last without catastrophe. Then again we put out, and with bare poles drifted southward before the stream. In this fashion we made but little headway against the storm; and as the afternoon wore on our chance of reaching Belianeh seemed to be growing small. The dragoman looked reproachfully at us, and the look said plainly that here was the result of those unseemly words about the will of Allah. But before sunset the wind sank, and once more the great sail was spread, barely filling now with the gentle breeze, and we stole along through the gathering shadows over the broad brown waters of the Nile. Our dragoman was not only a dragoman, he was the owner of our boat, and he loved it as a woman loves her first-born; an anxious man he was when he fancied that the safety of his beloved was in any way jeopardised. If it ever chanced that we had not come to our moorings before dark, he would be filled with imaginary fears of collision or some other

mischance. It seemed this evening as if for once his fears were to be justified. Somehow or another our great sail came in contact with that of a passing cargo boat ; then there was a moment of wild shouting, and cursing, and crying, and the excited dragoman, seizing the only weapon which was at hand, and which happened to be a deck chair, began to belabour his helmsman therewith. But soon the sail of the unfortunate cargo-boat rent in twain, and freed ours uninjured. "God is good!" said the pious dragoman ; but whether the wretched crew of the other boat, whom we left wailing, took the same view of the intervention of Providence is doubtful. But if their trust in Allah was shaken for the moment, we did our best to restore it by the compensation we were able to send them afterwards. Late that night we moored under the steep bank on which Belianeh is perched, beyond the reach of the summer overflow. An unwonted bustling overhead awoke us early on Christmas morning, and when we went above for a draught of the fresh morning air it was to find our upper deck converted into a bower of greenery with Christmas decorations—not, however, of the familiar holly, but of sugar-cane. The decorations served a double purpose, appealing at once to Christian sentiment and to Moslem appetite ; and for the next week the whole crew nibbled away at them as so many church mice might do at Harvest Festival decorations at home. Their Christmas feasting, however, was not confined to sugar-cane ; for the leader of our expedition announced that he would present them with a sheep to gorge themselves withal, an announcement which brought on a great demonstration by way of thanks—a solemn muster and march-past of the whole crew, each man kissing our hands as he went by. One of them, who passed amongst his fellows for a great authority upon the English tongue, was put forward as leader of the file, being the one who could do justice to the occasion in the "Khowaja's" own language. He possessed a choice collection of English phrases, which he produced as his fancy prompted. The one which he selected as fit greeting for this Christmas morning was "Good-night" ; his fellows each in turn echoed his greeting as best they might, and passed on well satisfied that everything required by the festival had been most eloquently said.

By this time the donkey boys of Belianeh had got wind of the arrival of a dahabeeah in the night, and now the bank was crowded with animals of varying size and shade, with boys to match. We made our selection, and set off on our ride to Abydus. It was a ride much to be remembered. Once clear of Belianeh, the pathway struck across the plain for the western desert hills ; here they are

seven miles distant from the Nile, and the stretch of ground between the river and the desert is one of the most fertile in all the land of Egypt. We rode along in the bright sunlight through fields of young wheat most vividly green and bean-fields most delicately scented ; the air was filled with the song of larks and the chant of the Fellahin. The plain is dotted here and there with brown mud villages, each built on its own mound, sentinelled by its own group of palms. Very picturesque they look, these brown islets in the green sea ; sometimes with one house, two-storeyed and white-plastered, conspicuous amongst its humbler dingy neighbours—the house of the village Sheykh ; but the picturesqueness is discounted somewhat as you ride through the village, and are beset by dirty fly-blown children clamouring for backsheesh. The last of these villages, on the edge of the desert, is Abydus itself, squatted on the dust heaps of long-gone ages. These dreary mounds of rubbish are all that remain of This, or Thinis, the oldest of Egyptian towns, where Osiris himself lies buried and where Egyptian civilisation had ts birth. But there is something more than dust and desolation at Abydus ; there are two splendid temples of the later times of Sethi and Rameses II. Of the beauties of these temples it is not for me to speak ; are they not written in the books of all the Egyptologists ? Who that has read of Egypt at all has not read of the sculptured walls and columns of the noble Temple (if temple it were) of Sethi, finished just before Egyptian art entered upon its long period of decline? Here we ate our Christmas midday meal, the gods and kings of old Egypt looking down upon us from the walls unmoved ; the children of modern Egypt making up for their cold disdain by exhibiting the liveliest curiosity in our proceedings—spying at us from behind Temple's pillars, or peeping at us through its roof. As we sat there in the shadow of the far-off Past, one amongst us, in a pessimistic spirit which often seizes him, began with all acknowledgments to Macaulay to discourse of the far-off Future when tourists from over the sea should eat their lunch amidst the ruins of some English cathedral, questioning of the meaning of the symbols of the forgotten faith which surrounded them, as we now questioned of the meaning of the mystic pictures of Abydus. We stopped his mouth at last with pigeon pie, and with the reflection that Christmas Day was not the time to indulge in these unchristian forebodings. The wonders of Abydus—its temples, its fortress, its quaintest of Coptic churches—cannot be exhausted in one day or many. We did what we could in the few hours we had, and then set off again across the plain for Belianeh, promising ourselves

another visit on our return journey. The sun was dipping now towards the western hills and the limitless desert behind them, and casting ever lengthening shadows over the plain in front. The day's work was done, and we passed groups of peasants, with their beasts of burden, making their way home—a camel perhaps stalking along in front, a donkey close behind looking absurdly small, and a heavy, slouching buffalo bringing up the rear. Amongst one of these groups, or rather lagging somewhat dolefully behind it, was a girl carrying a broken water jar. "Won't you get a good scolding when you get home?" was the consoling remark our dragoman addressed to her. "No," said she, "they will only say, 'Thank God that our sister has come back safely, and that it is only the pitcher which has been broken.'"

The marvellous afterglow of sunset had passed from the cloudless sky and darkness settled upon the land ere we reached again the steep bank from which Belianeh looks down upon the Nile; below us lay our boat, yet more transformed with Christmas braveries than it had been when we left it in the morning: for now the triumphal arches of sugar-cane were all hung with many-coloured, lanterns and our upper deck was a very fairy-bower. Here, after dinner, we lay resting our limbs, wearied with many hours of donkey-riding—lay, like the lotus-eaters,

> Lull'd by warm airs blowing lowly
> Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
> And watch'd the wondrous river drawing slowly
> His waters . . . to the far off sparkling brine—

listening the while to the weird melody of the Arab songs and music with which our sailors on their deck below were winding up their Christmas festivities. Is there any more plaintive sound than the long drawn "Aäh" which closes every stave of an Egyptian song? The last of these "Aähs" was dying away upon the air when Mohammed, the English scholar, made his appearance on our deck to speed with winged words the parting festival, even as he had ushered it in. He was apparently so well satisfied with his morning effort that he could now do no better than repeat it. But his "Good-night" sounded now upon our ears with more appropriateness than when it fell upon them as the morning greeting of our Christmas Day.

WRAY W. HUNT.

A STRANGER IN ELYSIA.

THE tale was told me by a friend whose veracity I count part of my religion, and I may endeavour to set it forth, such as it is, with what circumstances can be remembered. My friend, it seems, had gone a-fishing on a July day, and not attaining even a moderate success, had lain down upon the grassy bank of the stream. He had then drawn from his pocket "The Pilgrim's Progress," a book which always went with him on his travels, and, as he read therein, become drowsy and fallen asleep. How long he slept he could not afterwards tell; but sooner or later, as he said, he found himself awake in an orchard. His mind seemed filled with a sleep and a forgetting as to former things; but, as he moved among the trees, what he saw fixed itself with precision in his remembrance, so that he could tell what varieties of trees he had observed, how many apples or pears hung upon a branch of a certain curve, and other details of a like nature. Meanwhile, the softness of the air, the ruddy colour of the fruit (for he had wandered, as it were, from summer into autumn), the luxuriance of the yielding grass under foot, led him onwards unhurriedly, until a voice, falling with strange accent on his ear, caught his attention. As he proceeded, the trees stood thinner, and he saw figures moving in a space beyond, through the natural screen of boughs and leaves. Without hesitation he left the shelter of the trees and emerged upon the open green. Only one or two of those present bestowed a glance upon him, for all were intent upon a game of bowls.

"Ah, Master Chaucer," cried a voice, "thou wast never famous for striking the golden mean. Thou hadst ever a bias towards the right or left, and the left more often than the right, I fear. What sayest thou, Sir Walter?"

A merry laugh was the immediate reply to this sally.

A moment later, "That may be," said the gentleman addressed, as he carefully placed a ball in his right hand before rolling it; "yet if Master Chaucer's 'Tales' had been but fables for praying people" —here he rolled his ball—"I think we had missed some right good

jests, and thou, Master Gay, hadst been at a loss for somewhat on which to sharpen thy wits! But, Sir Philip, you will remember the laugh the Queen raised when discussing the merits of the 'Wife of Bath'?"

"Methinks they were better days for England," said Mr. Chaucer, "when we had men like the great Edward on the throne, subduing the Welsh; and he would have had his will with the Scots, too, if the arch-enemy had not stopped his hand. In your days your jewelled women could command brave men, and willy-nilly they must obey. Women are very well to sew and cook, and for a man to pass his leisure hours with; but on a throne—by my soul, I think it a plan of the devil for the confusion of England."

"Yes, sir," growled the Rev. John Knox, "it is a damnable folly, an unheard-of monstrosity, a vile presumption!"

"I fancy, reverend sir," said Mr. Gay, "that you said something of a different nature to the Queen of Scots on a certain occasion; but that may have escaped your memory."

"Sir," said Sir Philip Sidney (who had just hit the jack), turning to Mr. Chaucer, "if it were not that I would fain see this game to an end, I would fain cross swords with thee for insulting the dignity of our Virgin Queen."

"Ah, Sir Philip," replied Mr. Chaucer, "I must suspect thee of being something more to your Virgin Queen than a liege subject! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Women, in my opinion," broke in Baron Verulam, who had strolled round to watch the game, "are of a too curious a disposition to be wise in great affairs of state, but must ever be prying into matters that concern them not or are of small import, and if they be of a vicious nature they are like to bring their subjects into a sorry case. What had been the opinion of King Solomon? For although the Queen of Sheba had a high estimate of his mental gifts, and that will always tend to make a man of a good humour, I make but little doubt that she was more concerned with his head of hair than with the wisdom of his brains, and thought more of the pearls in his crown than in his speech."

"Yet," continued Sir Philip Sidney, still unwilling to let his opponent go, "I think that thou, Master Chaucer, are not to be trusted in matters of judgment or taste. And thy 'Tales' bear witness to this, for though they may make tolerable reading, those of Boccace are better, and, in truth, thy verse contains but little music. My friend, Mr. Spenser, can take thee down a peg or two at that. I hold that no man may be thought a poet if music attend not upon his words."

"None will deny Sir Philip Sidney's right to speak on the art of poesie," said another voice, "yet I think the gentle Mr. Spenser, if he were here, would not question that Mr. Chaucer is a good poet. But here comes Mr. Lawes. He should have something to say in a question of music. Mr. Lawes, what sayest thou? Sir Philip says that Mr. Chaucer hath but little music in his verse, and on that account holds Mr. Spenser a greater poet."

"Why, I think that Mr. Chaucer and Mr. Spenser be both very good poets, though neither of them can hope to equal my friend, Mr. John Milton."

"There, sir, you are begging the question. It is which hath the greater claims on account of the music of his verse."

"Well, my lord, with the noose round my neck, I think that Mr. Spenser is a greater master of harmonies, but that Mr. Chaucer can often strike a clearer note, if you will allow the distinction."

Sir Walter Raleigh now addressed my friend, proposing that he should join in the game. Just then Mr. Chaucer was heard to be speaking to someone who was standing on one of the boughs of an apple-tree and holding to a branch overhead. He was busily plucking the apples with his right hand and slipping them one by one into a wallet hanging at his side, and paid no attention to the game that was being played on the turf beneath.

"How go the apples of wisdom, Master Plato?" said Mr. Chaucer. Then he continued, in the tone of Mephistopheles joking with Faust, "Aristotle hath it all his own way now, eh?"

"Truth, my excellent friend, is eternal, and it is the part of every wise man to seek it."

"Ah, Master Plato, Aristotle hath it all his own way now. There can be no doubt about that."

"Worse luck!" croaked a voice, Giordano Bruno's, "worse luck!"

"Aristotle, sir, is a man of judgment," said he in the apple tree; "I have read his works since coming hither."

"Ah, thou divine Plato!" exclaimed Bruno, "I had not thought to hear thee speak thus of that unideal man!"

The attention of all was then drawn to the game. A few seconds later an ominous crack was heard, and in a moment the divine Plato came to the ground on the top of a broken bough. He immediately picked himself up, and made speed away through the trees before any could assist him.

My friend's arm was now taken by Sir Francis Bacon, who led him from the bowling-green; and the two, passing through a

hedge of privet, came upon a wide open heath. Sir Francis gave himself out for a connoisseur in the matter of gardens, and told my friend that since coming to Elysia he had been enabled to put into actual form certain fancies and designs in things horticultural, for which time or opportunity had been denied him on earth. He indicated with particularity some thickets of sweet-briar and honeysuckle, wild strawberry, and primrose plants, these past their flowering, those now showing their red fruit among the grass; and some tangled growths of wild thyme, pinks, and periwinkles; all as being apt for such a place made on so princely a scale. For the object of a heath, so excellent a thing in gardens, is not the luxurious pleasing of the senses. This, indeed, may be had in the main garden. It should be frequented rather as a healthy and stringent alternative, so that one may return to the other, more susceptible to the nice varyings of scent a-circling in the air. For the pleasure felt after such an exile is like the more delicate flavour of tobacco, as Sir Walter Raleigh might say, after an abstinence of, it may be, a few days.

The day now seemed to be coming to an end, for as they crossed the green my friend lost sight of his companion, who then left him, through the half-darkness. He found himself confronting a mansion with lights casting a dull glimmer from the windows. Approaching a short flight of steps, he ventured to ascend and enter by a door. As he passed in, a maid, seeing him in the hall, ushered him into a large room, whence a hum of conversation proceeded. A number of people were sitting down to dinner. Someone politely appointed my friend to a seat.

"Really," said a voice, "Sir Isaac has arranged for the darkness very skilfully to-night. It has come on quite like a September evening."

My friend asked his nearest neighbour if it were not customary for the darkness to come on of itself, and what was meant by saying that "Sir Isaac" had arranged it.

"Well," said the gentleman addressed, who was, indeed, no other than Sir Richard Steele, "I must suppose that you have not been here very long, or you would have understood. Properly, there is no night here, as you may remember if you have read your Bible; but now and again the continuous light becomes so monotonous that Mr Shakespeare, whom you see seated at the head of the table, and some other choice spirits, prevail upon Sir Isaac Newton to arrange an artificial darkness and moonlight to remind one of former days. Sir Roger de Coverley generally puts in a word for a pitch-dark

night, but Mr. Shakespeare always insists on the moonlight, and so does Ben Jonson. Dr. Samuel Johnson doesn't like it at all. He says, 'Why, sir, it is interfering with the course of celestial nature!'"

"Ah, yes, I understand. You partake in Leigh Hunt's idea of 'an earth upon heaven.'"

"Leigh Hunt! His works have followed him, of course, and I have looked into them, but I do not recollect what you refer to. What was Leigh Hunt's idea?"

"Oh, in one of his 'Essays,'" replied my friend, "he sets forth heaven as he would like it to be—successive stages of bliss until one reaches what I suppose must be the seventh heaven. Instant finality of bliss would come with too great a shock, he thinks. His considerations, however, are almost entirely confined to the first stage—the most earthly. He enumerates certain desiderata, among which the first is a friend——"

"Naturally."

"The friend will be the best friend we have had on earth. But there will be other excellent fellows to join in company in the evening when the earth begins to rise as the moon does upon the earth. Then, he says, 'we shall read the poets, and have some sphere-music (if we please), or renew one of our old earthly evenings, picked out of a dozen Christmases'; so he goes on."

"He must be a very agreeable fellow, Mr. Hunt. I shall cultivate his acquaintance."

"His second requirement is a wife."

"Ah."

"Of course she has become his ideal; all her good qualities have been made perfect and her bad ones taken away, 'with the exception,' as he says, 'of one or two charming little angelical peccadilloes, which she can only get rid of in a post-future state.'"

"Did he specify any further?"

"Yes. His third *magnum bonum* is of a soberer kind. I wonder, indeed, that such a book-lover did not put it even before a wife. It is, of course, books. He looked forward to Sir Walter Scott's writing forty more novels, all as good as the Scotch ones. I hope, indeed, that they *will* be Scotch ones. He also wished Shakespeare and Spenser to write new books. As to Spenser, I think that he wrote enough. He should be allowed to rest from his labours."

During the next course, my friend was silent, watching those about him. A fair-haired girl, St. Cecily by name, was playing cup-bearer to Shakespeare, who sat, as in royal state, at the head of the

table. Nor did any sense of dignity entail silence upon him towards such a charming servitress. Her pleasant laughter and witty sallies, indeed, were not such as might be expected from one who had been canonised as a saint, and had had a special day set apart for her service by Mother Church, or whose portrait had been painted with such demureness of aspect by Dolce as well as by Domenichino.

The fact that my friend was a stranger did not seem, as he afterwards told me, to cause anyone the slightest mistrust of him; everyone with whom he had anything to do appearing to regard his presence as quite in the nature of things. Looking back upon the adventure he seemed to himself to have figured pretty much as an impostor, though at the time he acted as if he had a perfect right to be in Elysia, indicating a certain degree of presumption on his part. No doubt his fortune in escaping detection was due to the angelic trustfulness of those whom he met, and not to qualities of his own. Whether his appearance was as usual he had no means of learning, and of the attire of the persons whom he saw he had no recollection, save only that so far from possessing any celestial appurtenances such as wings, everyone seemed to have been dressed in a manner so customary as not to attract the slightest attention.

An elderly gentleman who sat opposite to my friend made a remark which did not seem to be addressed to anyone especially. As his neighbour on either hand was talking to someone else, he looked round for a listener, and caught my friend's eye. His remark had been to the effect that as time went on he became more and more convinced that the invention of printing was to be regretted, though he had had the distinction of introducing it to his native country. The only reply made by my friend, who, of course, knew with whom he was talking, was a slightly surprised "Indeed?"

"Yes," repeated Mr. Caxton, "I think it a mistake, considering what printing has become. From all accounts that have reached me, I am strongly of opinion that the old practice of having books in manuscript was better in many ways. I have had repeated to me a remark which is said to be current on earth, namely, that there could have been for me no greater surprise if I had known to what proportions the business of printing was to grow in modern times—as if that were a cause of congratulation. In truth, I think them quite the reverse. It seems to me that where printing is cheap and easy, and many thousands of volumes are issued in a year, there must be two consequences: one, that many books are printed which were never worthy to be written; and the other, that if any man attempt to read any great part of what is printed, he must in a manner become confused and forgetful of what he reads, and, in addition, read much

that is not worthy to be read at all. Now, if the Government were to make some strict law that only a certain number of books were to be printed in each year, and that the selection from those written should be made by competent critics, I think that there would be two good results—namely, that people would strive to write in a more excellent manner, so that their books might have the honour of being printed, while those people who, incapable of writing well, were possessed of a vain imagination that they could, would then be free to go to the Plantations, or engage in some other useful occupation; and secondly, reading people would find it much more profitable to read the books that were printed, and would not need to be satisfied with one reading of a book."

"I think there is much wisdom in what you say, sir," said my friend. "There is no doubt that a great amount of matter is poured from the press in modern times—especially novels and works of imagination"—at one time my friend was a reviewer—"which is absolutely worthless or worse, and which is only irritating to read. What you have said reminds me of a passage in a book which I read some time ago. The writer makes one of the characters, who belongs to the descendants of a colony of Greeks, uphold the custom of having books in manuscript. A law had been made that printed books should be abolished, and that children should study the great writers at school, and each make his own copy. Thus everyone had a library of as many books as he had read and studied."

This conversation, however, was broken off, because just then there arose the sound of the pushing back of chairs, as the diners arose. Mr. Caxton, presently joining my friend, led him to the library, whither some other gentlemen were directing their steps. This was a pleasant, spacious apartment, and French windows, which were standing open, led out upon the lawn. Two or three lamps cast a restrained light upon the shelves of books that lined the wall.

As they entered the room, they had approached a group of persons standing by a table. One who had been speaking was being replied to by another, who seemed to differ from the opinion which had been expressed.

"Ah, do you really think so?" said he. "Now, I have always thought that the immortality of the soul was rather an undesirable thing on the whole. Just consider how pleasantly a man could go through the world acting all the time with a view to his own pleasure and never having any regard for the future. Why, a man could do what he chose with impunity, so long as he kept clear of the law. Again, the world would be a far better place if there were no dis-

agreeable people such as Puritans and other religious fanatics, in it to be always lifting up the finger of denunciation—and then their hands are always so rough, and even unclean! Now, my lord bishop, do you not think these important considerations?"

"My Lord Rochester," replied the author of "Holy Living," "I would not dispute that the Puritan may often be a disagreeable person, and that his toilet is not always so elegant as it might be; and I will not deny that for the licentious the fact that there was no future reckoning to be made, would be a great ease to the mind. But your lordship will grant that it is desirable that men should live soberly and uprightly, and so long as the expectation or fear, as the case may be, of immortality leads men so to live——"

"My lord bishop, I should as soon think of granting that it is desirable for me to live what your lordship has called a sober and upright life as of admitting that there is any difference between virtue and an insane asceticism."

The bishop here made as if he would reply, but thinking better of it, turned impatiently away, and mustering all his dignity left the room. My Lord Rochester seemed amused but said nothing further, but presently began to talk to someone near him.

Mr. Caxton, addressing one who stood on the other side of the small table, said, "What do you think, Mr. Lamb, on the subject?"

"I think," said Mr. Lamb, "that as far as Lord Rochester is concerned, he doesn't mean what he says, and that, for Bishop Taylor, his argument, based on the utility of the belief, seems to be effectively answered by the life of Lord Rochester himself, and of many another I could name. But I prefer reading Plato on the subject to forming or expressing ideas of my own. Still, for my own part, I think it desirable that the soul should be immortal."

"Yes," said Mr. Caxton, "I suppose it is best to agree with Mr. Pope, the poet, that whatever is, is right."

My friend now made a remark which put an abrupt end to the discussion in a way he hardly looked for.

"But, sir, you would not say that Pope was really to be considered a poet, or anything more than a trite moralist?"

Mr. Lamb only smiled; but surprised horror and astonishment were evident in the faces of all the rest. My friend could hardly remember how it was; but they all rushed at him and bore him across the lawn. And my friend, looking round, beheld Demas, gentleman-like, holding open a door and crying to him, "Ho, come hither, and I will show you a new thing!"

CHARLES HILL DICK.

THE DEITIES OF ROMAN BRITAIN.

THE task of deciphering Roman inscriptions, like that of reading old manuscripts, must always be "caviare to the general." Their grotesque characters and quaint abbreviations are matters requiring more study and patience than most people can afford to devote to such a subject; but the results obtained by the labour of experts are frequently of general interest if they can be presented to the public in a palatable form. For instance, at Birdoswald, a well-preserved camp near the Gilsland station of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, a number of altars have been found, all bearing the same formula, "I.O.M.," and erected to Jupiter, the "best and greatest" of the gods by the 1st cohort of Dacian troops. At first sight the discovery of so many similar stones does not appear to advance our knowledge of history to any appreciable extent, but in the present instance it is the very reiteration of the inscription which is valuable evidence to the archæologist. For if we turn to the pages of the "Notitia Imperii," which comprises an official army list of the Roman Empire, compiled about the year 300 A.D., we shall find that the 1st cohort of Dacians formed part of the Roman garrison of Britain, and were stationed at Amboglanna, and we may therefore safely conclude that Birdoswald is the site of the ancient military station of that name.

Again, in the year 1870, no less than seventeen Roman altars were discovered at Maryport. They had been buried face downwards in pits and covered with stones and earth, and they appeared to have been carefully concealed in order to preserve them from destruction. Seven of them were dedicated by the Præfect for the time being of the 1st cohort of Spanish troops. On reference to the Roman army list we notice that the 1st cohort of Spaniards were quartered at Axelodunum, and thus we learn the name by which the Cumberland sea-port was known to the people of Rome. The cohorts which formed the Cumberland garrison were composed of Astures from Spain, Moors from Northern Africa, and Dalmatians,

Thracians, Dacians, and Pannonians from the Balkan Peninsula, while the Northumberland garrison consisted for the most part of Gauls and Germans.

Camden relates that there was formerly a tradition amongst the inhabitants of the village of Risingham, in Northumberland, that "the place was long defended by the god Magon against a certain soldan or pagan prince," and the story was not destitute of foundation, because two altars had then (1607) lately been taken out of the bed of the river, one of which bore the inscription, "Deo Mogonti Cad," and the other "Deo Mouno Cad," which meant "To the god Mogon of the Cadeni" (Camden's "Magna Britannia," translated by Bishop Gibson, ii. 203.)

The syllable "Cad" is generally believed to be an abbreviation of "Gadenorum," for the Roman characters C and G are so similar in form that they are often used interchangeably in such inscriptions. The Gadeni were a clan of native Britons inhabiting Cumberland and Northumberland, and forming a sub-tribe of the Brigantes, who occupied all the northern counties of England. The inscriptions to Mogon have all been found in the neighbourhood of the Roman Wall, and are of an especially barbarous character, so we may infer that Mogon was a god of the soil, with whom the Roman legionaries stationed in the locality thought it expedient to keep on good terms. Since Camden's time two altars have been discovered at Plumpton Wall, near Penrith, in which we can discern the attempt of an illiterate artist to sculpture an inscription to the same deity. The first is dedicated "Deo Mogti"; the second, "Deo Mounti"—the latter word in each case being, evidently, a contraction of Mogonti or Mogunti. Another altar, from Netherby, bears the words "Deo Mogonti Vitires" (*sic*), and appears to identify the god with a divinity whom we will next consider.

Veteres, or Vitires, was another god whose name is not to be found in the classical literature of Rome; but the garrisons stationed along the line of the Great Wall erected altars to his honour, and it has been conjectured that he also was a deity whom the native Britons of the district worshipped. During the Scotch Rebellion of 1745 General Wade, who commanded the English forces at Newcastle, expressed himself unable to march to the relief of Carlisle because there were no roads by which he could bring up his artillery. So, shortly after that date, a new "military road" was constructed, at the public expense, connecting Newcastle and Carlisle. It ran along the line of the Roman Wall (which was built by the Emperor Hadrian about 120 A.D.), and the engineers fully

availed themselves of the convenient quarry which it afforded for supplying the materials necessary for road-making. It was during the progress of these works, near Thirlwall Castle, that an altar inscribed "Deo Sanc Veteri" was brought to light and presented to the Society of Antiquaries. Another altar, in the possession of the same society, was found at Benwell, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. The latter has a sacrificial axe and knife sculptured on its side, and the inscription "Deo Vetri Sant." A second altar from the same place bears the single word, "Vitirbus," incised upon its front. It is evident that the rustic sculptor was an uneducated man, for he has mistaken the name of Veteres for a plural form, and has attempted, with but scant success, to give it a dative termination. Hodgson says that "Vithris" was one of the names of the god Odin, and cites a passage from the "Death-song of Lodbroc," in which it occurs: "I will approach the courts of Vithris with the faltering voice of fear." The worship of Vithris (if such it was), may possibly have been introduced into the island by the Moeatæ, who are believed by some to have been immigrants from Scandinavia or from the northern coast of Germany. The Meatæ dwelt beyond the northern wall (Graham's Dike), and in the year 208 A.D. were threatening the safety of the Roman province of Britain to such an extent that the Emperor Severus found it necessary to come to York in order to lead a punitive expedition against them and their allies, the Caledonians.

On the other hand, his cult may have been imported by Teutonic soldiers. The figures of a boar and toad sculptured upon one of his altars from Ebchester, Durham (Horsley, No. 6), throw no light on the subject of his origin.

When Camden visited the extensive ruins of the Roman camp of Carvoran and its suburbs, near Haltwhistle, Northumberland, in company with Sir Robert Cotton—the founder of the Cottonian Library—an old woman who lived in a cottage close by showed them an altar inscribed "Deo Vitirine." Hodgson mentions an altar from Blenkinsop, in the same neighbourhood, with the dedication "Deo Veterine," and suggests that it relates to the veterinary god, a deity who, as he imagines, presided over the health of horses, the Æsculapius of the Roman farriers, and allied, perhaps, to Epona, the Roman goddess of stables and horses, whose altar has also been found at Carvoran. This, however, is not a satisfactory explanation, and it seems preferable to regard these barbarous dedications as applicable to the local god Veteres.

The next divinity to claim our attention is Belatucader, whose worship seems to have prevailed to a considerable extent amongst the

Imperial troops stationed in Cumberland. An altar inscribed "Deo S(ancto) Belatucadro" was found in the river Irthing at Castlesteads. Another, "Deo Belatuca," came from Burgh-on-Sands, and is described in "Archæologia," i. 310. Lysons considered both altars to belong to a late period of the Roman occupation. Belatucader seems to have been a god of war, for an altar found at Plumpton Wall, described in the tenth volume of "Archæologia," identifies him with Mars. It is consecrated "Deo Marti Belutacadro," and the same words appear upon an altar found at Netherby.

A god belonging to the same category is Cocidius. An altar erected "Deo Sancto Cocidio" was exhumed at Netherby; and Lysons, having regard to the form of the letters, assigns it also to a late date. Cocidius was evidently worshipped by the Roman soldiers as being a god who presided over battles, for we find the dedicatory inscription "Deo Marti Cocidio" upon an altar from Old Wall, Cumberland, and another, "Deo Sancto Marti Cocidio," upon one found at Lancaster in 1797. ("Arch." xiii. 401.)

Both Belatucader and Cocidius are called "holy," a strange epithet to apply to gods who preside over wars, but the same adjective is coupled with the name of the Roman Mars in inscriptions found at Castlesteads and elsewhere.

The Vatican manuscript of the "Cosmography of Ravenna," a geographical treatise by a writer of the sixth or seventh century, mentions a station near the Great Wall called Fanococidi, "the temple of Cocidius"; and as four altars to this god have been found near Lanercost, Cumberland, it has been conjectured that Fanococidi may have been in that neighbourhood. (Bruce, "Roman Wall.")

"The god of war," says the learned antiquary, Mr. Pegge ("Arch." iii. 101), "seems to have had different names in various parts of Britain. By the Trinobantes, or Catuvellauni, he was called 'Camulus,' by the Brigantes 'Belatucadrus,' by the Coritani 'Braciaca,' and perhaps by others 'Esus' or 'Hesus.'"

An altar to "Mars Camulus" has been found in Stirlingshire ("Arch." xxvii. 221), on the line of the great Roman wall constructed by Antoninus Pius, the successor of Hadrian, and commonly known as "Graham's Dike," and another at Rome inscribed "Camulo Deo Sancto et Fortissimo." (Camden, p. 353.) His name also appears in Camulo-dunum, the chief town of the Trinobantes or ancient inhabitants of Essex and Middlesex.

Belatucader, or Belatucadrus, has been already referred to.

An altar to "Deus Mars Braciaca" has been found at Haddon Hall, Derbyshire, in the district formerly inhabited by the British tribe of Coritani, and is figured in Lysons' Derbyshire.

Esus or Hesus, the last of the deities mentioned by Mr. Pegge, is represented on a bas-relief discovered beneath the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame, Paris, as a young man crowned with a chaplet and standing before a tree with his hand raised as if he were about to cut it down. Above his head is sculptured the name "Esus" (Montfaucon, vol. ii.). No inscriptions to the god have been found in this country, so it is uncertain whether he was known to the Britons by his Gallic name. It is doubtful, too, whether he was a war-god at all. Esus is one of the three sanguinary gods whose worship, according to Lucanus, prevailed amongst the Gauls—

> "Et quibus inmitis placatur sanguine diro
> Teutates, horrensque feris altaribus Esus,
> Et Taranis Scythicæ non mitior ara Dianæ."
>
> *Pharsalia*, i. 444.

And Lactantius says that the Gauls were in the habit of propitiating Esus and Teutates with human blood. ("De falsâ Religione," i. 21.)

Now we know from Tacitus that the sacred rites and superstitions prevalent among the tribes who inhabited the south-eastern portion of Britain differed but little from those of their neighbours the Gauls ('Agricola,' xi.), so there can hardly be a doubt that the above-mentioned deities were worshipped by such of the British tribes as were of Gallic extraction. We shall not, therefore, be digressing from our subject if we endeavour to ascertain some scant particulars concerning the gods of ancient Gaul. Cæsar says that the Gauls worshipped the god Mercury in particular, and had many images of him. They regarded him as the inventor of all the arts, the guide of their journeys and marches, and believed him to have very great influence over money-making and mercantile transactions. Next to him, they worshipped Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva. Respecting these deities they had for the most part the same belief as other nations, namely, that Apollo averted diseases, that Minerva imparted the invention of manufactures, that Jupiter possessed the sovereignty of the heavenly powers, and that Mars presided over war (Book vi. 17). There was, therefore, a general resemblance between the gods of the native Gauls and those of the city of Rome, for all the so-called Aryan nations, whether Greeks, Romans, Celts, or Germans, seem to have worshipped analogous deities.

It is generally believed that Teutates corresponded to Mercury, because a corrupt passage of Livy (Book xxvi. 44) mentions a tumulus in Spain that derived its name from Teutates Mercurius. The juxtaposition of the names in the manuscript is not without significance, even though it may be the work of a later hand.

It has been asserted that Tothill Fields, Westminster, took their name from a mound sacred to Teutates or Teut, and that St. Ermin's Hill, Westminster, is so called from the same, or a similar, tumulus, dedicated to the Saxon god, Irmensul or Ermensul, whose image, Pithou tells us, was found in the fortress of Eresburg (Stadtberg in Westphalia) when it was captured by Charlemagne. That some artificial mound gave both localities their name is pretty certain, but I will not vouch for the truth of either of the above derivations. "Toot," or "Toot-hill," is an old English term for a mound of earth. A barrow near Bath, called the "Fairy Toot" is mentioned in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1789.

Illustrations of some very peculiar images of the Gallic Mercury are given by Montfaucon.

Apollo was represented in Gaul by a god named Belĕnus, as we learn from some lines of Ausonius, in which he says to Attius: "You are sprung from the race of the Druids, and derive your hallowed descent from the temple of Belenus, from which circumstance you have obtained the title of 'Patera,' for so they call the ministers of the mystic Apollinaris" ("Professores," 4). And in another passage the same poet writes: "I will not omit to mention the old man, born of the Stock of Druids, of Armorican race, Phœbitius by name, who has been sacristan to Belenus and has obtained a professor's chair at Bordeaux" (*ibid.* 10). And Dioscorides mentions that the plant *herba Apollinaris*, or henbane, in the juice of which the Gauls used to dip their arrows, was called, in their language, *Belinuntia*.

The above passages leave no room for doubt that Belenus, or Belinus, was identical with Apollo. His name appears in that of Cuno-belinus, the British king of the Trinobantes. Apollo was also worshipped in Britain under the name of Maponus, which is a latinised form of the Welsh "Mabon"—a boy—and has reference to the youthful appearance of the god. A fine monument to Apollo Maponus was found at Hexham, and inscriptions to the same divinity at Ainstable in Cumberland and Ribchester in Lancashire. An altar to Apollo Grannus has been discovered at Musselburgh in Scotland. Camden thinks that the title is an allusion to the long locks of the god, "because Isodorus calls the long hair of the Goths *granni*." Orelli mentions several inscriptions to Apollo Grannus that have been discovered in Gaul.

As regards Mars, every savage tribe has its own deity of war, and we have already noticed several names by which the god of battles was known in Britain.

The blood-thirsty Taranis (referred to by Lucanus) was the Jupiter of the Gauls. We know that he, at any rate, was worshipped in Britain, for an altar inscribed to Jupiter Tanarus (*sic*) has been found at Chester, and is now at Oxford. The name Tanarus is probably a blunder of the stone-cutter for Taranus, because the word *taran* is Welsh for thunder, and Jupiter Taranus is equivalent to Jupiter Tonans, "the thunderer."

The British Minerva had a great temple at Bath, where altars have been found inscribed "Deæ Suli" and "Deæ Suli Minervæ." The Roman name of the city, "Aquæ Solis," "waters of the sun," is probably a corruption of "Aquæ Sulis," "the waters of Suli." At Bath there has been found a sculpture of a human head, with serpents entwined in its hair and beard. It is believed to be a personification of the hot springs over which, as Solinus informs us, Minerva presided. The name Suli has no connection, as some have supposed, with the Suliviæ or Suleviæ, sylphs or woodland nymphs, who also had altars raised to them.

Orelli mentions inscriptions to Minerva Belisama, found in Aquitania, which also had its hot springs. Ptolemy calls the estuary of the river Ribble, in Lancashire, "Belisama," the title which the Gauls applied to their goddess.

We learn from Dio Cassius that, during the war between the Romans and Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, her subjects chiefly worshipped a goddess of victory named Andate (or, according to one manuscript, Andraste), and offered, with the greatest inhumanity, prisoners of war as victims in a grove consecrated to that deity.

Some very curious groups of female figures have been found in various parts of Great Britain, which are believed to represent the Matronæ, or three matrons. Sometimes they are seated upon thrones, and hold in their laps baskets filled with fruit or flowers, emblematical of the benefits which they bestowed upon mankind. A very perfect specimen of this type was discovered in the course of some excavations at Hart Street, Crutched Friars. Sometimes they stand side by side. A group of the latter type, preserved at Minsteracres, represents three graceful nymphs; but two other groups, from Netherby and Netherhall (Maryport), respectively, exhibit barbarous figures with cowls, like those worn by the monks of the middle ages or by the Esquimaux of the present day. Their memory lingered into Christian times, for St. Gall found the people of Brigantium, in Switzerland, paying adoration to three images affixed to the wall of their temple; and Burchard, Bishop of Worms, who died in 1024, relates that, even in his time, the German women at certain seasons

of the year laid their tables with three places, in case the three sisters should visit their homes. Their analogues are to be found in the mythology of other nations, the Fates of the Romans, the Wælcyrian of the Saxons, and the three fairies of mediæval legends.

Muratori has proved (*Thes. Inscr.*, i. 93) by reference to ancient inscriptions, that the Matronæ were supernatural beings of the same nature as those whom the old Romans called Genii and Junones. Every man was believed to be watched over by a genius, and every woman by a Juno (Spon, *Miscellanea Eruditæ Antiquitatis*), an idea which they may have derived from the ancient Etruscans. In later times these attendant spirits were confused and identified with certain minor female divinities, who were believed by the conquered tribes of Germany to preside over rural districts and villages. All were finally included in one class, "Matronæ," with a common name and common attributes. These Matronæ, then, eventually became spirits who presided not only over individual females but over men and women, over families, country districts, and villages. They are never dignified with the name of goddesses, and must not be confused with the Deæ Matres.

Mr. Wylie, in a very able paper contained in the 46th vol. of "Archæologia," writes:—"The cults of the Deæ Matres and the Matronæ, though very analogous, were in truth *perfectly distinct*. The former cult is a very ancient one, and, I think, derivable from classical sources, certainly Greek, probably Oriental. I am not aware that a direct mention of the Matronæ occurs in any classical writer, though, if my deductions be admitted, they may represent a metamorphosis of the Junones. The chief difference between them seems to have been the belief that the Matres were a higher and more powerful class of divinities, perchance more difficult to be propitiated. Thus, while we see the Matronæ invoked for the protection and welfare of individuals, villages, and towns, the Deæ Matres, besides all this, appear in inscriptions as the ladies-patronesses, not only of certain nations, but even of *all* nations."

Inscriptions to the Deæ Matres are of frequent occurrence in Germany and Gaul, as well as in Britain, and they appear to have been favourite objects of devotion amongst the Roman soldiers. An altar from Northumberland, with the simple inscription "Matribus," is dedicated by the 1st cohort of Tungrians (Horsley, No. 42). A fragment of another, addressed "Matribus suis," is built into the front of the Steam Packet Inn at Port Carlisle. Horsley saw one at Scaleby Castle inscribed "Matribus domesticis," which was said to have been discovered at Stanwix. A stone slab, found at Benwell,

near Newcastle, is dedicated to the Matres Campestres, or mothers of the fields, as well as to the genius of the 1st Ala of Spanish Astures. That cavalry regiment is stated by the "Notitia Imperii" to have been quartered at Condercum, and it is therefore probable that Benwell occupies the site of that station. Another altar, brought from Risingham to Alnwick Castle, was addressed to the Matres Tra-marinæ, or "the Mothers across the Sea," by a military officer, who appears by another inscription to have been tribune of the 1st cohort of Vangiones, troops who hailed from the Rhineland. These transmarine mothers were also adored at Brougham, in Westmoreland, and at Plumpton Wall. Lastly, an inscribed stone, found at Castlesteads, Cumberland, commemorates the restoration of a temple "to the mothers of all nations." (Lysons, "Cumb.," No. 75).

Benwell has also produced an altar to another female triad, "the three Lamiæ," who were popularly believed to be evil spirits that wandered about at night in the form of women, devouring the flesh of human beings whom they allured, and sucking the blood of infant children. They corresponded to the vampires of Northern Europe.

The "Nymph goddess" appears to have been one of the deities worshipped by the native Britons. An inscription to her is said to have been found at Lanercost, Cumberland, in 1637 (Lysons, "Cumb." p. 184), and Dr. Gale mentions another, "Deæ Nymphæ Brig," at Chester (Horsley, p. 315). Both have disappeared, but an altar has been found at Greta Bridge, Yorkshire, inscribed "To the nymph goddess Elauna, a deity of the Brigantes." Camden misread the inscription "Deæ Numeriæ," whereas it actually is "Deæ Nymphæ Elaunæ." It is not at all certain whether she is identical with Brigantia, whose winged image was discovered at Birrens, in Scotland. It holds a spear in its right hand, and a globe in its left, and is thought by some to be the personification, or genius, of the wide territories of the Brigantes, or Northern Britons. Wright, however, connects the deity or deities of these inscriptions with the town of Brigantium (now Bregentz), in Switzerland, for he considers it improbable that the conqueror would worship the deity of a vanquished tribe. But it is not only probable, but certain, that the Romans were in the habit of worshipping the gods of the countries which they had conquered, and we need have little hesitation in including the nymph goddess among the indigenous divinities of Britain.

Nodens was the god of the sea, whose worship prevailed among the Silurians, or wild tribes of the west. During the Roman occupation he had a temple at Lydney Park, Gloucestershire, on the

banks of the river Severn, and he was there "depicted as a Triton or Neptune, borne by sea-horses, and surrounded by a laughing crowd of Nereids." ("Origins of Eng. Hist.") His name in Welsh is "Nudd," pronounced *Nyth*, and the ancient Irish called him "Nuada," and regarded him as the husband of their river Boyne. (O'Curry's "Anc. Irish," iii. 156.)

The seafaring Etruscans worshipped a water god with a similar name, Nethuns.

An inscription was discovered in Zealand, addressed to the goddess Nehalennia, by a chalk-merchant of Britain, in gratitude for goods safely preserved. She is generally represented holding a basket of fruit and accompanied by a dog. On a mosaic pavement, found near Nismes, she appears standing on the sea-shore with her dog beside her. She seems to have been a goddess invoked by sailors (Montfaucon, vol. ii.).

Jupiter Dolichenus, whose altars have been found at Benwell, Risingham, and Bewcastle, is supposed to have derived his epithet from Doliche in Macedonia, a country which Strabo says abounded in iron, and as the peculiar Roman "slag" is found in the vicinity of Risingham and Bewcastle, he may possibly have been the patron of the local iron trade (Bruce, "Roman Wall"). Some of the other names we have noticed may be epithets derived from localities. For instance, the inscription "Diismountibus," *i.e.*, Moguntibus (a plural form of Mogon) upon an altar found at High Rochester, Northumberland, should perhaps be rendered "To the Moguntine gods"; and the combination "Silvanus Cocidius," engraved upon an altar erected by a Tungrian prefect at Housesteads, may similarly be translated "The Cocidian Silvanus."

Inscriptions to the following obscure, and presumably local, deities have been found at places mentioned below :—

The god Arciaconus, who appears to have taken his name from the town of Arciaca, in Gaul. His altar was found at York, which was the headquarters of the Roman army of occupation, and it may have been erected by some of the Gallic soldiers.

The goddess Ancasta, at Bitterne, Hants.

The god Ceaiius, at Drumburgh, Cumberland. It was copied by Camden, whose transcripts are not always reliable, and the name of the god is so uncouth in form that Horsley suggested the reading Oceanus, "the ocean"; but that is purely conjectural.

The god Dui, of the state of the Brigantes, at York. (Horsley, No. 18.)

The god Gadunus, at Plumpton Wall, Cumberland. Perhaps it

is his name which is coupled with that of Mogon in the inscription, "Deo Mogonti Cad," mentioned above.

The goddess Hamia, or Hammia, at Thirlwall Castle, Northumberland. The altar is in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries. She may possibly have been the tutelary goddess of the Hamii, a tribe who inhabited the banks of the Elbe, and who supplied a contingent of troops stationed in Britain.

The goddess Harimella, at Birrens Scotland (Wilson, "Archæology of Scotland").

The goddess Jalona, at Ribchester, Lancashire, mentioned by Wright. ("Celt, Roman, and Saxon," p. 294.)

The god Matunus, at Elsdon, Northumberland. (Horsley, No. 99.)

There was a Roman deity named Mutunus, who was the personification of the fructifying power of Nature.

The goddess Nemetona, at Bath. She, according to Mr. Elton, was a goddess of war amongst the Gauls.

The god Mars Ocelus. His altar is in the Carlisle Museum.

The goddess Rata, at Chesters, Northumberland.

The goddess Ricagma, at Birrens. Her altar was erected by a Tungrian soldier.

The Segontiac Hercules, at Silchester. He was worshipped by the Segontiaci, a British tribe who inhabited Hampshire.

The goddess Setlocenia, at Maryport, Cumberland. Her name may possibly have some connection with that of the Setantii, a clan of Brigantes mentioned by Ptolemy (ii. 3, 2), who are believed to have occupied the territory adjacent to the estuary of the Ribble, in Lancashire.

The goddess Tertiana, at Risingham, Northumberland, mentioned by Camden. A learned antiquary translated the name, "the Tertian ague," and cited an analogous deity, Febris, the Roman goddess of fever. (Horsley, p. 235.)

The god Mars Thingius, at Housesteads. The name has about it a decidedly Teutonic ring. His altar is in the Carlisle Museum.

The goddess Verbeia, at Ilkley, Yorkshire. The sound of her name suggests that she may have been the personification of the river Wharfe.

The goddess Viradesthi, at Birrens. Her altar was dedicated by a Tungrian soldier.

I find mention of some other British deities, viz., Budd or Budner, the god of victory, and Buddud or Buddug, the goddess of victory; Ced or Ked, a goddess corresponding to the Roman Ceres; gods named Godo, Saide, and Tidain, and a goddess Olwen, "the

great mother." (Lysons, "Our British Ancestors.") Nét is described by Professor Rhys as a war-god of the non-Celtic race in Ireland and Britain, since an old inscription in Kerry gives the name without a case ending, and so marks it out as a non-Celtic word.

That completes the list of ancient British gods and goddesses to whom I can discover any reference. I have avoided all allusion to the worship of the greater gods of Rome, who, of course, obtained a share of the devotion of her citizens domiciled in this country, and have confined my remarks to those less familiar provincial deities, who were either indigenous to the country or were importations by barbaric legionaries from the continent of Europe.

Most of the inscriptions which I have cited were found in Northumberland and Cumberland, which have produced more sculptured stones than all the other counties put together, from the circumstance that the great barrier of Hadrian passed through their midst, and that they were occupied for many generations by strong garrisons of Roman troops. We value these inscriptions the more when we know that they represent, like the Sibylline Books, but a very small portion of a much larger number that have been wantonly and ruthlessly destroyed.

THOMAS H. B. GRAHAM.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

A Note on "Trilby."

WITHOUT question, the play that has made of late the most noise, the wheels of whose chariot have raised a dust that threatens to smother all other drama, is "Trilby." It was my fortune to be in the United States when the taste for "Trilby" became a passion, when the passion grew into a mania, and the mania deepened into a madness. In the maelstrom of Chicago, as in the calm of Philadelphia, men added to their labour or their repose the worship of "Trilby." The languor of Southern cities quickened, the energy of New England cities intensified with the stimulus of Trilby O'Ferrall's name. Never in our time has a book been so suddenly exalted into a Bible. It flowed in a ceaseless stream over the counters of every bookshop on the American continent. It was discussed in the dialect of every state in the Union. Clergy of all denominations preached upon it from their pulpits. Impassioned admirers—for the most part women—formed societies, and debated over the moralities and the possibilities of the Altogether. The enthusiasm of the inhabitants of Abdera for the "Eros king of gods and men" of Euripides was but a joke to the enthusiasm of solid America for George du Maurier's novel. Finally, somebody made a play of it, and fanned an adoration that had not yet begun to flag, higher and higher above the fever line of the human thermometer. The delight of the Republic became a delirium when "Trilby" took incarnation in the body of Miss Virginia Harned.

It is curious to note that the process was reversed in England, that with us the play, and not the novel, kindled the passion that promises to pass through its appointed stages of mania and madness. The novel received abundant approbation; there were critics who classified it with the work of Thackeray. I can only recall one note of dispraise, a note so earnest and so scornful that, in its loneliness, it seemed to fall like the clatter of a steel glove in

a house of prayer. There are people who flame into a fury beyond bounds if ever the name of that criticism, and the name of its author—whose personality asserted itself in every line—be mentioned in their presence. It marked a man to be the one, the only, to refuse the bowed head of reverent salutation before the white feet of Trilby O'Ferrall.

It is necessary to note that we owe the play and the fire-new enthusiasm it has begotten to America. The American stage has been of late so swamped with English plays that it is cheering to record, if but for once, a reversal of the process. A year ago, when I was in the States, almost every theatre in New York was devoted to the performance of some play of foreign importation, and of those foreign plays the bulk were of British manufacture. Now America has turned the tables. She has given us the play that is the rage and rapture of its season, and that has infected London with the innocent insanity of Trilby worship to a degree that in all probability diverts Mr. du Maurier as much as it delights Mr. Tree.

With the book "Trilby" I have here nothing to do. My concern is with the play and the players. We know that Mr. Clement Scott thought that Mr. du Maurier ought to have wept tears of blood over the play, and we have Mr. du Maurier's assurance that he did not weep, and did not feel stirred to weep tears of blood. I cannot imagine why Mr. du Maurier should weep tears of blood, or why anyone should expect him to weep tears of blood. "Trilby" is a very creditable piece of work of its kind and class. If it a little recalls the two first clauses of the philosopher's definition of life, "There's nothing new and there's nothing true," it certainly jibs at the conclusion, "and it doesn't signify." "Trilby" signifies a good deal. Its crowded houses mean more than the flooding of the Haymarket exchequer. They are a sign, and perhaps a portent. Nordau might read in them some new expression of the eccentricity of the mattoid, or in his capriciousness hear in the applause the echo of footfalls ascending the Golden Stair. In "Trilby" there certainly is nothing very new. Pleasant fellows have made studios pleasant places before ever J. J. and Clive took to painting or ever Philip first found his way to the city of Prague, even before Marcel converted the Passage of the Red Sea into the "Crossing of the Beresina" and Schaunard composed his masterpiece on the influence of "Blue in the Arts," and Rodolph wrote rhymes for a maker of matches. Painters' hearts often have burned to tinder for models as fair as the girl in the gown starred with scarlet, whom Gautier praised and Baudelaire. This is elementary; all the more welcome because it is elementary.

It is a relief, perhaps, at a time when the hysteria of the hill-top and the miasma of the marsh have made realism a bye-word and pyschology a hissing, to return to the primal passions, the primitive influences, even to the Surrey-side sinister, and the broad touches of the booth. A friend of mine, once, goaded to ferocity by another's exuberance of rapture for some latter-day lords of song, cried out, "Hang your Decadents! Humpty-Dumpty is worth all they ever wrote."

The mood is intelligible, and it is a variety of the mood which accepts "Trilby." In "Trilby" we get back, as it were, to Humpty-Dumpty—to its simplicity at least, if not to its pitch of art. The strong man and the odd man and the boy-man, brothers in Bohemianism, brothers in art, brothers in love for youth and beauty; the girl, the fair, the kind, the for-ever-desirable, pure in impurity, and sacred even in shame; the dingy evil genius who gibbers in Yiddish to the God he denies; the hopeless, devoted musician, whose spirit in a previous existence answered to the name of Bowes; the mother who makes the appeal that so many parents have made on behalf of their sons to fair sinners since the days when Duval the elder interviewed Marguerite Gauthier—all this company of puppets please in their familiarity, their straightforwardness, their undefeated obviousness, very much as a game of bowls on a village green with decent rustics, or a game of romps in a rose-garden with laughing children, might please after a supper with Nana or an evening with the Theosophists. We are transported, if not to the youth of the world and the dawn of time, at least to the youth of the century and the dawn of the reign. The profundity of Ohnet, Miss Braddon's knowledge of life, the æstheticism of Ouida, and the humour of Mr. Grundy could not, in combination, have produced anything more affable or, in its kind, more agreeable.

The acting of "Trilby," as a whole, is almost inevitably a success of curiosity. Everyone was curious to see the young actress, unknown to London, who was privileged to wear the epaulettes and bare the feet of Trilby O'Ferrall; everyone was curious to see how Mr. Tree would carry himself in the plumage of Svengali. Even had Miss Baird been less experienced, even had Mr. Tree been more experienced in whatever of artifice is essential to the stage, the curiosity would have been as keen, and the success very possibly as great. Generally speaking, the acting of "Trilby" is unimportant in its inevitable success; there is, to particularise, only one success that might be called independent, and that is the performance of Mr. Lionel Brough as the Laird. Where the temptations of the part

and the traditions of Mr. Brough's own career might well have tempted to extravagance, Mr. Brough shows a restraint in humour and a command of characterisation which are as grateful as, in a sense, they were unexpected. Exuberance of a kind is essential to the part, but it has to be the exuberance native to the Laird, not the cloak of vivacity assumed by the professional comic; and in doing here just what he should do, neither more nor less, Mr. Brough has given to the stage one of the most admirable character studies of the time. Even where the Laird is most hilarious, a grotesque buffoon with false nose, Philabeg and fringe of flowers in a student's ball, his grotesqueness and his buffoonery are exactly the grotesqueness and the buffoonery that a man of the Laird's mould would wear and air; the clowning is the natural, unavoidable clowning of the heavy man who essays to be funny, not the conventional clowning of the stage. Mr. Brough has done good work, but never work quite so good as this.

The public interest, however, is too closely rivetted upon the Trilby of Miss Dorothea Baird and the Svengali of Mr. Beerbohm Tree to pay much heed to subtlety of interpretation in a minor part. It likes Mr. Brough's Laird because it could not very well help itself, but its attention is absorbed by the young actress who was almost unknown yesterday and the actor who is almost famous to-day. Miss Baird has some, if not all, of the qualifications essential to the outward show of Trilby. She has beauty in her face, beauty in her eyes, beauty in her hair and teeth, beauty of the very price that bought for ever the body and the soul of Little Billee. Miss Baird has been criticised as if she had nothing more than this, and the criticism is as easy as it is unfair. Even the Trilby of the play could be—might be—better acted, may be better acted in time by Miss Baird herself, for she is likely to have plenty of opportunity. But as it is, it is good enough for the conditions; to the elementary essential of beauty it adds youth and graciousness, if not gracefulness, with a sense of the pathetic and the appealing which is, perhaps, at times unduly forced.

It is no paradox to say that the disappointment of the piece is Mr. Tree's Svengali, not because it is not clever, but because it is much too clever. There was a time, and that but a little while ago, when Mr. Tree seemed informed by the honourable ambition to assert himself as the rival and the peer of Sir Henry Irving, to earn that title of great actor which cannot be denied to the elder man even by those who are most conscious of his limitations and his errors. Mr. Tree's Hamlet was the fine flower of this enterprise, the

top of the adventure. If Mr. Tree were disappointed by the quality of his success, he must encounter disappointment like a bride. The effort placed him higher than he had ever yet got; he has never since got so high. Ever since he has seemed, not all at once indeed, but gradually, to seek his triumphs rather in artifice than in art, to surrender himself more completely to the spirit of exaggeration which has always had for him an allurement that he resisted in his finest creations. The cleverness of Svengali is, unhappily, an example of Mr. Tree's surrender. It is a masterpiece of make-up, of grimace, of trick, of elaborated comic business, of extravagant effect. It would be a triumph of mechanical ingenuity for an actor without a name and without an aim, but the triumph is too facile to satisfy when it is achieved by Mr. Tree. The fascination of metamorphosis by make-up has appealed always with undue insistence to Mr. Tree, but even in cases where the outward change was the most complete and the most amazing, as in the old police minister in "The Red Lamp," there was a creation behind the shell, a brain behind the paint. The astonishing cleverness of Mr. Tree's Svengali seems to have stopped with the husk; he appears for the moment to have laid what we must needs call his genius aside, and to content himself with carrying from one portion of the stage to another a very remarkable effigy of a very remarkable rascal. But the rascal does not seem alive, instinctive with music and magnetism and domineering roguery. It is rather the wound-up image of a rascal that kicks dependents in the shins and slaps parsons on the back in obedience to some cleverly directed machinery, and that says "pig-dogs" at stated intervals with the formality of a clockwork doll. It is something to conceive and to carry out so cunning a piece of stage-painting, but it is not much for Mr. Tree to accomplish. It is, I believe, one of Mr. Tree's dreams some time to play the part of Robert Macaire. If ever he make his dream a reality he must remember that there is a soul behind the shreds and patches of that prince of pick-purses, and that it will never do to make him what Mr. Tree has made Svengali—a splendid mask.

Mr. H. V. Esmond plays Little Billee in all probability as well as anyone could do it. It is not a part that acts itself or that allows of any independence of creation. But I am more interested in Mr. Esmond as dramatist than as actor. The author of "Bogey" even more than the author of "The Divided Way" commands my admiration and my applause.

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

Actor Editors.

ACTORS have always shown a tendency to pose as critics and editors of the drama. Bringing to bear his unrivalled knowledge of stage resources, Garrick, under the pretence of editing, mangled a round dozen of plays by Shakespeare and contemporary writers, and with exemplary impudence reprinted them in his own "dramatic works." Subsequent managers, down to Mr. Augustin Daly, have been no less daring, and have maltreated and emasculated Shakespeare until, in the language of a popular song, the great bard "dunno where 'e are." Almost every actor-manager who has attempted to play in Shakespeare has felt bound to do so in his own edition, and dramatic shelves have groaned under Drury Lane "Hamlets" and Covent Garden "Macbeths." As a rule, lumber of this kind is, after a time, banished to make room for works of more real and enduring interest. Individuals are, however, still to be found sufficiently zealous or misguided to look upon such things as of value, and even to collect them. Some of the more modern productions, such, for instance, as the Lyceum "Romeo and Juliet," offer attractions in the shape of illustrations reproducing the stage effects of the performance, and so obtain a certain adventitious value. As a rule, however, the acted versions, from the days of D'Avenant to the present time, are to be regarded—from one point of view, at least—as proofs of human vanity and presumption.

Histrionic Illumination.

IT is none the less certain that a light of illumination, not always to be obtained in the closet, is sometimes extracted from the stage. The merest barn-stormer that ever tore a passion to rags may suggest something that the scholar has passed over, and the weakest and least edifying presentation of a great play is better than no representation at all. As has often been repeated, and is, indeed, sufficiently obvious to be a commonplace, Shakespeare wrote his plays to be seen, not read. So soon as they had been seen he

You Like It," "Cymbeline," and "The Tempest," Shakespeare
been seven years dead. No proof whatever have we that he took
ightest interest in, or derived the slightest profit from, the Quartos
shed in his lifetime. The indifference which he displayed to
amas does not appear to have extended to his poems, over
he seems to have exercised a certain amount of supervision.
we, however, depended upon Shakespeare's care that his work
d be read, we should not have had it to read.

"HAMLET FROM AN ACTOR'S PROMPT-BOOK."

WE may with propriety and advantage look to the exponent of Shakespeare's plays for a class of information not readily itated in the closet or obtainable from perusal. If we have not to obtained much, it is because the actor practically says his pon the stage. Our modern actors have, however, begun to be expansive, and Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Tree, and others, have n or lectured concerning their art. Mr. Tree has, indeed, come into the arena and joined in the strife of the critics. The of his "Hamlet from an Actor's Prompt-Book" is less than we l, but it is real. Practically, his paper contributed to the *ightly* is a defence of his own rendering of "Hamlet," furnish- planations of the features in it which provoked criticism. Like rformances, Mr. Tree's paper is ingenious. Mr. Tree is, indeed, s ingenious, though not always convincing. His weakness lies, ps, in the direction of super-subtlety, especially in the matter of . Mr. Tree's views generally concerning Hamlet's madness, ther similar points win our concurrence. That the madness

I suppose that the majority of thinkers will hold that, essentially, Hamlet is sane, that he thinks it wise for his own security to feign insanity, and that in so doing—as is not unknown, I believe, in actual life—he acquires a little of the quality he simulates. The events, it must be remembered—the ghostly visitations and the knowledge of his mother's incest and his uncle's fratricide—are things calculated to interfere with perfect mental balance.

Mr. Tree on Hamlet.

WHEN we come to the carrying-out of the theory, we find Mr. Tree super-subtle. Seeking, as he proclaims, to illuminate the meaning of the play by stage business, he makes Hamlet, in "all the frankness of his nature," give "his hand to Rosencrantz; he finds it [surely the corresponding hand is meant] moist with moistness of nervousness and treachery; he looks into Rosencrantz's eyes, and reading in them a confirmation of the hand's betrayal, he suddenly asks, 'Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation?' And he wrings from the two confederates a confession of espionage." All this I regard as superfluous and fantastic. What the moistness of treachery may be I know not. The service, however, rendered the King and Queen by Rosencrantz and Guildenstern would not be apt to be regarded by them as treachery, nor would they be specially ashamed of it. A mother seeks to induce them to ascertain the cause of her son's illness. What more natural? A king asks to know the cause of "wild and whirling words" in the heir to the throne. Strong enough motives has he for mistrust, but he wears as yet a mask of kindness and goodness. He wishes the two visitors to seduce Hamlet into the pursuit of pleasures suitable to his age—a not unpleasant duty occasionally confided to courtiers, and one involving no feeling of humiliation and no thought of treachery.

Hamlet's Relations to Ophelia.

IN Hamlet's relations to Ophelia we see the same needless finesse. That Hamlet loved Ophelia he tells us himself in the last act, in passionate words that leave no room for doubt. That the attempt to banish her from his mind proved too strong for him is to be assumed. It is made as a portion of the responsibility he accepts of wiping from the tablet of his memory "all trivial fond records," all "pressures past." The scene wherein Hamlet comes upon the object of his worship has, Mr. Tree thinks, "perhaps more than any other, vexed the minds of the analytical." Mr. Tree attempts to throw

a light upon it from imaginative stage treatment. The opening is pretty enough. When addressed by Ophelia in the words, "Good my lord, how does your Honour for this many a day?" Hamlet (who has purposely shunned her) attempts, with infinite sadness, to leave her presence with the words, "I humbly thank you. Well, well, well." He is arrested by her, and, in answer to her assertion that she has remembrances of him, is on the point of embracing her, when his hand falls on the medallion containing his father's portrait which he wears round his neck. Thoughts of his responsibilities arise within his mind, and he at once shrouds himself in his assumed madness. With the full details of the scene that follows I cannot deal. It is a decidedly shrewd and just observation of Mr. Tree's that the tragedy of the situation lies in the fact that Ophelia goes to her death ignorant of Hamlet's love. The conclusion of the scene, as conceived by Mr. Tree, is wrong. Returning in a revulsion of feeling, after having rushed from the room, Hamlet finds Ophelia kneeling at the couch sobbing in anguish. His "impulse is to console her; but he dares not show his heart. Unobserved, he steals up to her, tenderly kisses one of the tresses of her hair, silently steals from the room, finding his way without his eyes, giving, in one deep sigh, all his love to the winds."

Ophelia's Ignorance of Hamlet's Love.

WE have here the best conceivable instance of the over-subtlety which is due to Mr. Tree's German origin. All that has been said sounds very pretty, but it is false, simply because it is impossible. It is contrary to every law in love's calendar. Can the man a woman has loved, and for whom shortly she is going to her death, bend over her, take up one of her locks, kiss it, and silently steal from the room without her knowledge? It is high treason to love to suppose such a thing possible. The presence would be felt, the caress received with a shivering delight. It is, of course, rhapsody when Tennyson makes one of his heroes, supposed to be intended for himself, say of the coming of his sweet—

> Were it ever so airy a tread,
> My heart would hear her and beat;
> Were it earth in an earthy bed,
> My dust would hear her and beat,
> Had I been for a century dead.

It is, however, figuratively and really happier than the idea that live bodies and souls can be so near together as Mr. Tree devises, and

remain unconscious of each other's presence. The eyes, swimming with tears, of Ophelia would have been turned up to her lover, and the dream that Ophelia would die ignorant of Hamlet's love would be finally dispelled. Mr. Tree has read that Edmund Kean in this scene used to come again on the scene, and, after looking at Ophelia with tenderness, smother her hands with passionate kisses and rush wildly away. This is conceivable enough. A man might smother not hands only, but face, eyes, lips, with passionate kisses, and rush wildly away, knowing it was for the last time; but the kiss on the tress is a piece of sentimentality that will not pass.

Was Hamlet Fat?

ONE piece of verbal criticism, and I have done with Mr. Tree's interesting paper. Few passages have caused more comment than the words of the Queen in the fencing scene, that Hamlet is "fat and scant of breath." For this, Mr. Tree proposes to read "faint and scant of breath." Mr. Tree is not the first to make the suggestion. It originated with Mr. H. Wyeth, of Winchester, who proposed it to Dr. Ingleby, who, in turn, communicated it as a fine reading to Mr. Aldis Wright, who, on March 9, 1867, gave it publicity in *Notes and Queries*. The supposition was held on the authority of Roberts, the player, that Lowin, who was known to have acted Falstaff and King Henry VIII., and might consequently have been supposed to be inclined to corpulence, was the original Hamlet. In this case the use of the word "fat" would be justified and explained. More recent evidence shows, however, the extreme probability that Burbadge was the first Hamlet. Burbadge himself was also stout, and might thus have justified the employment of the word. Mr. Sidney Lee, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," favours the notion that "faint" should be read for "fat." Plahwe, in his "Hamlet, Prinz von Dännemark," would substitute "hot," and quotes an earlier line of the King speaking of having a chalice prepared for the combatants when they are "hot and dry." To all this I only answer that "fat" is the reading of all the folios and quartos. The safe and sensible rule at length adopted in Shakespearian criticism is that when a sentence has a distinct and conceivable meaning, it is not to be disturbed by conjecture. "Fat" is intelligible enough, and must be left as it stands. It is, moreover, I venture to think, the very word that Shakespeare intentionally used, and is better and more appropriate than all suggested substitutes.

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THE MILLER OF HASCOMBE.

BY W. F. ALEXANDER.

IT was absolutely quiet on the hill-top where the windmill stood, its weather-beaten sails marking a cross against the radiant sky of a July afternoon. Quiet, except for the slow rhythmical sound of wind among the pine trees crowding the northward slope with their monotonous grey-green tufts, and the sighing they made only accentuated the loneliness of the place, with its vast horizons and the sky arched over it like a bow. Just in front of the mill the heathery sweep of ground was broken by a few fir trees, whose lightly pendant branches looked wonderfully soft and impalpable against the immensity of blue, and seemed to fall across the distance, mixing their slight delicate outlines with the aerial shapes of hills so far away that the light fell on them softly as on water, and their streaks of blue or grey meant perhaps the sunlight or cloud of a whole hillside parish over yonder. Far down lay the wide sweep of the intervening valley—almost a forest it seemed on this bird's-eye view but for the medley of reddish-brown patches which were its cornfields. Here and there some piece of water sparkled like a fragment of glass, but whatever towns or villages might be there were hidden away—swallowed up, as it were, in that sylvan vastness. Northward from the mill the sight travelled over a plateau thickly coated with red heather—the later bluebells mixing with it in all the audacity of nature's colouring—till the view was barred by a range of chalk hills—a rampart of hill that looked strangely desolate with the white scars of its quarries glinting in the sun. From this northern range local tradition affirmed that the dome of St. Paul's was occasionally visible. But however that might be, the hill country round looked

as savage and untilled as it must have looked at the coming of the Romans.

A man in dusty white clothes lay stretched beneath the fir trees, the shadows of their branches playing lightly across his form. It was the miller in person, but looking closely at him one saw that the white deposit on his garments was hardly thick enough to give him the real professional air ; it was dust, too, of several days' standing, and it was obvious that his milling was not a very laborious business, and also that he had no efficient motive for brushing his clothes. The curious thing was that, as he lay there on his stomach, propped on his elbows like a man who has no idea of being disturbed, he was reading a book, and this book was a volume of poetry. There was an odd look about the man, a kind of detachment from his apparent condition that showed itself in the contrast between his face and dress. He appeared something over thirty, and his face, with its aquiline nose and grey rather melancholy eyes, bore a certain stamp of refinement, queerly mixed with an air of rather farouche rusticity, which made it difficult to classify him. When he raised his eyes from his book and let them wander over the distant view there was a pensiveness in his look, a quick response to the aerial light playing over yonder, and a kind of wistfulness as well, that surely did not belong to a man whose natural business in the world was simply to be a miller.

The light on the hills grew softer as the afternoon wore on, but the answering light in the man's eyes died away presently, as he sank into a reverie that seemed none of the happiest. Several times he glanced over his shoulder towards the sweep of heather beyond the mill, but the great bare upheaval of the hill was always empty, unchanging but for the blue shadows of clouds that flitted over it now and then. At length the miller rose to his feet, and leaving his book on the grass, seemingly with an entire carelessness as to its fate, strolled slowly along the brow towards a cottage that lay in the slight hollow where the road climbed up. It was a decrepit little building, and the small kitchen garden round it looked a Gideon's fleece of cultivation in the wilderness. An old woman much bent with age was pottering about among the currant bushes ; as she raised her head at the miller's approach her face showed all wrinkled, the long discoloured skin falling in deep crevices beneath her cheek-bones, giving her, with the stony, distrustful look of her sunken eyes, an appearance that was almost startlingly witch-like. Seeing her there in mid-summer, one involuntarily thought of winter, and the long persistence of cold on this solitary height. But if her air was

by no means benevolent, the old woman was talkative, and as she hobbled forward the two started a conversation in the intensely deliberative manner of country people to whom time counts for absolutely nothing.

"It's a fine afternoon, Mrs. Gaffney," the miller began hopefully.

"Ay, it's fine enough," she returned, in a hoarsely quavering voice; "it 'ull be wet enough to-morrow, I'm thinking!"

"Well, turn about, you know, Mrs. Gaffney," the miller replied to this pessimistic utterance.

"Ay, young man, I've seen days and turns a many, an' more than you, I can tell ye, and many's been the bad un."

Mrs. Gaffney seemed indignant at his cheerfulness, and mumbled on in a kind of soliloquy.

"Ay, so it 'ull go on, so it 'ull go on, till the Judgment, an' that 'ull come quick enough I think to myself many's the time. Sometimes it seems like I was forgotten by them above"—the old woman's voice sank to an infantile whisper—"an' it's hard living, come to my age, I can tell ye. See them ginger-beer bottles"—a small row of these luxuries, in fact, decorated her window—"twelve I got last April was a year, and two I've sold; it's poor work living in these parts surely."

The miller lounged by the paling, and listened to this recital with a certain air of familiarity.

"Any one coming up from the village to-day, Mrs. Gaffney?" he inquired, when she paused. As though by force of suggestion, the old woman shaded her eyes with her hand, and looked keenly along the hill-top.

"Times my granddarter comes up wi' my bit o' groceries, and times she don't," she said then with a rather artificial indifference. "I can't tell ye nought of it, Mister Miller." The person addressed looked a trifle dissatisfied at her reticence. "I call ye miller, d'ye see, for all I don't hold with people giving themselves out for what they ain't," the old woman continued with a kind of rancour, and the self-styled miller found it advisable to withdraw.

He stretched himself again on the hill-top, and looked idly round over the heather. It was not long before something caught his eye there—a white speck moving slowly across the purplish grey background of the hill—a speck that seemed to gather the landscape round it as it approached, and become the centre of its vast inanimate life, simply because it was a human form. Nearer still, it was the form of a woman—outlined now against the sky, the light, careless movement and slender shape displayed her youthfulness, and in that

deserted place there was something fascinating in the touch of life she brought with her and the simple freshness of her white dress on the sombre expanses of the heather. To the man watching her the distant figure seemed endowed with a strange idyllic charm, borrowed from solitude and the waste around her. But her path took her past him down to the cottage in the hollow, and as she descended there and went in, the miller plunged back into his book with an air of imperturbable acquiescence in the fact that the girl's visit was not intended for him.

As Mrs. Gaffney hinted, he was a miller more by caprice than by vocation. In spite of his dusty exterior he was a man of cultivation, and, so far from being a countryman, had begun life by subduing his young inclinations and lively muscles to the routine that necessarily reigns behind the counter of a bank. But Wilfred Draycott was one of the few who, by some luckless throw-back to a more primitive range of instincts, are ceaselessly ill at ease in the brick and mortar of civilisation; he had hated banking inexpressibly, haunted as he was by the craving for natural surroundings and the nostalgia of the open air. Like other people, he concealed his longings under the mask of humour, and his intimate friends were hardly aware how repulsive the arid look of that palatial chamber at the bank really was to him, or that he found the pretensions to rural beauty advanced by the suburb he lived in perhaps more intolerable still. To a man like Wilfred Draycott a love affair was, of course, inevitable; he was an imaginative fellow, and very ready to find the heroine of his craving in a young lady who was certainly an ornament of the society of Peckham. He had waited for her with an entire constancy while his salary at the bank crept up by slow degrees of £10 a year, contriving meanwhile to forget his abhorrence of the ledger in the not ungrounded belief that she also was waiting for him. But the lady found waiting tedious in the end, and had jilted him at last for a wealthier rival. She chose to reproach him for his tardiness. "You know I am getting old enough to be miserable without a carriage," she wrote to him, in a strain probably intended for a friendly jocularity. What the following years of disillusionment and unlightened "sticking to business" were like to Wilfred may be divined, perhaps, by a kindred spirit; it was a topic on which he himself was entirely silent. On his father's death, however, he found himself in possession of a small fortune, and he at once renounced his commercial servitude, intending to carry out his long-cherished schemes of wandering about the world in a condition of absolute freedom.

Draycott wandered about the world immensely, at least about those parts of it which were readily accessible to a man whose means remained quite limited. He was one of the few quiet and passionate spirits who can really lose themselves in Nature, merely in watching the grasses eddying in the wind or the ruddy light on some pine stem, and he traversed most corners of the wilder parts of Southern England, often alone, and almost always on foot, without making any perceptible approach to satiety. But there was one thing Draycott certainly grew weary of—that was, of his own attitude as a mere spectator, of not belonging in any real way to the scenes he delighted in—he grew tired of being perpetually outside. Then reaching Hascombe one evening he had seen the mill, with its surrounding pines darkly barred across a lurid sunset—something unique about the place had charmed him, and on making inquiries he found the mill was standing empty on account of the diminishing supply of corn. A stroke of fancy made him its tenant, and the milling business was not hard to learn. Draycott was ready to grind corn at a phenomenally low rate, and corn was actually brought to him to grind by occasional carts that toiled up the long slope with the patient slowness carts may, perhaps, have had elsewhere before the Deluge. At least, the machinery was kept from dissolving entirely into rust.

Hascombe Hill had, of course, the drawback of its intense loneliness. There had been a charm about that at first, but after some months Draycott acknowledged to himself that to have Mrs. Gaffney for one's only neighbour after all left something to be desired. The old woman had lived there alone since her husband's death ; she contrived to subsist somehow, chiefly on the savings of the man's wood-cutting business ; but her solitary communion with Nature had left her a very singular being in most respects. The first time Draycott had spoken to her he had found her scanning the wide horizon, then grey and sombre, in the early spring evening, with a look of vaguely perplexed alarm. "I do hear," she said, "as how the French have landed, and are marching through the country, slaughtering as they go. D'ye think it 'ull be true ?" What odd end of talk she had so obscurely twisted up, or what dream of her own, it was quite beyond him to divine. On another occasion she had certainly dreamed, this time that a fortune had been left her, and for some time was full of the idea of travelling to London in search of it. What stopped her was that she could not remember "the gentleman's name." The strangest delusions passed through her head, and occasionally found a permanent lodging there. Old as she was, she was troubled with

frequent fits of panic at the idea that the Day of Judgment was at hand—an idea that seemed to recur to her brain whenever the air was heavy with blight, or when the clouds piled on the horizon took some sinister aspect. It was, perhaps, her only expression for the nameless terror that seems at moments to reside in solitary places.

Mrs. Gaffney was not so entirely alone in the world as she would have had you believe. In fact, she subsisted largely on the aid of her son-in-law, the wheelwright at Wonersh—who, the old woman would admit in moments of particular confidence, sent her a bit o' groceries and other supplies with a very fair regularity. "He's a proud un, he is," Mrs. Gaffney would promptly add to this disclosure. "He wouldn't bear to have me goin' on the parish." The explanation sounded a trifle cynical; perhaps it was none the less in accordance with fact. It was generally the wheelwright's daughter, Nellie Langrish by name, who conveyed these bounties to the widow, and it was she whom Draycott occasionally watched crossing the heath, and watched on her passage as the most vividly human incident of his day. One evening he was lounging by the old woman's gate, listening to her familiar tale, when the girl suddenly came upon him round the corner of the fence. She was just a village girl, tall, and one might almost say splendidly built, with a bright colour and grey eyes looking out beneath their lashes with a pleasant sincerity—rather touching, besides, with that sudden look of alarmed embarrassment in them on finding herself confronted with a stranger. She delivered over her basket to Mrs. Gaffney and passed inside the gate, entrenching herself thus from Draycott, whom civility and the absence of invitation kept naturally without. He remained a moment looking at the bright, shy face of the girl, who stood there silent; then, although Mrs. Gaffney was to all appearance indifferent to which of them she entrusted her dark sayings, he found it better to disappear. In spite of the flour-dust on his clothes, these people somehow remained, and seemingly preferred to remain, remote from him.

It happened that they met often like that during the ensuing weeks. It was not precisely that Draycott planned these encounters, but in his extreme solitude he naturally craved for some kind of human speech, and since intercourse with Mrs. Gaffney herself was hardly more cheerful than, say, a visit to the Witch of Endor, he acquired the habit of strolling to her cottage on the day and about the hour when Nellie Langrish was apt to make her appearance there. That young woman at first greeted him with a curt and rather hostile nod, then eventually with a smile, which had a faint air of welcome in it—all the more pleasing to him because it remained timorous and embarrassed.

She hardly ever spoke to him directly, and therefore his imagination dwelt all the more readily on the unostentatious charm there was in her shy, girlish way, with her fresh colouring and the grave air of doubt in her grey eyes that made her reserve seem delicate and winning. And, after all, she was the only embodiment of the feminine mystery visible to him in that lonely place, and her image came to mix itself with his meditations among the heather in strangely fanciful connections. At length he took the great step of walking with her on her return journey across the hill.

They walked almost in silence, close together, indeed, for the narrowness of the path between the miniature forests of fern left them no alternative, but with a mutual reserve that seemed a little absurd in that wild expanse of natural life. Nellie herself seemed greatly embarrassed, and hastened her steps whenever her companion found no more questions to ask her, pausing again, however, to answer the next one with an assumption of calmness that, in its turn, was almost provoking. Draycott found the Nellie Langrish he walked with very different from the creature of his reverie ; he was dismally struck by the blank absence of any common interest between them. Naturally he was reduced to plying her with questions about her own life. Her father was a wheelwright—"the wheelwright," she told him, as though the article marked a very definite place in the social hierarchy of the village, and her brother helped him. There was another brother, a soldier away with his regiment, she scarcely knew where—it was somewhere in America.

"That's a pity," Draycott said, catching something in the tone of her voice.

"Oh, I was sorry when he went," the girl exclaimed. "You see, he was fond of me, and he was always singing and happy-like. But father didn't want him, and he couldn't get on anywhere hereabouts, not regular, so he went to enlist without saying anything."

"Don't you ever find it dull in the village?" Draycott asked, vaguely wondering how to get nearer to the facts of her existence.

"I don't know that it's dull," the girl answered, rather guardedly. "It's like other villages, I should think. And there was a magic lantern twice last winter."

The bright, yet half-doubting, pride with which Nellie announced this latter fact seemed pathetic to Draycott. He talked on to her as best he could, and the girl gradually disclosed to him the few village facts she had to tell, half with confidence, half with a timidity in exposing their insignificance.

"Father's bad tempered sometimes," she told him at last, "and

mother just lets things go on ;" and Draycott was almost startled to find how far he had advanced in her confidence.

It grew into a custom for him to see her a long part of her way homewards among the solitary fir woods. There was something very commonplace, yet very charming, to him about these walks with the village girl and the shy companionship she offered him, answering all his questions in her matter-of-fact way, yet with a delicate reserve behind that which often puzzled him. But Nellie never asked questions about himself—it seemed as though she found it natural for his existence to be a perfect blank to her. Still, one evening, weeks later, there came a change. They had scarcely followed the winding path among the ferns for a hundred paces, and Nellie was the first to break silence.

"Father says there's no sense keeping a mill up at Hascombe," she remarked with great demureness—with a glance of sidelong curiosity, too, that with her youth and naïveness was very pardonable—was charming rather to a man in whose concerns no one had displayed very much interest for half a twelvemonth.

"Perhaps it does seem a little crackbrained," he admitted, very much afraid of explaining himself ; "but then, you see, I have tried it. Don't you think the miller should know best?"

"Father says no man could make a living up there—not by milling," Nellie retorted persistently.

"I wouldn't contradict your father on any account," he said humbly. "It isn't a very grand living."

"But couldn't you make your living somewhere else better?" This time the girl looked full at him with a glance that was almost protecting.

"Well, you see, Nellie, I'm a queer fellow. I like being high up—looking over the country," Draycott said, painfully conscious how imbecile it must sound to her.

"It's dreadful lonesome," the girl said blankly.

Draycott felt a sort of repugnance to the idea of mystifying her. "I don't mind its being lonesome," he said ; "at least, not so much. You see, I can read my books."

"Books !" the girl exclaimed. She looked confusedly downward and bit her lips. "Then you're a gentleman," she said at length, with a voice that had suddenly grown reserved.

"I don't know. One needn't be very high and mighty just to like reading," Draycott answered with a rather shamefaced laugh.

Nellie said nothing, but brushed along beside him, plucking off the little green twists of leaf from the taller ferns : her colour had

risen, and her step was hurried to a degree that made conversation decidedly awkward. Presently she paused—a little out of breath. "There's a schoolmaster down to Durngate they say has a deal of learning," she said, as though regaining courage. "Were you ever a schoolmaster?"

"No, I never was," Draycott said, perfectly understanding that her drift was to classify him somehow. "I was in a bank once, but I don't particularly care to remember it. Do you know, Nellie, there's nothing I can think of pleasanter than just walking with you?"

The girl coloured and laughed with a timid triumph.

"What's it like in a bank?" she asked.

"I would much sooner be a miller," he told her, and she laughed again, this time with a palpable bewilderment.

"You know, we have some books at home," she said presently, with a reviving courage; "there's the Bible, of course, and one or two like that; then there's Thomson's Poems—I read some of them once—and Crook's 'Garden Herbs,' and Robson on 'Farriery.' Don't you think they're good books?"

"Oh, I don't see what you want with books if you live with people," Draycott said evasively.

"No; it's when you're alone, I suppose?" the girl answered with an evident compassion.

That evening they walked far down the hill together; first down the desolate slope of the fir-woods, then among the softer oak coppices, where the mossy path wound this way and that, as though it, too, had lost itself among the density of the ferns and hazels; so on to the by-road, winding, too, like a tunnel of bright green under the over-arching brushwood, touched now with bright dashes of pink and mauve where the blackberries were in flower. It was a charming woodland road, and one that seemed to loiter on its way to the village, as though no one had ever been in a hurry to arrive there. And that was fortunate, for as they neared the great luxuriant clump of beeches that marked the entrance to the village Nellie grew suddenly reticent, walking faster, with little, uneasy glances, as though fearing detection, and at the last turn of the road she stood still altogether. Draycott halted too, misunderstanding her thought.

"It's a pleasant village, yours," he said. "Do you know, I envy you living there sometimes?"

"How can you talk so simple?" the girl answered with a sudden tartness; then, looking up and down the road with a kind of alarm, she blushed violently, and, with an abrupt "Good-night, sir," thrown over her shoulder, stepped hastily on. Draycott saw that his

company was no longer welcome. "Very likely she has a sweetheart in the village, and this is his boundary," he remarked to himself, beginning his solitary walk up the hill again in a thoroughly masculine state of irritation.

Still, on the third evening after that, he was waiting for her at the familiar corner of Mrs. Gaffney's fence. As Nellie raised the latch her face lighted up charmingly on seeing him; at the same moment Draycott caught a glimpse of the old woman peering at him through the scarlet runners with an intense suspicion, her face all furrowed up by its wrinkles, making a curiously sinister contrast to the flowering plants that encircled it. The old woman hobbled out after the girl in an obviously discontented frame of mind. "Ay, you're there, are ye?" was her modicum of greeting to Draycott as he came forward from his concealment. She muttered something to herself in a dolorous tone, but Mrs. Gaffney's train of thought was never very lucid. And her "Poor I may be, but always respectable," was a sentiment Draycott at least was willing to have her entrust to the surrounding landscape. Nellie Langrish seemed to pay no attention to her, looking up brightly at Draycott instead, as they turned away together; the girl seemed radiant to-night, and bashfully delighted at his presence. Evidently she felt herself forgiven for that abrupt "good-night" of hers the other evening; and, womanlike, she was kinder because she had offended. It was much to Draycott that this woman should be so willing to confide herself to him: there was a charming freshness to him in having her by his side among the pines as they talked of simple things, laughing at little nothings, half whispering sometimes, with the great solitude around them drawing them together, making their relationship seem different to anything else in the world. And yet it was impossible to forget the distance between them; once he had been amused by it, but now he felt possessed by the desire to make it narrower.

"You don't understand why I like being alone here with the trees and sky all around, Nellie?" he asked her.

"No, I don't," the girl said blankly. "Tell me."

There was a touch of intimacy in her tone that made him half regret his ill-advised effort. "Well, all that gives me thoughts that I shouldn't have in a town"—he glanced at her face to find it irresponsive—"and then, you see," he went on, desperately, "there are things I like to forget. If you like, I could lend you a book that puts what I mean much better."

"Oh, I shouldn't understand," she answered indifferently. "But perhaps I should understand about the other things. Did any one use you bad?"

"Oh, that's not everything," he answered reluctantly; "some one is sure to use you bad if you only live long enough."

"But some one did?" The girl's insistence seemed to Draycott too tender to be rebuffed, and it was certainly too naïve to be easily evaded.

"A woman deceived me once," he said bluntly, with that strength of feeling behind his words which charms women while it frightens them.

"Ah! she must have been a bad-hearted one. I'm sure it was none of your doing," Nellie said with great intensity. "And if there are women like that as are ladies, I 'ud soon live in the village always out of sight of 'em. That I would." Draycott had heard nothing of Nellie's craving for a loftier social sphere before that; but an obscure intuition made him aware that sympathy for him had stirred up the bottom of her heart and the quaint romances latent there—she had said the very utmost thing in her power. He was, perhaps, absurdly grateful to her: just then the village girl stood to him for the whole of womanhood.

As generally happened, they had the pathway through the thicket to themselves, and even the road seemed deserted, with no human being visible at any of its windings but the solitary figure of the road-mender crouching over his heap of flints. Draycott had noticed him there before—with a sense of pity for the man, time-worn remnant of a human creature as he looked, bent almost double over his task, which, probably enough, was appointed by parochial wisdom as a cheaper alternative to the poorhouse. But as they passed the man looked up from behind his horned spectacles and viewed the pair with a loose yet censorious grin, which gave his furrowed and weather-beaten cheeks rather the expression of a particularly animal-minded gargoyle. He gave a short, satirical smack of the lips when they were by, and fell to thumping his stones vindictively, as though to emphasise the rigour of his moral sentiments. But the two passed on, unaware of these demonstrations, and reached the point where the first houses of the village came in sight. A signal of distress flew once more in Nellie's cheeks; but this time Draycott, understanding her, turned short round, and her gratitude flashed out beneath the smile of her "Good-night." He turned away rather reluctantly, however, from the sight of those warm red cottages, immersed, as it were, in the many flowers of their gardens; the place that had looked to him once so tantalisingly human and desirable seemed now to wear a look of hostility—to be the limit of a magic circle that penned him in. Still, he turned up the hill again, cheerily singing to himself even, and so passed the stonebreaker again, who

seemed roused by the tune he hummed into thumping his flints once more with a positive ferocity.

"It's wrong for me to go with you like this!" The girl stood still in the fir-wood, turning to Draycott with an imploring motion of her hands, like a creature at bay. She seemed touchingly beautiful to him just then, with the light that poured through the dusky branches irradiating her hair and the wide grey eyes singularly alert and frightened.

"What's put that into your head, Nellie?" he said with a forced surprise.

"She says so," the girl answered with a kind of stubbornness, the half toss of her head towards the cottage indicating Mrs. Gaffney as the authority quoted. "She's been scolding me off and on this long time."

"She would scold an archangel," Draycott said.

"And to-day she was worse. Do you know what she said?" Nellie paused as though overpowered by it. "She said I ought to be ducked in the horse-pond for going with you."

"It was an abominable thing to say," Draycott flamed out this time with a genuine indignation. The girl glanced at him doubtingly; the cruel confusion in which the words had thrown her ended in her leaning towards him, thankful for sympathy.

"You don't think me bad, do you?" she asked with a stress upon the "you" which was perilous. He touched her hand lightly, and she let him hold it.

"Do you think I would hurt you, Nellie?" was his answer. The look that seemed a blind confidence on her face made him fancy the cloud had passed as they walked together down the sun-warmed path, where the thick beds of fern sparkled a living green. But his companion only answered him distractedly.

"Cheer up, Nellie, no one will listen to her," he found himself saying presently in the most comfortable tone he could assume.

"There's no one to listen to her," the girl answered; "but oh! I am frightened of things."

With the inconsequence of instinct, Draycott answered by kissing her, first lightly on the cheek; then, as she leaned passively towards him, he kissed her the second and third time on the lips. But, once released, the girl walked on, flushed and silent, hastening her pace in front of him almost as if he did not exist. Draycott felt himself perfectly at a loss to know whether he had offended her or not.

A crowd of unformed thoughts whirled through his brain, and

left him perplexed, as he followed her down the path. He had meant little or nothing till the moment's instinct overmastered him, for at the bottom he believed himself honest, and the girl could be nothing to him but a passing fancy. The moment had been sweet, but he felt his will firmly braced—at least the girl was too much to him to end their friendship there—to let her go without knowing whether or not she had forgiven him.

"Sit down, Nellie, and talk a bit," he said, his mind full of vague, contradictory things he had to say. He had overtaken her now; it was with a kind of mute resistance that she let him lead her to a sloping bank thickly covered with long, training sprays of whortleberry. "Nellie," he said, "I should hate to go away from here and leave you altogether." The girl did not answer, but sat there, either angry or abashed—he could not tell which—looking desolately at the ground just before her feet. It seemed to him their parting, if it came then, must be embittered by a total want of understanding. Her muteness tantalised him—impulsively he threw his arm round her again. She struggled against him desperately till, suddenly, her head sank on his shoulder and her form lay weak and inert in his grasp. Draycott recoiled with a violent effort of self-control; then, shaking herself free, the girl rose as though dazed, and, quickly regaining the path, she turned from him without a word, and ran stumbling blindly till her white figure vanished among the sombre trees.

Thinking it over in his long solitude among the heather, Draycott felt convinced that his own departure from Hascombe was the only possible solution, wretched ending as it was, to a drama that had developed itself so entirely apart from his will. Yet to go seemed uncomfortably like acknowledging a guilt he had never meant to incur; worse still, it left them with a slur on their common memory that to him seemed hardly tolerable. So he waited; but on the third day his doubts were ended by the appearance on the hill-top of a boy carrying Mrs. Gaffney's indispensable basket on his arm—a boy who grinned, on passing Draycott, with the unhallowed grin of fifteen. And since it was evident that the old woman had not made a pilgrimage to the village to denounce them, the conclusion seemed obvious that it was Nellie's own thought to replace herself by this wide-mouthed youth. The ending they had reached was that she intended never to see him again.

What had happened in reality was a little different from that. With his poetic fondness for the solitude of the forest, Draycott had forgotten to reflect that even the forest was not exclusively Nature's

ground, and that wherever a pair of human eyes is on the watch there is the possibility of scandal. And Simon Tanner, the stone-breaker, was a man who had his grievances in this world, and with his lonesome occupation had also a very keen appetite for chance fragments of news. It resulted that, drinking one evening at the Wheatsheaf, the resort of the humbler kind of jovial spirits at Wonersh, Simon took up his parable in this fashion.

"Muster Langrish, the wheelwright, he's a big nob now, ain't he?" the man of flints queried enigmatically.

A drowsy chorus murmured vague assent somewhere in its throat.

"Ay, Muster Langrish, he takes his drink at the White Horse; he's a tradesman now, ain't he?"

"Ay, what's he been adoing to you, Simon?" one of the circle roused himself to ask.

Simon wrapped himself in the ironical reserve of superior knowledge.

"Ay, a reg'lar high un, Muster Langrish; better nor you nor me, ye'd say," he pursued.

"That's right, you be 'umble, my boy," put in the postman, who also had his grievances. The circle was agog with ruminating expectancy by this. Simon slowly drained his pewter, wiping his lips with a sardonic emphasis. "Week in week out I see his darter a gallivanting with tha chap up to tha mill," he pronounced, staring gloomily into the vacant corner of the tap-room. The circle at the Wheatsheaf chuckled, and feasted on the news. "Did ye see 'em now, Simon?" they repeated in turn, slowly digesting it as the humorous faculty caught light in them like damp straw. "They'll be at it, sure enough," was the clinching sentence, and the jovial spirits went homewards gurgling. But a graver view was taken next day, with much head-shaking of white-aproned matrons, from one garden gate to another, the whole length of the innocently beflowered street. "It giv me quite a turn when I heard it, and they such a respectable family," each said to each; and the news belonging to that category of things which a Christian community has more particularly in common, each naturally hastened to pass on the sensation next door. "I thought as perhaps ye wouldn't have heard o' it" was the phrase that preluded the revelation with a kind of apologetic note; it was also the phrase the baker began with when, leaning his comfortable person over the wicket of Langrish's shop, he fulfilled the neighbourly duty of informing the unlucky man what was being said about his daughter.

Langrish heard him out with tightening lips; then, throwing his

work down, strode silently home. He was a heavy-featured man, and from his face you would have called him apathetic, or possibly sullen; but once within his own doors, after the news, his wounded pride broke out in a sombre tempest of rage that made him a different man, and an ugly one to deal with. It was all a torrent of oaths and foul words at first, shouted in a thunderous key. Nellie herself was not there; his wife, a worn, bloodless woman, who had borne him eight children, and had trouble, she said, with all of them, tried feebly to check him. He turned on her with his fist uplifted, the blue veins standing out hard on his forehead.

"A child of your bringing up—it's a pretty tale! Don't whine at me," he roared out; then, as the woman shrank back, he turned to the other children, standing there bewildered and dumb.

"Fetch her here, the little devil; fetch your sister—d'ye hear me?"

A young girl started up officiously, glad enough probably to take her own small person out of range of the storm, and a little later Nellie herself came into the room very flurried and abashed.

"Stand there, ye hussy, and let them look at ye," her father shouted hoarsely, and the girl stood still in the middle of the circle full of undisguised confusion. "All the village says ye've been gallivanting with that fellow up to the mill," he said; "ye've been disgracing me and mine."

"Don't call out so loud, John," Mrs. Langrish put in plaintively; but Nellie herself was silent.

"Out with the truth, girl," he went on in a lower tone, drawing his breath hard: "have ye or have ye not? Out with it plain."

There was a horrible silence while the girl's head dropped lower, the other children staring at her with wide, uncomprehending eyes.

"I didn't mean any harm by it," she said at length, with a sob in her voice.

"Then it's true, ye——" Langrish strode up to her with raised arm and blazing eyes.

"Don't kill the child, John," Mrs. Langrish said, in her faint, complaining voice; and either that mild protest, or the way in which his daughter looked up at him, defiant through her tears with the sense of injustice, stopped the blow he intended.

"You're a pretty one," he said, planting himself in front of her; "d'ye think that fellow 'ull marry you, perhaps?"

"No," the girl answered faintly, "I never looked at it in that way."

"And who else will, d'ye think?" he asked scornfully.

The girl looked despairingly at her mother, but that poor soul had long been subdued by alternate breaks of passion and a rather patronising fondness; just now, with her pale face and the corner of her apron somewhat conventionally raised to her eyes, she looked a very picture of helplessness.

"It isn't like that," the girl cried confusedly, looking back at her father; "it isn't as bad as you think. I can swear it isn't."

"What d'ye mean, then—what have you got to hang your head for, girl?" Langrish asked in angry perplexity.

"It's because," Nellie sobbed out, "because—I can't tell you how I felt."

"It ain't so, and it's because—what's that?" Langrish flamed out. "Are ye lying, girl?" and he advanced with a fiercely threatening gesture. But a knock at the door was heard, and a voice followed on the silence within—a good-humoured country voice with a suet-like thickness in it, the very sound of which was calming. "Muster Langrish in?" it said. "I've been to the shop, and ye warn't there, and I says I've one good wheel to my caärt, and I don't care who hears on it; but what I says is, one wheel ain't like two," and Langrish, touched to the quick of his reputation for punctuality, hurried away to the belated job. He worked off his rage on it, and, coming back in the evening, he appeared to have suddenly grown calm. "You go near that chap again at your peril," he said to his daughter; then relapsed into a stubborn silence, the silence of a pride mortally hurt, which the girl never took upon herself to break. There were matters in her remembrance that made it hard for her to attempt it, and she long went noiselessly about the village a silent victim of public opinion.

For a good number of weeks Draycott remained entirely alone on his hill-top. Touches of autumn came upon the trees, the heather grew redder, but the fern had already withered to dull yellow, and the wind had a touch of vitalising freshness in it that passed into a sudden chill, suggesting the dark and boisterous days close at hand. It whistled round Draycott's cottage at nights, and sang hoarsely through the mill-sails till the decrepit structure creaked and groaned mournfully like an immense gibbet; though the season was good, as far as corn-grinding went, Draycott had many thoughts of abandoning his experiment. He had not seen Nellie Langrish again; by this he had given up all expectation of seeing her. After all, it would take more resolution than he possessed to face a solitary winter up there. The place was not cheerful then, even without the recollection of a time when it had not been wholly

olitary; and, therefore, he had fairly made up his mind to decamp t the close of his six months' term. That period had all but rrived when chance threw in his way a privilege he had long lenied himself—the privilege, namely, of a little talk with Mrs. Gaffney.

The old lady looked over her fence as he passed one afternoon, ourly, it is true, and with an air of unappeased hostility.

"You're still about, are ye?" she said in a tone that approached nearer to bitterness than conciliation; but as Draycott stopped to answer her it was quite evident that she was hungering for an odd end of talk; and, indeed, in the conversational famine that prevailed on Hascombe Hill it is probable that either of them would have accosted the blackest of criminals. There was the weather and the approach of winter, of course; these done, the old woman's eyes screwed up, bringing up the wrinkles in eccentric circles round them.

"I was thinking ye would be off now," she remarked, without looking at him.

"So I shall, Mrs. Gaffney," Draycott answered. "I tear myself away from your neighbourhood in a fortnight!"

"Ay, it's a poor place—a poor place for them as ain't forced to it. And I'm thinking," she ran on, "your coming has brought you little good, Mr. Draycott, or any one else."

Her tone was so exactly modulated to express a stringent censure on his conduct without endangering the chance of further conversation that Draycott almost laughed. "What do you mean by any one else?" he inquired, finding himself in his turn overruled by the necessity of speaking to some one.

"What do I mean? I mean that poor girl, my granddarter, as well you know," the old woman shrilled in answer. "None on 'em will come near her now along of you."

"Along of me!" Draycott repeated, dumbfounded. "I assure you I did her no harm."

Mrs. Gaffney blinked sideways with an air of unshaken suspicion. "Ay, that's your tale," she said; "what I know is her father won't let her here again, so they sends their Jack with my little bit o' groceries. The young varmint don't come more than three times the fortnight, not to say eating my sugar, so I goes short along o' your gallivanting." Draycott turned away quite disinclined to utter his thoughts on the matter to Mrs. Gaffney. "It's a crying shame on you," the old woman called hoarsely after him, seeing him in retreat—and conversational relations at an end.

He walked on moodily, not back to the mill, but straight down

[illegible] the village. His intervention was required there, [illegible] what form it should take—what he could really [illegible] to do—was perfectly obscure to him. Draycott was not [illegible] enough to suppose that even in a village the word of an [illegible] would be enough to dissipate suspicion—yet it lay [illegible] that suspicion somehow; and as he descended through the [illegible] and down among the yellowing leafage of the valley his thoughts ran in strange tangles, and chief among them stood out a pang of regret for the girl whose fair name his carelessness had so besmirched. It grew on him till the expectation of at least a distasteful interview to come turned into an actual relief. In this mood he reached the village—too preoccupied to be aware of the gaping astonishment with which the woman he asked directed him to the wheelwright's house—the house he had never entered as yet. Mrs. Langrish was there when he reached it, but that good lady disclaimed any attempt to receive him with hostility or otherwise. "Run for your father," she whispered, in a panic-stricken aside, to the child who came first to hand, then relapsed into a condition of absolute and rather whimpering dumbness. Langrish himself appeared embarrassed when he came—naturally enough, seeing how frequently he had enlarged on the satisfaction it would give him to break Draycott's head, and the awkwardness there was in resorting to violent measures when the intended victim appeared on the field so entirely of his own accord. The two men measured each other with a look; the wheelwright's face loomed menacing, but it was Draycott who spoke first.

"I have come to speak of the rumours about your daughter," he said, with a firmness of accent that sounded ugly to challenge.

"Ay, it's time," the other answered sullenly.

"I would have come before if I had heard them."

"That's well sounding, Mister," Langrish retorted, rather as though endeavouring to excite himself; "and what have ye got to say for yourself now ye are come, please?"

"That it's a lie," Draycott answered calmly.

"So be it a lie, it's a lie the wench joined in herself," the other answered, with a smouldering anger, held in, plainly, by Draycott's quietude. "If it's a lie, why did she admit to it—tell me that, then? Call that girl here," he shouted, flaring out suddenly; "call her here, some of ye."

But Nellie came in that moment without calling. Facing Draycott, she coloured violently, and stood there like a hunted creature, while her father eyed them both with an angry suspicion. A quick throb

of pity for her seized on Draycott's pulses, and hurried him beyond prudence, if it also rendered him masterful.

"Look you, Mr. Langrish," he said sternly, "it's a mean thing for a man to discredit his daughter on the strength of a little village babble. Ask her now if I ever did her harm?"

"He did me no harm," the girl cried out, all flaming, yet half, perhaps, in defence of the man she fancied overborne by his accusers. A silence followed, half astonished, half unsatisfied, during which Draycott looked at Langrish and read nothing in his face but angry, incredulous perplexity. No end had been reached as yet. "Come out with me for a little, Nellie," he said, turning to her gently. He took her hand with a directness that seemed to her mastership, and the wheelwright did nothing to prevent their going.

They passed silently up the street before the much speculating eyes of the inhabitants. "You have had a bad time of it, little Nellie," he said, tenderly, when they had reached a quieter place among the trees.

"Ah! it was a time"—she clung to his arm as though to shield herself from the recollection—"and it isn't over yet. They all believe I was bad. And you know I couldn't face them and say it was nothing," the girl went on, pitching her voice very low. "I couldn't, you see, because I felt that guilty in myself."

The real fineness of soul she had under that rustic covering burst out on Draycott's sense, and his fantastic resolve hardened to a point.

"Nellie," he said, "will you be my wife?"

The girl looked downcast, with large eyes of amazement.

"You're joking," she said; "you never would."

"I would, indeed," he answered, a little downcast himself, still grasping her hand with a convincing force. "It only rests with you. Will you?"

Nellie threw herself on his arms in a tumult of abashed joy.

"Oh, I never expected it," she said, below her breath, subdued, as she seemed, yet with a radiance about her face more flattering than anything Draycott's previous experience had given him any ground to expect.

Later on in the course of that autumn afternoon they were talking still beneath the trees, with the sere leaves whirling noiselessly about them. And already Draycott felt a doubt, borne in on him like the touch of cold in the closing evening; his answers to Nellie grew distracted while his private thoughts denounced the quixotic folly of the plunge he had made, and he shuddered at the idea of

their return to the wheelwright's to announce the news and all the impossible relations that were to follow.

"We must go home and tell them," the girl exclaimed like a luckless echo of his thought. Draycott remained brooding, and something in his face perturbed her.

"Oh, it'll never do, it can't happen; isn't that what you mean? I am such a common thing," she cried out mournfully. The poignancy of her grief roused him; he took her in his arms again, and forgot himself in the effort to console her.

"But you must promise me something?" she said at last, half comforted.

"What is it, darling?"

"That you won't want to go back among your fine relations—it would kill me downright."

"They aren't particularly fine," Draycott said, smiling. "But they can do without me. We will live in the mill always, if you like."

"Yes, that's what I want," Nellie said, decisively.

It was very much Draycott's idyllic scheme of life, yet in every-day fact the prospect looked to him one that required courage.

"And I'll do my best by you," she added, taking his hand with an untaught sincerity that did something to inspire it.

They live in the mill now—through winter and summer—and they are not alone there. Draycott has his books still, but his wife limits her concern for them to dusting their outsides, and regards any further preoccupation with them as a little bit crazy. But in other things her husband can never sound the full depth of the loyal affection she bears him. He never quite realised that on that autumn afternoon he came to her not only as a lover, but as the rescuer of her name.

THE CHEVALIER D'EON AS A BOOK COLLECTOR.

HISTORY of charlatans in general, and of eccentric characters in particular, would form a volume, or rather a series of nes, of surpassing interest. The surprise is that such an attrac- ubject has not yet found a competent chronicler, for its fascina- ar exceeds the history of a whole crowd of kings and rulers e lives have been written to death, and whose careers usually less entertaining variety than a directory or a dictionary. It is that a recent biographer has given us a diverting volume in n he deals with the careers of "twelve bad men," but—what are among so many? A large percentage of the eccentric indivi- whose idiosyncrasies would have to be taken into account in ggested "history" were unquestionably charlatans of the most tigated character; but many others were eccentric through no of their own, whilst not a few were, in their own peculiar way, whose real talents have been obscured by their foibles. In the ategory the Chevalier D'Eon would occupy a very distinguished on. It would be absurd to attempt to prove that he was a for he was nothing of the kind; nor was he a great man, as much-abused definition is now understood. But there are many s about him and his career which at once rescue him from g the commonplace species of humanity. Of these points, none re interesting or has been more completely trifled with by his us biographers than that which concerns him as a book ctor.

whirl of excitement and extravagance, his pecuniary troubles do not appear to have begun until he came over to England for the second and last time. They were brewing, however, during his long absence of eight years; and in the summer of 1784, the landlord of D'Eon's rooms in Brewer Street, Golden Square, despairing of getting his rent in the ordinary way, appears to have threatened to sell his tenant's goods and chattels. As a matter of fact, he did sell D'Eon's pictures. The *Morning Herald* of July 28, 1784, contains the announcement that Mr. Chapman would offer "the superlatively fine assemblage of pictures of the French, Italian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools of the Chevalier D'Eon," at Tom's Coffee House, opposite the Royal Exchange, No. 30 Cornhill, on Friday, July 30. The advertisement further states "the whole being left with a merchant who has sent them to be sold without reserve." The catalogues of this sale are exceedingly rare, but Mr. G. Redford, in "Art Sales," gives an abstract of some of the principal prices, which in no instance reached £20 per lot.

During the period of his first stay in this country, D'Eon was an inveterate book-collector, and a constant attendant and buyer at book auctions. He was omnivorous in his reading. Messrs. Sotheby possess a most curious document relative to the Chevalier's book-buying proclivities; it is nothing less than the original bill for books bought at Baker & Leigh's on January 10, 1771. The total of the bill amounts to £8 [illegible], which was paid on January 12. The list is an interesting one, but it contains few books of special importance. The greater majority are in French: those in English include Bolingbroke's "Study of History," Mutel's "Causes of the Corruption of Christians," Halifax's "Advice to a Daughter," and an English "Gazetteer." The French books being translations of Tacitus, Livy, Seneca "De la Consolation de la Mort," lives, memoirs or letters of Richelieu and Colbert, a number of works on commerce and finances, "Le Vrai Cuisinier François," a "Voyage Littéraire," of Two Benedictines, and so forth.

Even after his return from what he regarded as exile in his native country, D'Eon could not resist the temptation of book-buying; the *res angusta domi* began to press very heavily on him at about this period, and for the last twenty-five years of his life he was in pecuniary difficulties—partly as a natural result of the Revolution stopping his pension, but chiefly through the rascality of Lord Ferrers, who applied to his own private use £5,000 which the French Government had transmitted to his care for D'Eon.

Among the extensive collection of D'Eon books and unpublished

manuscripts in the possession of Mr. R. Copley Christie,[1] there is a curious account of "Livres que Mr Boissiere, libraire, rue le St. James, à Londres, a fournis à Mlle.[2] la Ch^re^ D'Eon." All the books in this bill are in French, several dealing with the Bastille, and the others including "La Vie Privée de Louis XV" and the "Fastes de Louis XV." These purchases, which amount to £9 9*s.* 6*d.*, are quite insignificant when compared with that effected by D'Eon at Christie's on February 11, 1792. The "Library of a Gentleman," otherwise Dr. James Douglas, included as one lot "a matchless collection of the various editions and translations of Horace," 560 volumes in all, for which the Chevalier paid, it is said, £100.[3] This *assemblage incomparable*, as D'Eon himself termed it, was retained by him until his death. His first work was to prepare, on the most ample scale, a *catalogue raisonné*, written on cards, of the 560 volumes. Each edition has at least one, and sometimes two or three cards; on these a complete transcription of the title-page is written, frequently followed by some descriptive or critical remarks. The ulterior object of all this preliminary work being a gigantic edition of Horace in five different sections, viz. :—

Horatius Profanus.
Horatius Christianus.
Horatius Catholicus, Apostolicus et Romanus.
Horatius Reformatus.
Horatius Gallus, sive purgatus, expurgatus, castratus et Eunuchus [*sic*] secundum Societatem Jesu defunctam, &c., et Amplissimas Europæ Universitates.

It is scarcely necessary to state that D'Eon's idea never got beyond the manuscript stage. An examination of these MSS., which are now in possession of Mr. R. Copley Christie, proves that, had the Chevalier's edition been printed, it would have been an unqualified failure, any such edition being entirely beyond his power.

With the purchase of Dr. Douglas's collection of Horace, the

[1] Mr. Christie, who at one time contemplated a life of the Chevalier D'Eon, has most generously permitted me to examine his valuable collection of D'Eon literature.

[2] During his first stay in England, D'Eon was known by the title of Chevalier; on the second occasion, and up to the time of his death, when, in fact, he dressed as a woman, he assumed the title of Chevalière.

[3] This is the amount stated in all the biographies of D'Eon. A reference to the Christie catalogue, however, shows that this collection of Horace—started by Dr. Mead and continued by Dr. Douglas—was bought in at 199 guineas. This, of course, may have been the reserve price at which the collection was put up by the auctioneer. The collection may have been sold to D'Eon privately by the executors of Dr. Douglas; but it is quite certain that he did not, as is usually stated, purchase the collection under the hammer for £100.

Chevalier's career as a book-buyer appears to have ended. He next appears in the character of bookseller. In the spring of 1791, it was announced that the Chevalier D'Eon's books and MSS. were to be sold by auction, in order, as he himself explains, to "satisfy and pay her creditors, before her departure for Paris. *Justitiæ Soror Fides.*" The catalogue was drawn up by the Chevalier himself, and the sale announced by James Christie for Thursday, May 5, 1791, and following days. At the same time it was announced that the sale would include her mahogany book-cases, her prints, household furniture, swords, trinkets, jewels, and, in general, all her wearing apparel, constituting the wardrobe of a captain of Dragoons and a French lady." The title-page of the catalogue contained a quotation ostensibly from Juvenal :—

> Quale decus rerum si Virginis Auctio fiat
> Balteus, et Manicæ, et Cristæ, crurisque sinistri
> Dimidium Tegmen ! . . . .
> . . . . Tu felix, Ocreas vendente Puella ;

but the auctioneer, who was a wag, adapted the lines to suit the occasion, and substituted "Virginis" for the original word "conjugis." The announcement of the sale attracted very wide interest, and all the principal newspapers of the time contained comments, the *Public Advertiser* publishing on May 3 and 5, "Memoirs of the Life of Mademoiselle La Chevalière D'Eon."

But the sale did not take place. "The good sense and the good feeling," according to the *Public Advertiser* of May 6, "were, perhaps, never exerted with more propriety than in the request made by some very liberal persons (not ARISTOCRATS) to Mr. Christie, on the evening before Madame D'Eon's sale, to desire him to stop the sale of her books and MSS. in order to procure a subscription to enable her to pay her debts, and to enjoy those silences of age and of infirmity, to which her talents, her conduct, and her sex had so well entitled her. The Chevalière consented to this proposition with great difficulty, after having burst into tears at the kindness and generosity of the persons who made this offer, and on its taking place she insisted upon presenting her MSS. and her Oriental books to the British Museum." A subscription list was opened at Hammersley's Bank, Pall Mall, and in a very short time the sum of £465 5*s.* was obtained, the Prince of Wales giving £100. A public benefit for the Chevalier was got up at Ranelagh in June of the same year, and for a time the Chevalier was comfortably situated. By February 1792, he appears to have been just as badly off as ever. The *Public Advertiser* of [illegible]uary 25 of that year contains the following note, which reads:

curiously enough in connection with the recent celebration of the Franco-German war: "What resources might the democrats and emigrants of France find in Marshal Saxe's MS. Memoirs, which come to the hammer very soon, at the Chevalière D'Eon sale. There is amongst them a complete description of all the souterrains of that very important fortress Strasburg."

Seventy-three lots of "valuable and elegant jewels, a few fine prints, valuable coins, medals, plate," &c., which Christie sold on February 17, 1792, produced a total of £348 17*s.* 7*d.*, some of the more valuable lots being bought in. On the 3rd and 4th of the same month a small parcel of books and prints had been sold at this place. During the next year the Chevalier disposed of another instalment at Leigh & Sotheby's, to whom, in sending a list of books and MSS. on April 3, 1793, he wrote and requested them to do the best they could. The Chevalier, apparently, expecting every day to return to France, desired that the result of the sale be sent to M. Dutens, Davies Street, Berkeley Square, No. 24, who will forward the amount to him in Burgundy if he has left England. The sale of these books took place on May 22 and the two following days, and the 104 lots brought a total of over £19, as the statement of account, now in the possession of Mr. R. C. Christie, shows :—

SALE OF MDLLE. D'EON'S BOOKS.
By Leigh & Sotheby.

Selling at 12½ per cent.	£2	17	0
Duty and Stamp	0	12	8
Carriage of Books	0	2	6
Monies to pay Madame	19	3	10
	£22	16	0

A month after the sale the balance was paid to the Chevalier, who signed the receipt "G. Deon." The sale of the residue of the Chevalier's library took place at Christie's on February 19, 1813, and included the collection of Horace: the total proceeds amounted to £313, which apparently went to pay outstanding accounts. The more valuable portion of the Chevalier's library undoubtedly changed hands privately, as there is no record of very many important items having occurred for sale in the auction-rooms. The Chevalier's catalogue contained an announcement that any of the articles therein mentioned were for sale by private contract.

The great variety and importance of the Chevalier's library can only be fully grasped after a careful perusal of the original catalogue, which has itself become a considerable rarity. The manuscripts to which the Chevalier attached the greatest value were unquestionably

those of Maréchal de Vauban, to whom D'Eon's uncle had been secretary. These MSS., which date from 1677 to 1706, are of the greatest interest. But Vauban, who fortified 300 ancient citadels, created 33 new ones, had the direction of 53 sieges, and was present at 140 engagements, was a genius at applying the ideas of others—a contingency which does not in any way minimise the fact of his being the greatest of French military engineers. D'Eon's collection contained all the manuscripts of the Maréchal, with plans, instructions on the fortifications, the attack and defence of the particular places, the encampments, and an infinite variety of other important matter, into which it is not necessary to enter. The Chevalier also attached much importance to several large folio volumes containing a variety of manuscripts on civil and criminal law in France, but more especially the *procès-verbal* of the Conferences held in 1667, concerning the reformation of the "Ordre Judiciaire."

Of MSS. on history, politics, arts and sciences, there were nearly fifty items, in either French, Spanish, or English. Perhaps the most remarkable of these articles was "Les Ethiques, Politiques, Economiques," &c., of Aristotle, *magnifiquement* written in Gothic letters, in black ink, and with capitals in gold, blue, or red, on fine vellum. Another entry, in Latin, describes a beautiful MS. of Pliny's "Epistles" elegantly illuminated. There was a thirteenth century MS. of Cicero's "Rhetorics"; a fifteenth century MS. of the "Legenda Sanctorum"; and another MS. about the same date comprising the treatise attributed to Aristotle, "De Secretis Secretorum"; the last three, with a Greek "Codex," elegantly written towards the close of the twelfth century, are now in the British Museum, and form a part of the bequest of Dr. Burney. Yet another interesting entry consists of the "Œuvres Mêlées et Complétes du Vergier," which ran into three volumes quarto. This MS., which belonged to an intimate friend of the poet, contains a number of pieces, in verse and prose, which had not, up to the time at which they became D'Eon's property, appeared in any edition; his works, which were not printed during his lifetime, were first collected and published at Amsterdam in 1726.

His collection of Bibles, MS. and printed, included editions in Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, Talmudic-Rabbinic, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Ethiopian, Georgian, Malay, Gothic, Greek, Latin, Gauloise, French, and English, nearly fifty in all, and many of the greatest rarity and interest, from the twelfth century MS. of the Biblia Latina with Dr. Jerome's *Prologis* (now in the British Museum) downwards. Perhaps the most interesting entry in this section is the Basle edition

of "Divinæ Scripturæ Veteris ac Novi Testamenti," 1545. This splendid edition was published under the direction of Melanchthon, to whom D'Eon's copy once belonged, as is evidenced by the fact that nearly every page contains the editor's notes in Greek and Latin. D'Eon also possessed a New Testament in Greek, in which Melanchthon had made a number of notes; there were also a copy each of the extremely rare French translation of the Bible, printed by Antoine Verard, in Paris, about 1487, and of the beautiful edition issued from the Estienne Press in 1546.

The variety and number of the Chevalier's dictionaries and encyclopædias came second only to his Bibles, and comprised the most reliable works dealing with history, literature, law, gardening, agriculture and botany, arts, sciences, military, and theology. After these books of reference—which, after all, are not necessarily an indication of a man's literary proclivities—D'Eon's library was largely made up of French *mémoires*. The standard French authors were well represented. The edition of Rousseau's "Œuvres" is that in eleven volumes, printed under the eye of the author by his intimate friend, Marc Michel Rey, of Amsterdam, 1769; the whole set is half-bound in calf, "bien propre," as the Chevalier adds with the true pride of the bibliophile. But of exceedingly curious books, or of works which one rarely meets with outside Brunet, D'Eon's library was very full. He possessed, for instance, Magellan's "Description des Octants et Sextants"; he rejoiced in the possession of a certain "Traité des Maladies des Femmes grosses," published in 1712; a copy of the "Dissertation sur la Prééminence des Chats" (Amsterdam, 1767), a very curious treatise on the position of the cat in society, its place among the other animals of Egypt, on the distinctions and privileges which cats have personally enjoyed, their honourable treatment in life, and of the monuments and so forth which have been erected to them after their death, and much other quaint information in regard to this topic. In the library of so expert a swordsman, the presence of "L'Honneur considéré en lui-même et relativement au Duel" (Paris, 1752) is not, perhaps, surprising, although it is not easy to imagine a student of either of the foregoing books indulging in the luxury of sermons, of which the Chevalier possessed a goodly number. Indeed, theology, in the widest sense of the term, was distinctly a speciality of the Chevalier, one of whose greatest treasures was a copy of the Catechisms composed by Cardinal Richelieu, and dedicated by him to the Sovereign, Louis XIII. This book is in folio, and is very highly ornamented with vignettes. The *Public Advertiser*, in an obviously

[illegible] published in January, 1792, described [illegible] book in the world, perhaps beating [illegible] and the Louvre 'Thomas à Kempis.'"

[illegible] singularly few Italian books, the only [illegible] being a splendid copy on vellum of [illegible] "Istoria Critica della Vita Civile" (Naples, 1764), with [illegible] gold and blue. To perpetrate [illegible] books were in French. [illegible] in this country, the Chevalier's [illegible] and whenever it was possible to [illegible] English classics he appears to have pre- [illegible] among his books, Coste's [illegible] "Essay on the Human Understanding," [illegible] and the collected edition [illegible] in 1767: Young's poems, [illegible] French dress.

[illegible] quam Minerva, tam [illegible] Imperatori"—was a true [illegible] books because he loved them; and [illegible] who collects books with [illegible] considered a wise man. The Chevalier [illegible] every one of his books, [illegible] is an announcement [illegible] which almost invariably [illegible] its exterior beauty or by [illegible] neither wise nor diplo [illegible] of his later years is [illegible] his infirm- [illegible] books is almost [illegible] and having said all they [illegible] occasionally ask them- [illegible]

W. ROBERTS.

STRAY LEAVES FROM THE INDIAN WEED.

The pungent, rose-refreshing weed,
Which, whether pulverised, it gain
A speedy passage to the brain,
Or, whether touched with fire, it rise
In circling eddies to the skies,
Does thought more quicken and refine
Than all the breath of all the nine.—*Cowper.*

THERE is a charm in the delicate aroma of a good cigar wafted on the evening air, an inspiration in the solacing pipe as it sends forth spiral wreaths, floating higher and higher into the blue above. Few men, be their tastes and tempers what they may, can for long hold out against the Indian weed's seductive allurements towards contemplative indolence, or while under the spell, withhold the imagination from winging its way to other realms where the petty vexations of this work-a-day world have no place. How dearly the late Poet Laureate treasured his briar-root, how with his "silent friend" he would seek seclusion, drawing unfailing solace from an inexhaustible tobacco-jar, belongs to the social history of our times. Indeed, the many virtues of the red man's soother of sorrow have long been enshrined in imperishable literature. But science, not to be hoodwinked by blandishments, however seductive, detected a trace of something suspicious in the character of the exotic, and, prying further, found out all about her rather shady connections, and classified her amongst them accordingly under the euphonious name of Nicotiana, of the family of *Solanaceæ* (Linnæus).

In the fulness of their hearts lovers of the weed have declared that in it they have found "the only thing in life that fumes without fretting." If to this excellence be added the further one of assuaging the fretful, we shall have the whole philosophy of smoking in a nut-shell. Because of these rare virtues paterfamilias will now and then forego the social distinction of occupying the paternal chair that he may enjoy the comforts of a quiet pipe away from all the blessed cherubs of domesticity. For these, the idolised bachelor, weary of

loving attentions (the ungrateful being!) will watch his opportunity for flight, and slipping away unseen, will make off to his favourite hiding-place. Briskly entering his den (the old bear!), he surveys with twinkling eye his own undisputed domain, with pipe-rack and weeds, benches and books, rifle and rod, all in undisturbed (dis)order. Tenderly he handles his favourite calumet, bestows the pabulum of peace, and awaits the sweet solace which will soon dispel the worries and passions born of strife in life's warfare. Many an overwrought brain has thus received the balm that stays the rash hand or the fevered spirit from hurrying to a reckless end. Surely no one need wonder at the smoker's devotion to his pipe, nor be so uncharitable as to class his troubles and trials, and their happy deliverance, with the mere fancies of a lazy man in search of excuse for an idle habit. Let us not be hard on the smoker. Do we not all know men who would fain indulge in a social whiff now and then with their friends were it not for the warnings of an inward monitor who will not be trifled with? The man who had conquered Europe was himself conquered by a pipe of tobacco. An Oriental pipe of wonderful beauty and inventive skill was presented to Napoleon by a Persian ambassador. Though he was an immoderate snuff-taker, he had never smoked, but he would try this pipe. It was duly charged with tobacco and lighted, says Constant, but his Majesty, instead of drawing up the smoke in the usual way, merely opened and shut his mouth with mechanical regularity. Losing patience, he exclaimed, "Devils! There is no result!" It was remarked that he had made the attempt badly, and he was shown how to smoke properly. But the Emperor reverted to his automaton-like performance; the pipe went out, and Constant was desired to relight it; this done, he again instructed his master in the proper method of smoking. Determined not to be balked again, the Emperor resolutely drew up the smoke, and, swallowing it, it came out by his nostrils and blinded him. As soon as he recovered breath, he cried out, "Away with it! Oh, the hog! Oh, my stomach! My stomach turns!" This was Napoleon's first and last experience of smoking. Then let those whom Nicotiana favours thankfully own her benign sway and be comforted. The placid Oriental, when his wives rave, or affliction smites him, will stroke his beard—if he have one—and thank Allah for the good gift

> Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
> His hours, and rivals opium and his brides.

An old Persian legend, brought to light by Lieutenant Walpole, is the story of a virtuous youth distraught at the loss of a loving

wife. A holy man looks tenderly upon the disconsolate one, and tells him of a balm for his affliction. "Go to thy wife's tomb, son of sorrow," says the anchorite, "and there thou wilt find a weed. Pluck it, place it in a reed, and put fire to it, then inhale the smoke thereof. This will be to thee wife and mother, father and brother, and, above all, will be a wise counsellor, and teach thy soul wisdom and thy spirit joy." The lofty, poetic strain of this Eastern sage breathes of implicit faith in his native Shiraz tobacco. For doubtless he, a dweller in

> . . . the land where the cypress and myrtle
> Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
> Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
> Now melts into sorrow, now maddens to crime,

had often experienced its influence on a wounded heart. Indeed the history and associations of the plant, from its wild Indian home to the remotest East, are full of romance of more than ordinary interest. For like most things transatlantic, whether products of the soil or of the brain, it rapidly became universal, spreading literally like wild-fire wherever man was to be found. Everywhere it was esteemed a close comfort, a priceless possession, and to its rare qualities were ascribed almost miraculous powers. The persistency with which men have stuck to the weed after once experiencing its soothing effects ranks among the most remarkable examples history affords of the rapid development of a new taste and the formation of a new habit; a habit that, after the lapse of three centuries and more, grows stronger day by day, keeping full pace with the increase of population, until now it is too deeply rooted ever to be extirpated, even by taxation, however weighty. Viewed in its political aspect, the career of the Indian weed presents a striking illustration of popular opinion ultimately triumphing over prejudice and power.

Here let us take a cursory glance back to the heroic age when the marvellous weed which has almost revolutionised men's habits all over the world, and created a new industry giving employment to millions of human beings, was first imported into these islands.

A halo of romance surrounds those jubilant days, but in the eyes of Englishmen generally Sir Walter Raleigh stands out prominently as the hero to whom the honour is due of giving his countrymen their first instalment of tobacco. England had just awakened to the reality of a new world of wonders and boundless wealth lying unexplored in the far West; a land where "everything touched turned to gold." The far-famed discoveries and conquests of the

their discontent brought them back to England. They took care, however, not to return empty-handed; a large quantity of tobacco, which the natives had prepared for them, was stowed on board the vessels, with a variety of instruments for preparing and using it. It can well be imagined that Master Lane would take pride in exhibiting himself to London's gazing multitude smothered in Indian clouds. The learned Camden speaks of Lane as the original English smoker. It is remarkable that so much doubt should have existed amongst writers even in Eliza-Jacobean times, both as to the date when tobacco was first received in this country and the person by whom it was first introduced. The painstaking annalist, Stow, says that tobacco came into England about the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth (1557). But Aubrey, speaking of Sir Walter Raleigh, says that "he was the first that brought tobacco into England and into fashion (1586). In our part of North Wilts—*e.g.* Malmsbury Hundred—it came first into fashion by Sir Walter Long. They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut-shell and a straw. I have heard my grandfather Lyle say that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir Walter Raleigh standing in a stand at Sir Ro. Poyntz parke at Acton, took a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quitte it till he had donne." The author of a gossipy "Tour in Wales" (Pennant), in 1810, speaking about the great houses and their associations, says that Captain Price, of Plasyollin, with Captains Myddelton and Koet, on their return from the Azores in 1591, "were the first who had smoked or (as they called it) drank tobacco publickly in London, and that the Londoners flocked from all parts to see them. Pipes were not then invented, so they used the twisted leaves, or segars. The invention is usually ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh. It may be so, but he was too good a courtier to smoke in public, especially in the reign of James." Again, in the 1659 translation of Dr. Everard's "Panacea" (Antwerp, 1587), it is remarked that "Captain Richard Grenfield and Sir Francis Drake were the first planters of it here [England], and not Sir Walter Raleigh, which is the common error; so difficult is it to fix popular discoveries." These few selections show us how easily origins are lost sight of.

It seems ungracious to pluck a plume from one so eminently distinguished for important services rendered to his Queen and country as Sir Walter Raleigh; yet nothing in history is more certain than that the common belief crediting him with the first introduction of tobacco into this country is a myth. History, whilst awarding him the palm for potatoes, points to Sir John Hawkins

as the first to bring to his countrymen the peaceful pleasures of the pipe. Certainly the weight of probabilities are in his favour. Taylor, the Water Poet, says: "Tobacco was first brought into England in 1565, by Sir John Hawkins." And Edmund Howes, in his continuation of Stow's "Annals," says: "Tobacco was first brought and made known by Sir John Hawkins about the year 1565, but not used by Englishmen in many years after, though at this day it is commonly used by most men and many women." These accounts correspond with Hawkins's second voyage, viz. October 18, 1564, returning September 20, 1565. Confirmatory evidence comes from John Sparkes, the younger, who, in his account of this voyage, says that Hawkins, ranging along the "coast of Florida for fresh water, in July 1565, came upon the French settlement there under Landonière, where the natives, when they travel, have a kind of herbe dryed, which with a cane and an earthen cup in the end, with fire and the dryed herbe put together, they do suck through the cane the smoke thereof, which smoke satisfieth their hunger, and therewith they live four or five days without meat or drink, and this all the Frenchmen used for the purpose." Hearing these wonderful stories told of the Indian's "herbe," nothing could be more natural than that Hawkins should make trial of it for himself, and, liking it, secure specimens of the plant for cultivation and use at home. To see and hear and get all he could was the sole end and aim of his ploughing the Spanish Main. Bearing in mind that he got back to England in September 1565, we see that the statements of Taylor, the Water Poet, and Howes, the annalist, that tobacco was brought by Sir John Hawkins in 1565, are consistent and reliable. Collateral evidence on the point is to be found in L'Obel's work on Botany,[1] written in 1570, wherein he says: "Within these few years the West Indian tobacco plant has become an inmate of England." This of itself is conclusive against the Raleigh theory. But let us look a little further into the matter. In 1570 Raleigh was a youth of eighteen, and had just gone to France to fight in the Huguenot cause. Again, in the State Archives there is still extant an edict issued by Queen Elizabeth against the use and abuse of tobacco, dated 1584—the year Raleigh's first expedition sailed to the New World.

It is amusing to find Queen Elizabeth fulminating against the pipe she afterwards so willingly countenanced in the mouth of her

[1] *Stirpium Adversaria Nova.* Dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, by Mathias de L'Obel, Botanist, London, 1571. Another edition was published at Antwerp in 1576.

favourite knight. But then Sir Walter was in every way a splendid man, the "typical gallant and hero in England's heroic age." Tall, dark, handsome, a noble brow, commanding voice and mien, he drew to his side willing hands ready to do his behest, be it what it might. A gay courtier, his dress was of the richest, and priceless gems sparkled on every finger. And so it came about that his proud Queen would quietly sit by his side, would playfully call him Walter, and listen to his tales of daring deeds, and sufferings endured all for Good Queen Bess. And had he not won for her a new land full of rich promise, which for her sake was named Virginia? And thus they would talk on, Sir Walter smoking his finely-wrought silver pipe in peace, forgetful of the fair, if frail, Maid of Honour, Bessy Throgmorton, listening, maybe, behind the arras. Alas! poor mortal man. The untoward affair at last broke upon Elizabeth like a thunderstorm in a serene sky, and our gallant hero became an outcast from the favour of his Queen.[1]

Among the many anecdotes told of Raleigh's practices with his pipe may be mentioned that of his outwitting the Queen in a wager she laid with the gallant knight respecting the weight of the smoke which exhaled from a pipeful of tobacco. "I can assure your Majesty," said Raleigh, "that I have so well experienced the nature of it that I can exactly tell even the weight of the smoke in any quantity I consume." "I doubt it much, Sir Walter," replied Elizabeth, thinking only how impossible it must be to catch the smoke and put it in a balance, "and will wager you twenty angels that you do not solve my doubt." Whereupon Raleigh drew forth a quantity of the weed, placed it in finely-adjusted scales, and, having ascertained its weight, commenced to smoke it, carefully preserving the ashes. These at the finish he weighed with great exactness. Then would it dawn upon her Majesty how the wager was to end. "Your Majesty," said Raleigh, "cannot deny that the difference hath evaporated in smoke." "Truly I cannot," was her reply. Then, turning to those around her, who were eyeing with amusement this curious play on the pipe, she continued, "Many labourers in the fire have I heard of [alluding to alchemists] who turned their gold into smoke, but Sir Walter is the first who has turned smoke into gold."

But the Indian weed had a hard fight to hold its ground in Europe and Asia in face of the most resolute opposition from potentates, statesmen, and priests. In England

[1] The Queen could not brook the least defection of a courtier from absolute devotion to herself.

The gentleman called King James
In quilted doublet and great trunk breeches,
Who held in abhorrence tobacco and witches,[1]

signalised himself and his reign by profound learning and ponderous invective hurled against the innocent plant, amongst whose alluring leaves there lurked the "lively image and pattern of hell." His "Counterblast" to tobacco[2] is of itself an historic monument to his genius which posterity does well to preserve, that there may be something in hand to attest the just appreciation of his "loving subjects" in early recognising in him a Solomon! Though, to be sure, some will have it that the irreverent Henri Quatre was the first to see the fitness of the designation, Solomon, for the son of Mary Queen of Scots. And yet his astute minister, the Duc de Sully, professed to have discovered in the flickering illuminations of this northern light "the wisest fool in Christendom." But then, even historians who think it incumbent on them to explain every human phenomenon or prodigy, have perplexed themselves with vain endeavours to unravel this curious compound of Machiavellian craft, fussy self-conceit, and imbecility. Looking to his preternatural insight into the uncanny domain of the Black Arts, his mental conflicts with the de'il, witches and warlocks, and long nebbit things, the problem his character presents might perhaps form a fitting study for the modern school of psychology.

With the beginning of the seventeenth century commenced a literary warfare over the virtues and vices of Nicotiana, which lasted intermittently down to the middle of the present century, when Mr. Solly, of St. Thomas's Hospital, in the columns of the *Lancet*, strove valiantly to get up a crusade against smoking. All the leading members of the medical profession took part in the affray; irrefragable statistics were piled up one upon the other as ramparts, from behind which Mr. Solly proclaimed that there was death in the pipe, and the rapid degeneracy of the human race, to him everywhere apparent, was to be regarded as the inevitable consequence of indulgence in the pernicious weed. It is un-English to holloa before getting out of the wood, and we are still within the century, and who can tell what may happen? Members

[1] "The Witches' Frolic," *Ingoldsby Legends*.

[2] This work first appeared anonymously in 1604, and it is doubtful if an original copy is extant. Dr. Richard Garnett has courteously informed the writer of these lines that there is not one in the British Museum, but that Professor Arber has preserved a copy of it in his English Reprints. Arber says, "How early its royal authorship was avowed I know not, but it was generally known long before its insertion in the collected edition of the King's works" (in 1616).

of the Volunteer Corps have been seen with pipes in their mouths while on their way to camp! But how feeble were Mr. Solly's efforts compared with the heroic charges made on the "lively image" by his great prototype, our own Don Quixote. This falling off certainly points directly to what seems like degeneracy—in the use of big words, at any rate. Had Mr. Solly referred to the text-book left by the royal founder of his faith, he would have learnt the right use and value of trenchant utterance, and, as a physiologist, would have gained knowledge never imparted in St. Thomas's Hospital. The royal "Counterblast" proclaims that "smoke becomes a kitchen far better than a dining-chamber; and yet it makes a kitchen oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soyling and infecting with an unctuous and oyly kind of soote, as hath been found in some great tobacco takers, that after death were opened." (!!) "Have you not reason then to be ashamed and to forbear this filthie noveltie, so basely grounded, so foolishly received, and so grossly mistaken in the right use thereof? In your abuse thereof sinning against God, harming yourselves both in person and in goods, and raking also thereby the marks and notes of vanitie upon you; by the custom thereof making yourselves to be wondered at by all forraine civil nations, and all strangers that come among you, to be scorned and contemned." King James clinches his argument with a logical acumen there is no resisting. "Why," asks our guide, philosopher, and friend, "since we imitate the beastly and slavish Indians in taking tobacco, do we not imitate them in *walking naked*? as they do"—an extraordinary idea to occur to one accustomed to wear dagger-proof quilted dress—"preferring glass beads and feathers to gold and precious stones? as they do; yea, why do we not deny God and adore the devil? as they do." Then comes his famous climax: "A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the orgaine [brain], dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." If, after this display of royal indignation, stiff-necked ones still cast fond looks at the "emblem of hell," let them turn their attention to the King's words of wisdom stored up in a "Collection of Witty Apophthegms." Things that before were obscure to mental vision are here illumined with a new radiance; it is made clear to us that "tobacco was the lively image and pattern of hell, for that it had, by illusion, in it all the parts and vices of the world whereby hell may be gained—to wit, first: It is a smoke; so are the vanities of this world. Secondly: It delighteth them that take it; so do the pleasures of the world delight the men of the world.

Thirdly: It maketh men drunken and light in the head; so do the vanities of the world, men are drunken therewith. Fourthly: He that taketh tobacco saith he cannot leave it, *it doth bewitch him*! . . . And, further, besides all this, it is like hell in the very substance of it, for it is a stinking, loathsome thing, and so is hell." But James had his moments of gaiety; he could jest over the Arch Enemy, and it would be most unfair to his memory to pass by any playful attempt at jocularity that for an instant flickered over his dreary brain. In the treasury of wisdom already mentioned, we are told that his Majesty once remarked that "if he were to invite the devil to dinner he should have three dishes: 1. A pig; 2. A pole of ling and mustard; and (3) a pipe of tobacco for digesture."

There is a passage in the "Counterblast" which seems to point directly to Raleigh; it runs as follows: "Now the corrupt baseness of the use of this tobacco doeth very well agree with the foolish and groundless first entry thereof into this kingdom. It is not so long since the first entry of this abuse amongst us here, as this present age can very well remember both the first author and the form of the first introduction of it amongst us. It was neither brought in by king, great conqueror, nor learned doctor of physick. With the report of a great discovery for a conquest, some two or three savage men were brought in together with this savage custom. But the pity is, the poor, wild, barbarous men died, but that vile, barbarous custom is yet alive, yea, in fresh vigour, so as it seems a miracle to me how a custom springing from so vile a ground, and brought in by a father so generally hated, should be welcomed on so slender a warrant." The mention of "two or three savage men" clearly indicates the return of Raleigh's first expedition in 1584, when Captains Amadas and Barlowe brought with them two American Indians, whose appearance in the streets was regarded as one of the sights of London. Shakespeare makes allusion to them in the "Tempest." James's inveterate enmity towards Raleigh would seem to have originated at their first encounter at Burghly, in Lincolnshire, when the King faltered out: "On my soul, mon, I hae heard but rawley o' thee," a clumsy attempt at a pun. Doubtless Raleigh's noble bearing and rich attire would touch James's inordinate self-importance, which seems to have at all times blinded him to a proper sense of decency, according to Sir Anthony Weldon's nple, graphic presentation of him. On the King boasting that, l the English crown not been offered to him, his Scotch army ld have taken it for him, Raleigh, indignant, made the in- k: "Would God that had been put to the test."

"Why?" asked James. Raleigh, recovering himself, replied, "Your Majesty would then have known your friends from your foes." Aubrey says that James never forgave this speech. One by one, Raleigh was stripped of, or forced into resigning, all his offices; and before the end of the first year of James's reign (November 4, 1603) he was lodged in the Tower on a false charge of treason, and after fifteen years' imprisonment was judicially murdered by order of the King. Speaking of this event, Sir Anthony Weldon remarks, "How this kingdom was gulled in the supposed treason of Sir Walter Rawley and others who suffered as traytors, whereas to this day it could never be knowne that there ever was such treason, but a mere trick of State to remove some blotches out of the way." When Raleigh's fate drew nigh, "he tooke a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffolde," says Aubrey, "which some female persons were scandalised at; but I think 'twas well and properly donne to settle his spirits."

Speaking of this noble victim of James I., Sir Walter Besant, in his handsome volume on "Westminster," says, "Raleigh was brought to Old Palace Yard to die. The day chosen for his execution was Lord Mayor's Day, so that the crowd should be drawn to the pageant rather than to his execution." The body lies buried in the chancel of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, where, near by, a tablet informs the visitor that

> Within the walls of this church was deposited the body of the great Sir Walter Raleigh, Knt., on the day he was beheaded in Old Palace Yard, Westminster, 29 October, Ann. Dom. 1618.
>
> Reader, should you reflect on his errors,
> Remember his many virtues,
> And that he was a mortal.

Considering the deep sympathy the nation has always evinced for the ill-fated yet illustrious knight, it is almost incredible that no monument has ever been erected to his memory. Raleigh was truly great in all those things which mankind loves to honour and perpetuate. In him patriotism, valour, and magnanimity stand out conspicuously in an age of heroes. Though endowed with a glowing, wildly-romantic imagination, he has left in his various writings evidence of extensive reading, keen insight, and sound judgment. The improvements he effected in naval architecture alone entitle him to the lasting gratitude of his country. The concluding lines of his "History of the World," written when the death sentence had been passed upon him and all his hopes of life had fled, are considered to be the finest and grandest example of prose in the English

language. That Raleigh would not surrender his natural nobility of character to flatter the most abject monarch[1] that ever sat on the throne is to his everlasting honour, and marks him as a typical Englishman.

Through the medium of the notorious Star Chamber, the King, in 1614, directed his efforts ostensibly to restrain the consumption of tobacco; in effect, to put an end to the infant colony of Virginia. For this purpose a bill was drawn up, addressed to "Our Right Trustie and right well beloved Cousin and Counsellor, Thomas, Earle of Dorset, our High Treasurer of Englande, Greeting." Then follows a rather perplexing, verbose preamble, the drift of which seems to be the hatching up of excuses for heaping upon tobacco a monstrous load of taxation for the avowed purpose of relieving "many mean persons" of the heavy expense the habit of smoking entailed.

He tells his "loving subjects" that smoking is an "evil vanitie, whereby the health of a great number of people is impayered, and their bodies weakened and made unfit for labour, and the estates of many mean persons so decayed and consumed, as they are thereby driven to unthriftie shiftes onley to maintain their gluttonous exercise thereof." After further admonition and warning of evils in store for the obdurate, the Act proceeds: "We do therefore will and command you, our Treasurer of Englande, and herebye also warrant and authorise you to give orders to all Customers, Comptrollers, Searchers, Surveyors and others officers of our Portes, that from and after the sixe-and-twentieth Day of October next comynge, they shall demand and take to our use, etc., etc., the sum of Sixe shillings and 8*d.* upon every pound weight thereof, over and above the custome of 2*d.* upon the pound weight usually paide heretofore." The penalties for evading payment were, forfeiture of cargo, "and such further Penalties and corporal punishments as the qualitie of suche so high a Contempt against Our Royal and Expresse Commandmente in this manner published shall deserve."

The imposition, equivalent to about thirty shillings of our present money, had a startling effect on the tobacco trade of the country; but when merchants found out that it was meant to apply only to the tobacco imported from Virginia, they naturally had recourse to other markets, as Spain and Portugal, whence it was brought in at the old rate of

[1] It is difficult to speak of James I. in measured terms. The reader is referred to Sir Anthony Weldon's *Court and Character of King James* (Smeeton's reprint, 1817). Raumer, ii. p. 200, says of James: "He was a slave to vices which could not fail to make him an object of disgust." Also, Winwood's *Memorials*.

twopence on the pound that had satisfied Elizabeth. Agriculturists, too, saw in the change an opportunity for extending the home cultivation and manufacture of tobacco, and readily availed themselves of it, particularly in Yorkshire, where all the operations connected therewith were well understood. On the King learning what they were doing, he hastened to promulgate a further edict forbidding husbandmen "to misuse and misemploy the soyle of this fruitful kingdom," beginning with the words, "Whereas We, out of the dislike We have to tobacco." Thus expressed, the case against the weed is placed in a more intelligible light than that which he had in the first instance thought it expedient to disclose. However absurd his reasoning or malignant his purpose, his policy succeeded only too well. Besides dealing a crushing blow to the young colony, his action had other far-reaching effects: it created a daring race of smugglers, who did a thriving contraband trade in tobacco with pirates on the Spanish Main; and home dealers saw in the greatly enhanced price of the weed a temptation to "sophisticate" too powerful to be resisted. Scattered through the literature of that period may be found some curious allusions to the practice, as in Ben Jonson's "Alchemist," where Abel Drugger, speaking in praise of his tobacconist, says:

> He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not
> Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil;
> Nor washes it in muscadel and grains;
> * * * * * * * *
> But keeps it in fine lilly pots, that, opened,
> Smell like a conserve of roses, or French beans.
> He has his maple block, his silver tongs,
> Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper.

In "Bartholomew Faire" he presents us with a picture of one Ursula, a vendor of roast pig, bidding her servant "Look too't, sirrah, you had best! three pence a pipe full I will ha' made of all my whole half pound of tobacco, and a quarter of a pound of coltsfoot, mixed with it too, to eke it out." That sophisticating practices were growing apace may be gleaned from Dr. Barclay, of Edinburgh, who in his "Nepenthes" (1614) speaks of "tobacco merchants apparelling European plants with Indian coats and enstalling them in shops as righteous and legitimate tobacco." (How very conservative we English are!) "Some others, indeed, have tobacco from Florida that they sophisticate and farde in sundrie sorts with black spice, galanga, aqua-vitæ, Spanish wine, anise seedes, oyle of spicke, and such like." Less expensive materials than these were more

commonly used (and perhaps still are), as the leaves of rhubarb, dock, burdock, plantain, oak and elm, also chickory leaves steeped in tar-oil.

If the manufacturers of these and less innocent "mixtures" really find themselves unable to withstand the pressure from without for a cheap smoke, let them confine their sophisticating ingenuity to simple vegetable products, such, for instance, as satisfied Dame Ursula. Coltsfoot or the leaves of the lettuce, being slightly narcotic, would form a harmless make-believe for the good folk who persuade themselves that they could not sleep a wink were they deprived of their evening comfort. Ages ago both Greeks and Romans, according to Dioscorides and Pliny, found comfort in smoking through a reed or pipe the dried leaves of coltsfoot, which relieved them of old coughs and difficult breathing. We can picture the legionary in Britain's bleak atmosphere, while pacing the Roman Wall, trying to console himself in his lonely vigil with the vapour from his "elphin pipe," fragments of which have been found among the ruins of those early memorials to the Scots' persistent determination to travel southwards. And as to the lettuce, it has been famous since the time of Galen (Claudius Galenus), who asserts that he found relief from sleeplessness by taking it at night. Regardless of these things, the Nicotian epicure of to-day enjoys the inestimable advantage of luxuriating in the delicate aroma of the Cuban leaf, while fancying himself wafted on his upward way to Nirvana. The charming simplicity that leads to this ideal conception of existence is most refreshing; the being so lost to the outer world can hardly be blamed if he says rude things when compelled to touch Mother Earth.

But King James had not yet done with tobacco. A monarch of his remarkable idiosyncrasy, as displayed in his creation of a new and lucrative business for the sale of distinguished titles and high offices of State, where he himself possessed the sole monopoly, would naturally see his way to a further stroke of "good business" in the tobacco market. Accordingly, we are not surprised to learn that, viewing with a jealous eye the flourishing state of the new industry, the idea occurred to him or his ministers that the State coffers might be replenished by taking a still deeper interest in the weed. Hence the issue of a royal proclamation to his loving subjects that they were forbidden to deal in tobacco unless they purchased Royal Letters Patent granting them a license to do so. These could only be procured, on payment of a yearly sum, from the persons who farmed from the King the right to enforce and collect the tax. In the "Stafford Letters," compiled by Gerrard, relating to the collec-

tion of the new tax, it is stated that "some towns have yielded twenty marks, £10, £5, £6, fine and rent; none goes under. I hear that Plymouth hath yielded £100 and as much yearly rent. . . . The tobacco licences go on apace; they yield a good fine, and a constant yearly rent. . . ." In some instances a life-lease to deal in tobacco was granted on payment of a lump sum. As to the King's method of dealing with State affairs of the kind, let Sir Anthony Weldon speak from personal knowledge. He says of the King that "he was so crafty and cunning in petty things, as the circumventing any great man. He had a trick of cousen [*cozen*] himself with bargains under hand, by taking £1,000 or £10,000 as a bribe, when (at the same time) his Counsel was treating with his Customers to raise them to so much more yearly; this went into his Privy purse; wherein he thought he had over-reached the Lords, but consented himself; but would as easily break the bargain upon the next offer, saying he was mistaken and deceived, and therefore no reason he should keep the bargain. This was often the case with the Farmers of the Customs."

There is a document in the State Archives which throws a curious side-light on the king's ideas of statecraft. The settlers in Guiana had become tobacco planters, and required a trade-charter with this country. A charter was granted them, in which a clause was inserted to the effect that one-tenth of the tobacco grown there should go to the King. Thus, in a roundabout way, the King became a tobacco merchant.

The concern which the King had professed for the "many mean persons" of decayed fortune in debt for tobacco had not resulted in helping them out of their difficulties, but rather the contrary. From Aubrey we learn that its cost had risen to the value of silver. He says, "I have heard some of our old yeomen neighbours say that when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham market they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco. Now (1680) the Customes of it are the greatest his majestie hath." In various documents of the period tobacco is mentioned amongst the most expensive luxuries. Even in Elizabeth's reign its price ranged from 10*s.* to 18*s.* a pound, according to the quality.

Michael Drayton in his "Polyolbion," published in 1613, deprecates the extravagance of the times in things.

> Which our plaine fathers earste would have accounted sinne,
> Before the costly coach and silken stock came in;
> Before the Indian weed so strongly was embrac't,
> Wherein such mighty summes we prodigally waste.

Meanwhile, jovial spirits were amusing themselves with a lively paper warfare over the virtues and vices of the rare Indian plant that, according to the King, had bewitched them. And there would seem to be something in it after all, if we may judge by the freedom with which they flourished the literary cudgels—a freedom that would shock the sedate *illuminati* of literature in these more decorous days. Early in the fray (1602) appeared anonymously a booklet entitled "Work for Chimney Sweepers, or a Warning to Tobacconists," calling the smoker's attention to the necessity for securing the services of one of those useful members of the community. At that time it was the fashion among gallants of the weed to draw the smoke into the lungs and to eject it "through the organs of the nose, with a relish that inviteth," says the gay, laughing, Doctor Barton Holiday, who took such a wicked delight in tormenting King James at Woodstock in his play of the "Marriage of the Arts." This was speedily answered by "A Defence of Tobacco," printed by Richard Field for Thomas Man, wherein the author shows that the "warning" should have roosted at home, where, in its absence, zeal had outrun discretion, and had thereby damaged the cause it would fain have served.

Verbose titles, full of alliteration, fire and fun, were much appreciated by the militant writers of this period. Witness the following heading to a poem against tobacco by Joshua Sylvester, Gent., the favourite poet of King James: "Tobacco battered, and the pipes shattered (about their eares that idely idolize so base and barbarous a weed; or leastwise overlove so loathsome a vanitie) by a volley of Holy shot, thundered from Mount Helion." After this brave warning we are prepared to hear that

> Hell hath smoake
> Impenitent tobacconist to choake.
> Though never dead, there shall they have their fill;
> In heaven is none, but light and glory still.

Samuel Rowlands in his "Knave of Clubbs" (1611) writes in a lighter strain, and asks—

> Who durst dispraise tobacco whilst the smoke is in my nose,
> Or say, but fah! my pipe doth smell! I would I know but those
> Durst offer such indignity to that which I prefer;
> For all the brood of blackamoors will swear I do not err,
> In taking this same worthy whiff with valiant cavalier,
> But that will make his nostrils smoke, at cupps of wine or beer,
> When as my purse can not afford my stomach flesh or fish,
> I sup with smoke, and feel as well and fat as one can wish.
> . . . . . .
> Much victuals serve for gluttony, to fatten men like swine,
> *But* he's a frugal man indeed that with a leaf can dine,

And needs no napkins for his hands his fingers' ends to wipe,
But keeps his kitchen in a box, and roast meat in a pipe.
This is the way to help down years, a meal a day's enough;
Take out tobacco for the rest by pipe, or else in snuff,
And you shall find it physical; a corpulent, fat man,
Within a year shall shrink so small that round his waist you'll span.
It's full of physic's rare effects, it worketh sundry ways:
The leaf green, dried, steep't, burnt to dust, have each their several praise.

While Englishmen smoked, and laughed at their King's wondrous ways, or growled at his tenacious grip upon their pockets, Eastern potentates were treating their subjects as only despots can for daring to indulge in the Frankish novelty. In Persia, where but recently jealous strife raged for sole possession of the tobacco industry, Abbas I., of dread memory, cut off the lips of those who smoked, and the noses of any who ventured to snuff. On one occasion he threw an unfortunate man whom he discovered selling tobacco into a fire along with his goods. Yet, by-and-by, this demon of cruelty himself was enthralled by Nicotiana's charms, and became one of her most fervent devotees. The Turks, under Amurath IV., were similarly punished for infringing his edict against smoking. Sir Edwin Sandys, of Pontefract, in his travels in 1610, bears testimony to similar acts of cruelty by Mahomet IV. During his stay in Constantinople he witnessed the punishment of a sturdy Turk who had been caught solacing the burden of life with the vapour of his new-found joy. Short-lived, however, was his happiness; he was dragged before the tribunal and condemned to the torture of having a hole pierced through the cartilage of his nose and a pipe inserted therein. Then, in order to render the punishment more impressive to the multitude, he was seated on the back of an ass with his face to the tail, and driven through the streets of the city, while criers proclaimed his offence and its merited punishment, according to the law of the Sultan. Not less cruel were the barbarities inflicted upon Russian subjects, who, under the Tsar Michael Fedorowitz, were publicly knouted for using tobacco in any form—in some instances their nostrils were split open. If guilty of a second offence, death alone could wipe out the crime. The ambassadors of the Duke of Holstein who visited Moscow in 1634 relate that they were eye-witnesses of a public exhibition of this kind, where eight men and one woman were punished with the knout for selling tobacco and brandy. By way of palliating this Russian atrocity they were informed that houses in Moscow had been set on fire by smokers falling asleep and dropping their lighted pipes.

Oppression, however, like persecution in another sphere, brought

succour to the plant; for, despite every form of opposition and punishment, men quietly went on comforting themselves with the weed, until at last their bitterest foes became their best friends, and gratefully acknowledged the benign sway of Nicotiana.

There is a peculiar interest, not without instruction (for it strikingly illustrates the far-seeing sagacity of King James), in observing the change which came over governments with regard to the consumption of tobacco. One after another they began to recognise in the Indian idol virtues which to them had, unfortunately, too long remained hidden. Straightway they took her under their paternal protection, and handsomely did Nicotiana reward their tardy acknowledgment of her value to mankind. By-and-by, many an anxious custodian of an empty treasury came to look to her as a divinity

> . . . that cures, a vapour that affords
> Content more solid than the smile of lords,

and as they gathered in their golden harvest of taxation, blessed the name of their benefactress.

In illustration of this change may be mentioned the action which Peter the Great took with the view of establishing tobacco culture and its manufacture in his dominions. In the tenth volume of M. de Martin's magnificent work on the treaties and conventions concluded by Russia with other nations from 1710 to 1801, there is a paragraph which states that Peter the Great, having determined that tobacco should be cultivated and manufactured in Russia, sought in England the necessary workmen, machinery, implements, &c., for transmission to Moscow. Englishmen knew little at that time of the remote Tsardom of Muscovy, but on learning the wants and wealth of the monarch, enterprising merchants were not slow to undertake the performance of all that was required of them. Accordingly, a party of skilled workmen, with engineers, was soon on its way to Moscow, with all necessary material for setting up and working a tobacco factory. When, later, the English government was apprised of what had been done, "Her Majesty Queen Anne, in Council, was pleased to manifest her profound dissatisfaction, especially in that they proceeded to the realm of Moscow to the cultivation of the native products of her Majesty's dominions, and in that they have brought to Moscow for this purpose the requisite English workmen and material, which is contrary to the interests and usages of the kingdom of Great Britain." Orders were immediately sent to our envoy at Moscow to not only return the workmen to their homes, but to privately and secretly destroy all the materials, machines and instruments of production!

It is not a little amusing to learn how energetically the envoy carried out the order of destruction. He relates at considerable length in his home despatch how he and his secretary (a private secretary, undoubtedly) spent a *night* in breaking up all the machinery and laying waste the material; how he afterwards explained to the Tsar that the object of his zealous operations in smashing up the plant was to save his Majesty's subjects from a burdensome monopoly and thus, really, to encourage and enhance the tobacco trade in Russia. Remembering that the Tsar was Peter the Great, we are not surprised to learn that our excellent envoy was listened to with impatience.

ED. VINCENT HEWARD.

THE OLD GARDEN SEAT.

I STAND beside the yew-tree fence,
Mid gaiety of blue-eyed May;
Rose perfumes hit my sluggish sense
And human accents to me stray.
Grandfather tells his old-world tales
And Granny smiles her hundredth smile,
Round me each eve the nightingales
With song their nesting cares beguile.

Here happy lovers seek the shade
And rest them in my ample seat,
Joy in the future hope has made,
And hear the far-off lamb's faint bleat.
I hold—alas! in cast-iron arms—
Sweethearts for whom I'd gladly die,
Catch their soft whispers, weigh the charms
For which enamoured suitors sigh.

A maid here, pink and white, Love's rose,
Drank in yestreen a gallant's praise;
He plucked for her each flower that blows
What time they paced these lonely ways.
They rested here; I jealous heard
Each murmured answer mid their bliss,
And tried to blush—'twas too absurd—
When troth they plighted with a kiss.

Love's gauds I laugh at, honeyed speech,
Hyperboles of all that's sweet;
I scoff when softened accents reach
The coldness of a garden seat.
And yet, old wisdom still can see
That nought excels the married life:
Wisest of mortals, blest is he
Who wins himself a loving wife.

M. G. WATKINS.

A PREHISTORIC WORKSHOP.

IT needs but little geological knowledge to tell of a band of chalk and kindred substances stretching from north to south down the middle of England. Flamborough Head, perforated with its fantastic caves, juts out into the North Sea at one end of this band, and Portland Bill thrusts the relics of its fossilised forests into the English Channel at the other end. It is the great backbone of the secondary formation, intervening between the primary rocks of our Western districts and the tertiary strata of the Eastern. From beneath it the granites and porphyries and sandstones have reared mountainous crests on the one hand, and from above it the gravels and clays spread themselves out into broad levels on the other hand; while the undulating ridge of hills stretches across as a kind of axle upon which these have turned.

Right through the midst of the chalk range the river Thames severed Mercia from Wessex in our ancient history, and still severs Oxfordshire from Berkshire at the present day. You take the Great Western Railway from London to Didcot, or you take the high-road from Reading to Oxford—for they run side by side through the gap of the hills along the river-bank—and you see the Oxfordshire chalk in broken cliffs here and there upon the right from Caversham to Goring, and you see the abrupt front of the adjoining range upon the left from Pangbourne to Moulsford. Then they seem to diverge into two lines of hill-country, stretching out like a great crescent around the valley. But obviously they are the divided portions of a single range. Once, no doubt, they formed a vast dam enclosing a broad expanse of lake until some convulsion tore them in twain, and the lake settled down into the Upper Thames, and the rent in the hills became its outflow, and the Lower Thames streamed down beyond.

Yet the two sections of this particular hill-range differ considerably. The Berkshire Downs, facing northward, are for the most part bleak and bare. The Oxfordshire Chilterns, facing westward, are very largely wooded with the primeval beech from which the neigh-

bouring Buckinghamshire is commonly supposed to derive its name, while the projecting spurs of treeless down are decked with fern and juniper. In their actual altitudes the two sections of the range differ but little; for while the highest Berkshire point stops short of nine hundred feet, Nettlebed Windmill, in Oxfordshire, stands on eight hundred and twenty. But here again there is a difference. The summits in Berkshire are open weather-beaten knolls, undistinguished from their surroundings, unless it be by the bank of some ancient earthwork. But in the Chilterns the highest points are beds of overlying clays, beneath which the chalk was formerly buried. One at Stoke Row was a pottery in Roman times, and relics of Roman work are still discovered thereabout; while connoisseurs detect traces of the old Roman forms in the patterns of the modern work. The clay summit of Nettlebed also supplies a brickfield and a pottery; and wherever you see a grove of oaks among the beech woods it is because the chalk hills hold a clay bed to grow them in. And the difference which you note in the outward aspect of the hills corresponds with a difference no less strongly marked in their component elements. Chalk with flints—the upper series of the chalk-rocks—is the substance of both of them. But there is flint and flint; and the one flint is on that side of the river, and the other flint, as we shall presently see, is on this side.

Let our attention be directed now more particularly to the south-western slopes of the Oxfordshire hills, where they approach near to the Thames. Above us are the clay-beds, telling of former hills to which our present hills once formed a basement. Beyond, to the north, are the open downs of soft green turf, affording scantiest pasture to the sheep, and drying up with wonderful rapidity after a soaking rain; and if here and there an enterprising farmer has ploughed them he gets but little recompense, so meagre is the clothing of earth with which the chalk is covered. But here along the slopes above the river we have tracts of arable land, some tolerably fertile and some of considerable richness. Their elements, of course, are the débris of those upper hills which have been swept away in the birth-throes of our present continents and oceans; and the flints which were embedded in those upper hills are lying in endless profusion among the soil. Well worthy of examination are these flints, with their strangely twisted and perforated forms, and now and then some substance, organic or otherwise, enclosed in them—a sponge, or a nodule of pyrites, or an echinus or terebratula, either preserved entire or leaving its imprint like a seal within the cavity.

Near the southern end of these hills is a notable earthwork, the

Grimesdic of ancient charters, the Grim's Bank of modern parlance. It is carried in a direct line across the ridge, from Henley, on the Lower Thames, to Mongewell, just below Wallingford, on the Upper Thames; and it forms the northern boundary to an elevated district which is surrounded on the remaining sides by a horse-shoe bend of the river. The length of the bank is nearly twelve miles; but the river between its two extremities makes a circuit of twice that length, and the enclosed territory is about six miles in width.

Its extreme antiquity is shown by the mode of its construction; for it is alternately bank and trench, and where it is bank there is no depression on either side from which it can have been thrown up, nor are its materials the same as those of the adjacent soil. It is heaped up with chalk, gravel, and clay, carried from the trench above, and carried, we must suppose, in head-loads by means of wicker baskets, and with infinite labour. A turf-way, several feet in width, running along the inner edge of the bank, is traditionally said to be the way along which these materials were conveyed. What is the reason for this strange method of construction, which would seem to us to involve so much additional toil? Was there the same superstition that has been found among primitive tribes in other lands, who fear to rob for less sacred purposes the fertile soil that brings them nourishment? And certainly the rude implements with which these toilers delved could work more easily in single spots here and there, than in digging all along in a continuous line through the entangled roots of a half-cleared forest. All this carries back our thoughts to the earliest infancy of human handicraft.

Antiquaries say that the bank was raised as a boundary by some primitive tribe which made its settlement up the Thames on this southern point of the Chiltern Hills. It has been attributed to the Ancalites or Old Celts, for so they interpret the name; just as Caledonia is Cael-doun, the Celts' Hills. The same first syllable, *an* or *hen*, appears again in Henley—it may be the Hen-lle or old place—their first location, we may presume, upon the river-side, from whence the tribe gradually overspread the district which their bank eventually bounded. Certain it is that they were Old Celts of some kind; and the Saxon invaders, finding their great embankment here, attributed it to Grimm, the evil one; perhaps in astonishment at its superhuman magnitude, or perhaps in hatred of the conquered race who made it; just as many a similar earthwork is called a devil's ditch, or an old tumulus is known as Grimsbury.

At Henley itself, Grim's Dyke has entirely disappeared, though records of three centuries ago show that it was then to be seen across

Bell Street, the chief thoroughfare of the town. You can still trace it on in detached portions through the woods, though the plough has cleared most of it away on the open ground. Large parts of it are preserved behind Grey's Court, which was formerly Grime's Court, taking its name from the dyke; and again at the hamlet of Highmore, which is obviously the High Mere, or boundary. Afterwards it reappears in perfect preservation beneath the western ridge of the hill, running down the thickly-wooded slope in the form of a considerable ditch with a low bank on either side. You push on through the boughs and brushwood, treading the thick bed of decaying beech-leaves; and when you come to the level plateau of cultivated land outside the woods, the trench is exchanged for a bold and lofty bank clothed with turf, dotted here and there with stunted thorn-bushes, and brightened in summer-time with harebells, and now and then with the rare bee-orchis. Finally, it is overgrown with trees and underwood as it drops down the last declivity, and thence you trace its line along a strip of beech-plantation to the river.

Just within the dyke, and severed by it from Newnham, the "new home" of later Saxon settlers, is Mongewell, the parish stretching upward along the dyke for miles into the interior of the hills, the village lying at the bottom near the river-bank. The early settlers who threw up their great boundary did wisely to enclose within it the beautiful well which gives this village its Saxon name. It is a cluster of springs bubbling up clear as crystal out of the chalk-bed, and now spread out into a little lake, where it has been banked up to form a mill-head, from which it splashes on in a shingly brook to pour itself into the river within half a mile of its origin. In the angle at the mouth of the brook is the little church, with its quaint relics of early Norman days; and the elevated site on which it stands was plainly a sacred tumulus or barrow of a previous age, perhaps the burial-mound of some primitive chieftain, or perhaps a rallying point of the primitive tribe at this limit of their domain furthest off from Henley Close to the church there stood until lately a mansion of some antiquity, where a prince-bishop of Durham lived a hundred years ago, for it was his wife's inheritance; and they planted a park with timber of unusual excellence, noble pines and groves of luxuriant elms, and beeches which are without rivals in the neighbouring beech-lands. Now the great house of Mongewell has been rebuilt beyond the brook. Then there is the picturesque rectory-house beside the lake, and the old mill, now disused, in front of it; while a farm-house, with its ricks and buildings, on the hill-side, and a cluster or two of cottages here and there, complete the little village.

On the slopes above Mongewell, or more strictly upon the level plateau which lies between the first rising ground and the foot of the Chiltern Hills, there is a study in flints with a special interest of its own. They lie thickly over the surface of the plain as it spreads southward within the boundary of the dyke; they lie thickest of all about the margins of certain chalk-pits. One such pit is to be seen close to the track which passes along the inner side of the dyke just where it climbs to the first level, and hard by the crossing of the present roadway; another pit, sheltered by a grove of trees, is near the same roadway a short distance southward; and here and there along the whole hill front we meet with another and another. We find, in fact, that this has been a great workshop of primeval cutlery, of which the flints were the materials, quarried out from surface-workings in the chalk-beds. And still the innumerable chippings and fragments of this ancient industry are scattered all around. You may often light upon a carefully-fashioned knife, or a polished and pointed spear-head, or a finely-cut and well-barbed arrow-head. But almost every flint that you pick up bears signs of having been chipped by human hands; and if all we hear is true, there are clever workmen still in this region who will not scruple to deceive an inexperienced antiquary. Mark also how well the flints of these parts adapt themselves to the purpose. But cross the river, and you will try in vain to get workable flakes from the flints of Berkshire; for instead of splitting you will only pound and crush them. Flint implements indeed you may pick up often upon the Berkshire Hills: but either they have been conveyed across from Oxfordshire, or, if native, they are made of rude and badly-shapen forms. The difference may not be easy to account for; possibly a closer proximity to the primary rocks may be a sufficient explanation; but the fact is as curious as it is noteworthy.

The vast quantity of the flint-relics upon this particular spot of the Chilterns suggests that the neolithic savage had a great emporium here, from which he supplied his wares. It was, in fact, a veritable Sheffield for the neighbouring tribes, and we may note the lines of traffic which proceed from it, like the railways from a commercial centre of modern times.

There is a primitive track-way cutting through Grim's Dyke on the level plateau at the foot of the hills; and there is a parallel track-way running along the front ridge of the hills some two miles above, and crossing at the spot where the more perfect portion of the Dyke is broken off at Nuffield. These are the Lower and the Upper Icknield Way. The country-folk know some parts of them by an odd

corruption as the Hackney Way, and other parts, like most Roman roads, are the Portway. The upper road descends to the river at Goring, and the opposite village of Streatley, on the Berkshire side, is the "lea" or meadow of the "street," telling how, at least in part, the Romans paved it. Indeed, they made for it, at this point, a kind of causeway across the river. There were other crossings above this point; Moulsford, where the hills have begun to separate again, and Wallingford, a little higher up the valley, are places of passage that might be taken by diverging at earlier points from the high ground; but these are merely subsidiary to the great Streatley crossing. And the street to which it belongs is a famous one. It is traced out of East Anglia, and comes all along the front of the Chiltern Hills, and thence passes off by the Berkshire and Wiltshire Downs to the south-west. The Romans adopted it as their main highway across the island from Caistor, near Norwich, to Exeter. But its name tells us that it is older than the days of Roman dominion. It is the Icen-elde-way, the old way of the Iceni, taking its name, as it takes its start, from that British tribe whom the Romans displaced from the district around Norwich. And, indeed, both the upper and the lower lines of it are such as Nature itself must have suggested for man's use from the earliest days of his occupation, the one overlooking the whole valley, and the other passing above the banks of the river; the one, perhaps, to be followed for observation and the other for more concealment, as seasons and circumstances might suggest. It is, in fact, the double line of a single highway; and when you climb the hill-side from the valley by a woodland lane, with its ferns and foxgloves and flowering hedgerows, or by a hollow way washed like a watercourse in the side of the open down, you are almost certainly upon one piece or another of the connecting network by which the two tracks were anciently bound together into one.

We need not stop to take special note of these; but there is another track-way which must not be left unnoted, for it is not a mere diverging track to connect the two lines of the Icknield Way. It meets the Upper Way in the woods upon the hill-top, but it crosses it at right-angles; and if we suppose, as we evidently must, that it once ran down direct to what we now call Littlestoke Ferry, it crossed the Lower Way at right-angles in the depressed hollow of Ipsden. On the steep front of the Chilterns, between the two lines of the Icknield Way, the cross track is known as Berin's Hill. This track on the south, and the parallel line of Grim's Dyke on the north, and the Upper Icknield Way crossing them both on the east,

and the line of the river on the west, form a parallelogram of some two miles in width from north to south, and of twice that distance in length, with the old workshop of the flints enclosed within its area.

The line of Berin's Hill, the southern base of this parallelogram, is every whit as remarkable as the sides which we have traced already. Let us observe its direction eastward and westward. Eastward, in the hills, it passes on by Stoke Row and the Roman potteries, where the cherry trees which the Romans imported still flourish in the orchards, and the very mode of grafting them which Roman writers describe is still handed down as a treasured tradition. Eventually, by Witheridge Hill and Rocky Lane, the track seems to converge with the line of Grim's Dyke near Grime's Court, so passing out of the district at Henley. Westward, across the river, the same track merges into the Lower Icknield Way, which in these parts is known as the Portway.

Berin's Hill itself takes its name from the famous missionary of the seventh century, St. Berin or Birinus, who is said to have preached to the heathen Saxons on this spot. And it is a spot of remarkable interest in many ways. At the summit are two earth-circles, each with a low bank and shallow trench, measuring about fifteen yards across; the one planted with lofty Scotch firs which rise above the surrounding woods, the other now cleared of the trees which recently covered it. The old roadway divided immediately above these circles, enclosing them in the fork, and then passed in two tracks down the slope. Both these old tracks, descending on the front of a projecting angle of the hill, are deeply hollowed in the soil, while the modern road, made half a century ago, occupies the ridge between them, and the three are united again at the bottom. The inner track, on the left of the descent, passes through the wood a few yards away, and escapes observation if it be not looked for. The outer track is in part damaged and narrowed by the making of the new road close beside it; but its entire course remains, protected by a bank thrown out from it on the right, which separates it from the adjacent fields and woods. A few cottages stand beside the outer track, and the story of their older occupants is that one of the hollow ways was used formerly for ascent and the other for descent. Some have thought that they were dug out thus deeply by some primitive race in order to be covered in with boughs and hidden as secret passages between the hill and the valley. But whatever may be the true account of their origin, there is certainly no spot along the Chiltern Hills more full of curious interest.

Within the wood upon the northern slope, and only a few yards

from this ancient road, there is a Roman well, as it is called by tradition, built with large flints, and carried down a great depth into the hillside. It was made notorious thirty years ago by the discovery of an infant which had been dropped into it by the mother, and had lain at the bottom two days and nights, until its cry was heard, and it was rescued. More recently a lucky explorer brought up from its depths a perfect Roman flower-pot, formed as a human head, with a very Roman nose, having a perforation at the base of the neck for drainage, and a wide opening in the crown to hold a plant. Well Place is an old farm-house in the hollow dene below the well; and here the recent owner found a gold coin of Cunobeline, marked with the British horse-ensign, while Roman coins of many an emperor, from Claudius to Constantius, have been picked up around the spot. In Saxon days this became Bishopton, as being one of the manors of the bishopric which St. Berin founded at Dorchester, on the Thames. Thus the names preserve the Saxon memories, and time brings to light the relics of Roman rule, around the primeval earthworks of Britain's infancy.

Flint picks digging the soil of these earthworks, and flint axes cutting pathways through the dense forest, must have made tedious labour for the hands that wielded them. Flint weapons, too, could do but little in asserting man's dominion over the wild beasts that roamed beneath the beeches; and the same flint weapons were the best that the strong could use in fighting against the weak in human strife. But in all these things they made the beginnings to which the lapse of years brought the endings. Flints had been exchanged for iron weapons before the Ninth Legion appeared upon the scene to change the tribal quarrels into a larger warfare. Boadicea, the queen of the Iceni, could send her scythe-armed chariots and troops with iron swords and spears and iron-tipped arrows along the old Icenian Way. And after the four centuries of Rome's domination were finished, they were well-armed warriors who met Cuthwulf the Saxon when he led his invading host round the foot of the Chilterns in 571.

Gradually these uplands ceased to be a haunt of wild beasts and a hunting-ground of robbers. In the Chiltern Hundreds of the adjoining district of Buckinghamshire the ancient stewardship still survives to serve a useful purpose, though the Queen's subjects have ceased to require the steward's special protection in the Chiltern Hills. They can use their modern tools to fell the beech-trees and to ply their busy trade of chair-making unmolested, as you may see them if you chance to take the coach-road westward from London

across Stokenchurch Green, hard by the point where it crosses the Upper Icknield Way.

Do we ask, whence does this district get its name of Chiltern? Some say it is from the chalk of which Nature made its hills. Others say it is from the Celtic people whom the Saxons dispossessed. Certain it is that long after the newer race had occupied the plain below, the Celt was able to hold his ground in these hills above it. Huntercombe and Swyncombe, where the Saxon hunter killed the swine, with many another combe or cup-shaped hollow in the frontage of the upland, bear the mark of the Celtic language as plainly as do the cwms of Wales or Cumberland.

Historic memories of one kind or another will spring up all along the primitive track of the Icknield Way, from your first entrance upon it out of Streatley in Berkshire, by Goring in Oxfordshire, until you pass on from Chinnor in Oxfordshire to Bledlow Ridge in Buckinghamshire. We may trace these memories from age to age till they bring us down to scenes of more modern warfare, when the flint javelins and arrow-heads were practically as ancient as they are to us; when the Burnham Beeches, a few miles away, were pollarded to make musket-stocks for Cromwell's soldiers; and when Chinnor was burnt by Prince Rupert in his wild raid from Oxford, the day that he turned upon his Parliamentary pursuers as they followed him from the hills, and John Hampden received his death-wound on Chalgrove Field in the neighbouring plain.

J. E. FIELD.

MR. SIMS REEVES.

THE English public have recently conceived quite a new kind of interest in Mr. Sims Reeves. Just when everybody had supposed that the eminent tenor had really settled down in his retirement, and that there would be no more "farewells" and "final farewells" and "positively final farewells," behold! he blossoms forth again in all the glory of his best days, and comes before his old public at the fine figure of £100 per night. He has even condescended to the music-hall stage; for, at the moment of writing, he has just accepted an engagement from the great "circuit" managers, Messrs. Moss & Thornton, to sing at their various "palaces" throughout the provinces. Nor is this all. The veteran of seventy-four has made a romantic marriage with one of his pupils, a young lady not long out of her teens; and the pair having taken to "touring" it professionally together, we may safely assume that the public interest in Mr. Sims Reeves will not lie altogether on the artistic side. Considering these circumstances, it may not be unprofitable to look in some detail at the career of this prince of English tenors.

In the whole history of musical art there does not exist the name of another tenor who has had so long and so successful a career as Mr. Sims Reeves. Half a century and more of artistic life passed in the very highest ranks of the profession is not given to everyone who comes before the public, and our great English singer is to be honoured for having maintained himself at a level which even the most gifted artists, as a rule, take years to reach, and from which, in the great majority of cases, they descend with comparative rapidity.

John Sims Reeves was born at Shooter's Hill, in Kent, on October 21, 1821. The date was the anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar, a coincidence worth noting when we remember that one of the great tenor's most successful songs throughout his whole career has been "The Death of Nelson." The boy was nurtured in an atmosphere of music. "My father was a musician," he tells us, "and he not only practised the divine art, but also taught it—in a manner which was anything but divine to me." He was instructed

in his musical notes at the same time as he learned his A B C, and in childhood had to get out of bed, take his bath, dress, and be ready for his pianoforte lesson by five o'clock in the morning! The lesson seems to have been a sharp one too. A false note on the piano was at once followed by a blow from the parent's violin bow, which, directed at the boy's knuckles, never missed its aim. To the piano succeeded the organ, and by the time young Reeves had reached his tenth year he could play all Handel's accompaniments from the original figured basses, an achievement which not a few adult candidates for some present-day musical examinations will readily appreciate. At the age of fourteen he obtained the post of organist and choir-master at North Cray Church, near his birthplace. The boy possessed a fine soprano voice which had already attracted attention, and one day after he became organist, some distinguished amateurs came down to hear him sing, the late Lord Shaftesbury being among them. The young vocalist did not like their patronising ways, and he tells us himself that he looked rather pointedly at Lord Ashley when singing the words, "Room for the proud! ye sons of clay," which occurred in one of the hymns.

By-and-by young Reeves was engaged to sing at private parties in the neighbourhood, and the fees were used to get him the benefit of other instruction besides that of his father. He was often asked to the rectory, where the Rev. E. W. Edgell and his sister took great interest in him; and he got some lessons in English, Latin, French and Italian. On one occasion he mounted without leave the rector's thoroughbred, which ran away with him and threw him, nearly cutting short the future tenor's career. At the house of the rector's sister in London he often sang and played at evening parties, and was taken to the King's Theatre, where he heard all the best Italian singers of the day. Very soon he became enamoured of the smell of the foot-lights, and made up his mind to adopt the stage as a profession. His father, however, thought it wise to teach him a trade upon which he could fall back if necessary; so he apprenticed him to a music-plate engraver; and, says Sims Reeves himself, "Had I suddenly lost my voice I could have earned my living by that occupation."

But he did not lose his voice, though it is a wonder that he did not succeed in spoiling it, seeing that he not only studied as a baritone, but as a baritone came out on the stage. His singing-master had mistaken the nature of his voice, never suspecting it to be a tenor, and it was not until he was close upon twenty years of age that he got on the right track. There have been instances before now of singers coming out as tenors and finding that they had

baritone voices—Lablache was one such—but except in the case of Sims Reeves one has never heard of a vocalist beginning as a baritone, then rising to the rank of tenor, and afterwards remaining on the heights where tenors love to dwell, for a period of fifty years. Meantime young Reeves was doing all that he could to advance his general knowledge of music. Harmony and counterpoint he had enough of from Mr. H. Callcott, and John Cramer polished him up in the piano. He learned to play the violoncello, oboe, and bassoon, besides acquiring such proficiency on the violin that at the beginning of his public career he was able more than once to undertake the duties of orchestral leader. At last he considered his studies complete, and in 1839, when he was in his eighteenth year, he made his "first appearance on any stage." It was at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and the part was that of the Gipsy Boy in "Guy Mannering." Leaving Newcastle after singing in some other operas, the young artist fulfilled a short engagement at Worcester, and then went to London, where he became known to patrons of the Grecian Theatre as "Mr. Johnson." The assumption of the *nom de théâtre* may be taken as showing that the singer had as yet little confidence in his own powers. It was now, however, that he discovered the true quality of his voice, and he immediately placed himself under two well-known professors of that time, Mr. Hobbs and Mr. T. Cook, who succeeded in perfecting him as a tenor.

His first engagement under the altered circumstances was at Drury Lane, then under the direction of Macready. The latter, as everybody knows, was by no means an easy master to serve, and our tenor's connection with him was certainly not the most pleasant experience of his life. Passionate as he was, Macready did not consider himself sufficiently irascible by nature to depict anger on the stage, and therefore employed two unfortunate supers whose business it was to make faces at him, tread on his toes, kick him, and otherwise provoke him until he was in a state of exasperation bordering on the demoniac. "More," he would growl, as he stood at the wing preparing to make a terrific entry, "more, you beasts!" until an exceptionally severe kick happening to coincide with the moment for his sudden appearance he would knock down each of his hired tormenters, and rush upon the stage like a maniac. During his engagement at Drury Lane, Purcell's old opera, "King Arthur," having been put on the stage, Sims Reeves had to take the well-known war song of the Britons, "Come, if you dare." Macready, on the ground that "Come, if you dare" is addressed to enemies in the rear of the stage, required that the singer should, in

delivering his challenge, turn his back to the audience. To this arrangement the singer made decided objections ; but Macready being inexorable, he tried the compromise of standing sideways, looking alternately at the supernumeraries grouped at the back of the stage and at the audience in front. This was regarded as an act of insubordination, and Sims Reeves was dismissed by the irate manager on the spot—only to be re-engaged, however (after paying a fine of five pounds), as no substitute could be found.

Two years of hard work at Drury Lane satisfied the young artist, and he went off to the Continent, bent on having his voice still better cultivated. First he got all he could from Signor Bordogni in Paris; then he started for Milan, where he placed himself under Mazzucato, then director of the Conservatoire. Here he studied hard, and led on the whole a joyous life. It was in the days of the Austrian tyranny, of which the English tenor soon had a taste. He had secured an engagement at La Scala, the most celebrated opera house in Italy, and one night he had to intimate his inability to sing owing to a sore throat. The doctor inspected his larynx and declared that he could sing if he liked. He still refused, and a squad of gendarmes accordingly called at his lodgings with a carriage and carried him off to the theatre. However, as the old saying goes, you may take a horse to the water but you cannot make him drink. The gendarmes led the tenor to the stage, but that was the extent of their powers: they failed to make him sing.

After terminating his engagement at La Scala, Sims Reeves appeared with continued success at other Italian theatres; and in 1847 he came back to London and was engaged by Jullien for English opera at Drury Lane. His first appearance on this occasion was as Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor," and his success was immediate and unequivocal. Berlioz, who heard him on the occasion, wrote : "Reeves sings as well as it is possible to sing in this frightful English language. He is a discovery beyond price for Jullien. He has a charming voice of an essentially distinguished and sympathetic character. He is a very good musician ; his face is very expressive ; and he plays *with all his national fire as an Irishman.*" How the eminent French composer got it into his head that Sims Reeves was a son of the Emerald Isle it is impossible to imagine.

In the beginning of 1848 the now rising tenor made his first appearance in oratorio, the work selected for the occasion being "Judas Maccabæus," given in Exeter Hall under the direction of Mr. John Hullah. He was listened to with the greatest anxiety, for it was feared that the operatic style which he had hitherto cultivated

in works of the kind, "why, they would give me perpetual nightmare." He follows the homœopathic method and uses homœopathic medicines. Even yet he will draw himself up to his full height, expand his chest, and tell you that he is as robust, as full of health, vitality, and vigour as ever he was. He thinks nothing of a twelve-mile walk, and often enough puts on the gloves, or has a bout with the foils or the sticks. A game of billiards and a hand at dummy whist are two of his favourite amusements.

Once asked how he was able to put such pathos and feeling into a song and make a great success of it when other singers failed, the great tenor replied, "It is because I have always studied my words. I have read them and phrased them in every possible way, asked myself what they meant, and interpreted them according to my own feeling. I walk up and down trying this line and trying that until I feel that I have struck the right idea. But I am never satisfied. Nowadays singers do not study elocution sufficiently, if at all. In a recitative, for instance, the words are sacrificed to the music. In my method they are of equal importance. I worry and fidget lest my voice should not be at its best when the evening comes. I go to the piano over and over again and run over a few notes. I always rehearse the songs I propose to sing—yes, even 'Tom Bowling' or 'The Death of Nelson'—not, of course, at concert pitch, but singing them over, trying a phrase or a run, and always endeavouring to get a fresh effect."

Sims Reeves is hard on what he calls the "vicious encore system." He characterises it as a preposterous piece of dishonesty, of which all honest persons should be ashamed. The nuisance, he says rightly, seeks to take a shabby advantage of the suffering professional; and it is to be regretted that few of our performers possess sufficient courage to return to the platform, bow politely, and indicate firmly, No! Your encore-monger cares nothing about symmetry, or balance, or cohesiveness, whether the occasion be the lyric stage, the oratorio performance, the benefit and ordinary concert, or the ballad concert. He wants to hear more than he has bargained for, and if his demand is not yielded to he will hoot and bray and hiss, when an attempt is made to perform the next piece, as if he belonged to the long-eared quadrupeds or feathered biped tribe. And then we have occasionally what the newspapers term "a scene"—an exhibition of "'Arryism" that disgraces our boasted civilisation. If managers, artists, and the musical public would but think this matter over and determine to stamp out the nuisance one great blot on our English musical performances might be effaced. Unfortunately, it is not yet quite

certain whether encores are more distasteful to the great majority of performers than they are to a large section of the concert-going public.

Colonel Mapleson, in his "Reminiscences," tells a very good story of the great tenor. "In 1863," he says, "I had engaged Sims Reeves to sing the *rôle* of 'Faust' on certain evenings at Her Majesty's Theatre, and one day received a telegram from the eminent tenor, dated Crewe, expressing his astonishment that I had announced him for that evening when the engagement was for the following one. I at once went off to Sims Reeves's house, and learned from the butler that the dinner had been ordered for half-past seven o'clock. I thereupon informed the man that the orders had been changed, and that the dinner was to be served at twelve o'clock instead of the time originally fixed. I ascertained that Mr. Reeves was to arrive at Euston Station, and there met him, accompanied by Mrs. Sims Reeves. While she was busying herself about the general arrangements, I got the tenor to myself and told him the difficulty I was in; to which he replied that it was quite impossible for him to sing that evening, as he had ordered his dinner at home. I at once explained that I had postponed it for a few hours, and that a light dinner was being prepared for him in his dressing-room at the theatre. The suddenness of my proposition seemed rather to amuse him, as he laughed, and I was delighted to get a kind of half-promise from him that provided I mentioned the matter to his wife, he would consent. At this moment she appeared, asking me what I was talking about to her husband. One of us began to state what the object in view was when she exclaimed, 'It's all nonsense; but I can well understand Mapleson is an impresario, and wants to ruin you by making you sing.' She then asked me how I could possibly think of such a thing when the chintz and the crumbcloth of his dressing-room had not been fixed. It was the custom of Mrs. Reeves to hang the wal[illegible] with new chintz and place a fresh mangled damask cloth on the flo[illegible] [illegible] her husband sang; and on this occasion the sacred ban[illegible] [illegible] to the wash. I explained that I had provided oth[illegible] [illegible] to no effect. Reeves was hurried to his brougham a[illegible] [illegible] remarking, as she looked scornfully at m[illegible]

The singer acts as his own [illegible] married to Miss Lucombe, [illegible] shared her husba[illegible] turbance, for he is certain that he kn[illegible] [illegible] past Mrs. Re[illegible] subject to, and the remedies that are nee[illegible] [illegible] was occupie[illegible] "*Throat* literature" he abominates, and as [illegible] a high [illegible]

tion. She died only in July last. A son of the [illegible]—Herbert—after a careful education under his father and at Milan, made his *début* as a tenor singer in 1880, and exhibited a charming voice of remarkable sweetness though of no great power. A second Sims Reeves would be a boon indeed; but it is better not to speculate upon it till we have lost the one whom we still happily possess.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

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In 1850 Mr. Sims Reeves was married to Miss Lucombe, a popular soprano singer, who for a short period shared her husband's triumphs in opera and oratorio. For many years past Mrs. Reeves had lived in retirement, but a good deal of her time was occupied as a private teacher of singing, in which capacity she had a high reputa-

tion. She died only in July last. A son of the union—Herbert—after a careful education under his father and at Milan, made his *début* as a tenor singer in 1880, and exhibited a charming voice of remarkable sweetness though of no great power. A second Sims Reeves would be a boon indeed; but it is better not to speculate upon it till we have lost the one whom we still happily possess.

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THE POETS OF THE CITY CORPORATION.

THE gradual obliteration of many deeply-rooted customs has so far not interfered with the annual celebration of Lord Mayor's Day, which is still popular, not only with Londoners, but also manages to attract a large number of country folks to the metropolis. It may be, however, safely said, without fear of contradiction, that not one in a thousand of the large crowds who gather together in the streets of London every year to catch a glimpse of the Lord Mayor in his state carriage and the commonplace procession of policemen, firemen, soldiers, volunteers, and brass bands playing music-hall tunes have any idea that the City Corporation, like the Court of St. James, once kept a poet laureate, whose duties not only consisted in annually praising the new Chief Magistrate, but also arranging the pageant and procession in his honour. The descriptions of the old Lord Mayors' shows from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to Queen Anne are not only valuable as records of the hospitality and prosperity of the City of London in the "good old days gone by," but some are interesting as specimens of English allegorical literature. The Corporation seems to have treated its poets generously, and gave them *carte blanche* as far as the engagements of actors, singers, and musicians were concerned. These engagements were essential for the proper representation of the pageants, as many contain dialogues and songs, and some greatly resemble the Court Masques of Ben Jonson, Ford, and Massinger.

The earliest printed pageant for a Lord Mayor's Day known to be in existence was written by George Peele, one of the most distinguished of the Elizabethan dramatists. Peele was not only the City poet on two occasions, but was also conductor of pageants for the Court. He was for some time an actor, and a shareholder with Shakespeare and others in the Blackfriars Theatre. In 1589 Peele's Court show, "The Arraignment of Paris," was performed before Queen Elizabeth. The successful author was then a young man, who had recently left Christ Church College, Oxford. His works

were popular, and, according to Anthony Wood, "his plays were not only often acted with great applause in his lifetime, but did also endure reading with due commendation many years after his death." The first Lord Mayor's Day pageant of George Peele was written for Alderman Sir Wolstone Dixie in the year 1585. It describes the flourishing state of London in the days of good Queen Bess, and among the characters represented are London, Magnanimity, the Country, the Thames, Soldier and Sailor, Science, and four Nymphs. The opening speech is delivered by a Moor, who is mounted upon the back of a luzarn (lusern, *i.e.* lynx) :

MOOR, *addressing the Chief Magistrate:*

From where the sun doth settle in his wain,
And yokes his horses to his fiery car,
And in his course gives life to Ceres' corn;
Even from the torrid zone, behold I come,
A stranger, strangely mounted, as you see,
Seated upon a lusty luzarn's back,
To offer to your honour (good my Lord!)
This emblem thus in show significant.

Pointing to the Pageant, which exhibited a beautiful girl gorgeously apparelled, who personified London, the Moor continues:

Lo! lovely London, rich and fortunate,
Fam'd through the world for peace and happiness,
Beautified thro'ly as her state requires,
Is here advanc'd, and set in highest seat.
First over her a princely trophy stands,
Of beaten gold; a rich and royal arms,
Whereto this London evermore bequeaths
Service of honour and of loyalty.
Her props are well advised Magistrates,
That carefully attend her person still.
The honest franklin and the husbandman
Lay down their sacks of corn at London's feet,
And bring such presents as the country yields.
The pleasant Thames, a sweet and dainty nymph,
For London's good, conveys, with gentle stream
And safe and easy passage, what she can,
And keeps her leaping fishes in her lap.
The soldier and the sailor frankly both
For London's aid are all in readiness
To venture out to fight by land and sea.
And this thrice reverend, honourable dame,
Science, the sap of every commonwealth,
Surnam'd *mechanical* or *liberal*,
Is vow'd to honour London with her skill.

It seems probable that, after the success of this work, George Peele was commissioned by the City Corporation to write the Lord Mayor's

Day pageants on other occasions, but the only one preserved bearing his name, in addition to the first, is "Descensus Astroe," written for Alderman William Web, the Lord Mayor of 1591. George Peele is supposed to have died before the year 1599, and, like many wits connected with the stage of the Elizabethan period, led an irregular life. The volume called "Merrie conceited Jests of George Peele, Gent, sometime student at Oxford, wherein is shewed the course of his Life how he lived," published after his death, proves that he was not exactly scrupulous as to the means of relieving his necessities.

A voluminous writer of City pageants was Anthony Munday, whose works were satirised by Ben Jonson and his literary friends. Munday was not only continually quarrelling with rivals in the republic of letters, but he also seems to have taken part in the political and theological controversies of his time. "In the year 1582," according to the *Biographica Dramatica*, "he detected the treasonable practices of Edmund Campion and his confederates, of which he published an account, wherein he is styled 'sometime the pope's scholler, allowed in the seminarie at Rome.' The publication of this pamphlet brought down upon him the vengeance of his opponents, one of whom, in answer to him, has given his history in these words: 'Munday was first a stage-player, after an apprentice, which tyme he well served with deceaving of his master, then wandering towardes Italy, by his own report became a cosener in his journey. Coming to Rome, in his short abode there was charitably relieved, but never admitted in the seminary, as he pleseth to lye in the title of his booke; and being wery of well doing, returned home to his first vomite, and was hist from the stage for his folly. Being thereby discouraged, he set forth a ballet against plays, though (O constant youth) he afterwards began again to ruffle upon the stage. I omit (continues this author) among other places his behaviour in the Barbican with his good mistress and mother. Two things however must not be passed of this boy's infelicite, two several ways of late notorious. First he writing upon the death of Everard Haunse, was immediately controled and disproved by one of his owne batche, and shortly after setting forth the apprehension of M. Campion was disproved by George (I was about to say Judas) Eliot, who, writing against him, proved that those things he did were for lukers sake only, and not for the truthe, thogh he himself be a person of the same predicament, of whom I muste say that if felony be honesty, then he may for behavoire be taken for a lawful witness against so good men.' It will take from the credit of this narrative to observe that our author was after this time servant to the Earl of Oxford, and

a messenger of the Queen's bed-chamber, posts which he would scarce have held had his character been so infamous as is represented above." Anthony Munday seems to have written about twenty Lord Mayor's Day pageants for the City Corporation. Those for 1605, 1609, 1611, 1614, 1615, 1616, 1618, and 1623 were certainly written by him, and the greater part of the missing or lost pageants from 1592 to 1604 have also been attributed to him by various authorities. Munday not only "stage-managed" his own productions, but was for many years the contractor authorised by the City Corporation to supply actors and singers, supers and dresses, and pasteboard dragons and giants for the pageants. "Metropolis Coronata, the Triumphes of Ancient Drapery, or Rich Cloathing of England" was written for the inauguration as Lord Mayor in 1615 of Sir John Jolles, a member of the Drapers' Company. London, surrounded by her twelve daughters (*i.e.* the twelve companies), was the principal feature of the show; "onely Drapery is nearest to her," as Munday naïvely says, "as being the first and chiefest-honoured society before all others," the "Foure goodly mounts" to protect her being "Learned Religion, Militarie Discipline, Navigation, and Homebread Husbandrie." This feature is followed by a "device of huntsmen, all clad in greene, with their bowes, arrowes, and bugles, and a new slaine deere carried among them. It savoureth of Earle Robert de la Hude, sometime Earle of Huntingdon, and sonne-in-law (by marriage) to olde Fitz-Alwine." He is accompanied by "Little John, Scathlocke, Much the miller's sonne, Right-hitting Brand, Fryar Tuck, and many more." Robin Hood and Tuck declaim a short dialogue, and the procession concludes with a hunting-song:—

Now wend we together, my merry men all,
Unto the forrest side-a,
And there to strike a buck or a doe,
Let our cunning all be tried-a.

Then go we merrily, merrily on,
To the green-wood to take up our stand,
Where we will lye in waite for our game,
With our bent bowes in our hand.

What life is there like to Robin Hood?
It is so pleasant a thing-a;
In merry Shirwood he spends his dayes
As pleasantly as a King-a.

No man may compare with Robin Hood,
With Robin Hood, Scathlocke, and John;
Their like was never, nor never will be,
If in case that they were gone.

They will not away from merry Shirwood,
In any place else to dwell;
For there is neither city nor towne
That likes them halfe so well.

Our lives are wholly given to hunt,
And hunt the merry greene-wood,
Where our best service is daily spent
For our master Robin Hood.

Anthony Munday was a member of the Drapers' Company, and in the latter part of his life followed the trade in Cripplegate.

The celebrated dramatist, Thomas Dekker,[1] whose plays have been frequently reprinted, was commissioned by the City Corporation to write the Lord Mayor's Day pageants on two occasions—in 1612 and 1629. The last, entitled "London's Tempe, or The Field of Happiness," was for Alderman James Campebell, a member of the Ironmongers' Company. The useful trade is highly extolled and picturesquely described by the City laureate in the course of the pageant, as may be seen in the following extract: "The fourth presentation is called the Lemnian forge. In it are Vulcan, the smith of Lemnos, with his servants (the Cyclopes), whose names are Pyracmon, Brontes, and Sceropes, working at the anvile. Their habite are wastcoates and leather aprons. Their hair blacke and shagge, in knotted curles. A fire is seene in the forge, bellowes blowing, some filing, some at other workes; thunder and lightning on occasion. As the smiths are at worke, they sing in praise of iron, the anvile and hammer, by the concordant stroakes and soundes of which Tubalcayne became the first inventor of musicke."

THE SONG.

Brave iron! heave hammer! from your sound,
The art of musicke has her ground;
On the anvile thou keep'st time,
Thy knack-a-knock is a smithes best chyme.
Yet thwick-a-thwack,
Thwick, thwack-a-thwack, thwack,
Make our brawny sinewes crack,
Then pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat,
Till thickest barres be beaten flat.

We shoue the horses of the sunne,
Harnesse the dragons of the moone,

[1] Thomas Dekker, like Anthony Munday, was also satirised by Ben Jonson in "The Poetaster." Dekker, however, was not afraid of "O rare Ben Jonson," and amply revenged himself in "Satyromastic, or the Untrussing a humorous Poet."

Forge Cupid's quiver, bow, and arrowes,
And our dame's coach that's drawn with sparrowes,
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Jove's roaring cannons, and his rammers,
We beat out our Lemnian hammers;
Mars his gauntlet, helme, and speare,
And Gorgon shield, are all made here.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

The grate which (shut) the day out-barres,
Those golden studdes which naile the starres,
The globe's case, and the axletree,
Who can hammer these but wee?
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

A warming-panne to heate earth's bedde,
Lying i' th' frozen zone halfe dead;
Hob-nailes to serve the man i' th' moone,
And sparrow-bils to cloute Pan's shoone,
Whose work but ours?
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Venus' kettles, pots, and pannes,
We make, or else she brawles and bannes;
Tonges, shovels, andirons have their places,
Else she scratches all our faces.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Thomas Middleton, the author of the play called "The Witch," often mentioned in connection with Shakespeare's "Macbeth," wrote the Lord Mayor's Day pageants on four occasions—1613, 1619, 1621, and 1626.[1] The first, "Triumphs of Truth," was for the inauguration of his namesake, Sir Thomas Middleton, a member of the Grocers' Company. In this pageant Middleton is unduly severe on the rival City laureate, Anthony Munday. The preface also shows that Middleton had a very high opinion of himself and a very poor one of his rival. "Search all chronicles, histories, records, in what language or letter soever; let the inquisitive man waste the dear treasures of his time and eyesight, he shall conclude his life only in this certainty, that there is no subject upon earth received into the place of his government with the like state and magnificence as is the Lord Mayor of the city of London. . . . The miserable want of both which in the impudent common writer hath often forced from me much pity and sorrow; and it would heartily grieve any under-

[1] In 1640 Thomas Middleton was also appointed City Chronologer, an office previously held by Ben Jonson and Francis Quarles. The salary given to the City Chronologer is incidentally mentioned by Jonson in an indignant letter to the Earl of Newcastle in 1631: "Yesterday the barbarous Court of Aldermen have withdrawn their chandlery pension for verjuice and mustard, £33 6*s.* 8*d.*"

standing spirit to behold, many times, so glorious a fire in bounty and goodnesse offering to match itselfe with freezing art, in darkness with the candle out, looking like the picture of Blacke Monday." The most interesting portion of this pageant is the song in praise of Sir Thomas Middleton. This is how it is introduced: "At Soper-lane end a senate house (is) erected, upon which musitians sit playing; and more to quicken time, a sweet voyce (is) married to these wordes." London, "who is attired like a reverend mother," is the lady addressed:

Mother of many honorable sonnes,
Thinke not the glasse too slowly runnes,
That in Time's hand is set,
Because thy worthy sonnes appeares not yet:
Lady be pleased, the hower growes on,
Thy Joy will be compleate anon;
Thou shalt behold
The man enrolléd
In honour's brookes, whom vertue raises;
Love-circled round,
His triumphs crown'd
With all good wishes, prayers, and praises.

What greater comfort to a mother's heart,
Than to behold her sonnes desert:
Goe hand in hand with love,
Respect, and honour, blessings from above!
It is of power all greefes to kill,
And with a flood of joy to fill
Thy aged eyes
To see him rise
With glory deck'd, where expectation,
Grace, truth, and fame,
Met in his name,
Attends his honor's confirmation.

The Rev. John Squire, vicar of Shoreditch, was the author of the Lord Mayor's Day pageant of 1620, called "The Tryumph of Peace." It was written for Sir Francis Jones, a member of the Haberdashers' Company. The spectacle seems to have been on a grand scale, and there were two water-processions.[1] In the second water-procession,

[1] The procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water. Cimon, the famous Athenian General, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and Barbarians.
Warburton's note to Pope's "Dunciad."

'Twas on the day, when . . . rich and grave,
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:

entitled "Parnassus Mount," Apollo was surrounded by the Muses. "This accompanied the lord Maior up to Westminster, with variety of musique, where, while his honour was taking the oath, it returned backe and met him in Paule's Church-yard, where Euterpe and Terpsichore entertained him with this song"—

We Muses of the pleasant hill,
That bathe within the Thespian spring,
That did direct the Grecian quill,
Who of olde Pelius' sonne did sing;
We that Amphion did inspire
With admired strains and layes,
And did infuse a sacred fire
In both these to gaine the bayes.
We Apolloes hand-mayds Nine,
Come to meet thee on the way,
That unto thy honour's shrine,
We might dedicate this day;
And this ditty us among,
So curiously shal wrest thy glory,
That the envious 'mongst this throng
Shall confesse it merits story.

The author of that fine play "The Duchess of Malfi," John Webster, was the City poet of the year 1624. His work entitled "Monuments of Honour" was written for the inauguration as Lord Mayor of Alderman John Gore, a member of the Merchant Taylors' Company. The City laureate of this year seems also to have belonged to the same Company, as he is styled "Merchant Tailor," and in the dedication to the worthy Alderman he describes himself as "one born free of the Merchant Tailors' Company." The Rev. Alexander Dyce, in his edition of the dramatist's works, reproduces an old "I. O. Y." bill from the Alleyn Papers (published by the Shakespeare Society), which clearly proves that he was the son of John Webster, Merchant Tailor, to whom John and Edward Alleyn acknowledge themselves debtors. "All men shall know by these presents that we John Allein, cytysen and Inholder of London, and Edward Allein, of London, gentleman, do owe and ar indebted unto John Webster, cytysen and merchanntayler of London, the somme of fyftene shyllynges of lawfull money of England, to be payed to the sayd John Webster, or his assygnes, on the last day of September next insewinge the date hereof, wherto wee binde us,

(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces).
Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er . . .
The Dunciad.

our heyres and assygnes, by these presentes. Subscrybed this xxvth day of July, 1591, and in the xxxiii of her Ma-ties raygne.

JOHN ALLEIN,
ED. ALLEYN."

It will be seen from the following extract from "Monuments of Honour" that the grand old dramatist highly extols the Merchant Taylors' Company :

"After my Lord Mayor's landing, and coming past Paul's Chain, there first attends for his honour, in Paul's Church-yard, a beautiful spectacle, called the Temple of Honour; the pillars of which are bound about with roses and other beautiful flowers, which shoot up to the adorning of the King's Majesty's Arms on the top of the Temple. In the highest seat a person representing Troynovant, or the City, enthroned, in rich habiliments: beneath her, as admiring her peace and felicity, sit five eminent cities, as Antwerp, Paris, Rome, Venice, and Constantinople: under these sit five famous scholars and poets of this our kingdom, as Sir Geoffrey Chaucer, the learned Gower, the excellent John Lydgate, the sharp-witted Sir Thomas More, and last, as worthy both soldier and scholar, Sir Philip Sidney,—these being celebrators of honour, and the preservers both of the names of men and memories of cities above to posterity. I present, riding afore this Temple, Henry de Royal, the first pilgrim or gatherer of quarterage for this Company, and John of Yeacksley, King Edward the Third's pavilion-maker, who purchased our Hall in the sixth year of the aforesaid King's government. These lived in Edward the First's time likewise; in the sixth of whose reign this company was confirmed a guild or corporation by the name of Tailors and Linen-armour[er]s, with power to choose a Master and Wardens at midsummer. These are decently habited and hooded according to the ancient manner. My Lord is here saluted with two speeches; first, by Troynovant, in these lines following:

THE SPEECH OF TROYNOVANT.

History, Truth, and Virtue seek by name
To celebrate the Merchant-Tailors' fame.
That Henry de Royal, this we call
Worthy John Yeacksley purchas'd first this Hall:
And thus from low beginnings there oft springs
Societies claim brotherhoods of Kings.
I, Troynovant, plac'd eminent in the eye
Of these admire at my felicity,
Five cities, Antwerp, and the spacious Paris,
Rome, Venice, and the Turk's metropolis:

Beneath these, five learned poets, worthy men,
Who do eternize brave acts by their pen,
Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, More, and for our time
Sir Philip Sidney, glory of our clime:
These beyond death a fame to monarchs give,
And these make cities and societies live.

"The next delivered by him represents Sir Philip Sidney. . . . These passing on, in the next place my Lord is encountered with the person of Sir John Hawkwood, in complete armour, his plume, and feather for his horse's chaffron, of the company's colours, white and watchet (pale blue). This worthy knight did most worthy service, in the time of Edward the Third, in France; after, served as general divers princes of Italy, went to the Holy Land; and in his return back died at Florence, and there lies buried with a fair monument over him. This worthy gentleman was free of our Company; and thus I prepare him to give my Lord entertainment:

SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD'S SPEECH.

My birth was mean, yet my deservings grew
To eminence, and in France a high pitch flew:
From a poor common soldier I attain'd
The style of captain, and then knighthood gain'd;
Serv'd the Black Prince in France in all his wars;
Then went i' the Holy Land; thence brought my scars,
And wearied body which no danger fear'd,
To Florence, where it nobly lies inteer'd:
There Sir John Hawkwood's memory doth live,
And to the Merchant-Tailors fame doth give.

"After him follows a Triumphant Chariot with the Arms of the Merchant-Tailors, coloured and gilt in several places of it; and over it there is supported, for a canopy, a rich and very spacious Pavilion, coloured crimson, with a Lion Passant: this is drawn with four horses; for porters would have made it move tottering and improperly. In the Chariot I place for the honour of the Company, of which records remain in the Hall, eight famous Kings of this land, that have been free of this worshipful Company."

The distinguished author of the "Woman Killed with Kindness," Thomas Heywood, was not only a favourite with the City Aldermen, but was also popular with the young men of Cheapside and the Mint on account of his play, "The Foure Prentices of London." Heywood was the writer of the Lord Mayor's Day pageants from 1631 to 1639, and seven of them have been published, but they can hardly be considered in any perceptible degree to heighten the author's fame. As F. W. Fairholt, in his account of the City pageants,

justly observes, "the speeches are rather turgid and bombastic, and are remarkably full of pedantic allusions; in fact, he does not by any means shine as a City poet with the brilliance he displays as a dramatist." Heywood has left on record "that it was never any great ambition in him to be voluminously read," and perhaps this remark was intended to apply to the works ordered by his wealthy City patrons. His best known pageant, "Porta Pietatis, or the Port or Harbour of Piety," was written for the inauguration as Lord Mayor in 1631 of Sir Maurice Abbot, a member of the Drapers' Company. Speeches of Proteus [1] open and conclude the pageant. The last one is as follows:

THE SPEECH AT NIGHT.

Now bright Hiperion hath unloos'd his teame,
And washt his coach in cold Ister's streame;
Day doth to night give place, yet e're you sleepe,
Remember what the prophet of the deepe,
Proteus, foretold. All such as state aspire,
Must be as bulls, as serpents, and like fire.
The shepheard grazing of his flocks, displayes
The use and profit from the fleece we raise.
That Indian beast [2] (had he a tongue to speake)
Would say, suppresse the proud, support the weake.
That ship the merchant's honour loudly tells,
And how all other trades it antecells;
But Piety doth point you to that starre,
By which good merchants steere. Too bold we are
To keepe you from your rest, to-morrow's sunne
Will raise you to new cares, not yet begun.

John Taylor, who wrote the Lord Mayor's Day pageant of 1634, was usually styled by his contemporaries "The Water Poet," in consequence of his having followed the occupation of a sculler on the river Thames. He was born, according to the *Biographica Dramatica*, "in the city of Gloucester in 1580; but received hardly any education, as he declares he scarce learnt his Accidence. He was bound apprentice to a waterman in London, and at the intervals which he could spare from his business used to employ himself in writing pamphlets. He was fourteen or sixteen years servant in the Tower, and once was mad enough to venture himself and a com-

[1] "Proteus, the son of Oceanus and Thetis, or, according to others, of Neptune and Phœnice. He was one of the gods of the sea, could foretell future events, and change himself into any shape. He appeared like a ghost before Tmolus and Telegonus, his children, giants of unparalleled cruelty, and terrified them so much that they left off their barbarity." See also Virgil and Ovid.

[2] *Rhinoceros.*

panion in a boat made of paper to Rochester; but before they landed the water soaked through, and if it had not been for corks or bladders, they had been both drowned. He was a violent loyalist; and at the beginning of the rebellion retired to Oxford, from whence, on the surrender of that place, he returned to London, and kept a public-house in Phœnix Alley, by Long Acre. On the death of the King (Charles I.) he set up the sign of the Mourning Crown, but that giving offence to the reigning powers, he was obliged to pull it down; on which he hung up his own picture, under which were these two lines:

> There's many a King's Head hanged up for a sign,
> And many a Saint's Head too. Then why not mine?"

The Lord Mayor's Day pageant written by John Taylor is called "The Triumphs of Fame and Honour," and was produced at the inauguration as Chief Magistrate in 1634 of Alderman Robert Parkhurst, a member of the Clothworkers' Company. The printed copies of this pageant are extremely rare, and there is not even a copy in the Library of the City Corporation. John Taylor died in the year 1654, in his fifty-seventh year, and was buried in Covent Garden Churchyard. In early life the "Water Poet" wrote two works, appropriately called "The Sculler" and "Fair and Foul Weather." He is introduced as follows in Alexander Pope's poem 'The Dunciad":

> And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
> The King descending, views th' Elysian Shade.
> A slipshod Sibyl led his steps along,
> In lofty madness meditating song;
> Her tresses staring from Poetic dreams,
> And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
> Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar
> (Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more).

The first Lord Mayor's Day pageant allowed since Cromwell had been in power took place in 1655, when the "book" was written by an author named Edmund Gayton. The full title of the civic production is "Charity Triumphant, or the Virgin Hero. Exhibited 29 Oct. 1655, being the Lord Mayor's Day. London, 1655, dedicated to Alderman Dethicke." The worthy Alderman was a member of the Mercers' Company, and he exhibited the realisation of the Company's arms—the crowned Virgin on horseback:

> See how she rides! See how she comes!
> Alarum'd in with fifes and drumms:
> Not *Venus* with the bribed Winds
> Blowing her Hair (the Snare of minds)

And all her fluttring blind array
Of *Cupids*, that fore-run the way;
Not in her richest Pearly Shell,
Nor yet Proserpina for Hell
When the great Lord of wealth (her love)
Did all the Intrals of his Earth improve,
To catch (the not so taken Maid)
In's *Ebon* Carre made Light afraid,
And richest Stones, benighted day,
Did so much Gallantry display:
As when our Virgin and her Pages,
The Pride of this, the talke of Ages
That are to come, did passe the street
In Satten all from head to feet;
"And every Virgin who stood by,
Wish'd secretly, O would that I
Were of the Mercers Company!"

The City poet was not present at the performance of his work, being at the time in the debtors' prison. Gayton was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, and won a scholarship at St. John's College, Oxford. He was also a protégé of Ben Jonson, and was a prolific writer of verse and prose. Notwithstanding the opportunities Gayton had for building up a brilliant position for himself, he led a vagrant life, and his days were spent either in the debtors' prison or in abject poverty. In 1636 the Oxford University authorities appointed him superior beadle in arts and physic, but after some years he was expelled, and reinstated at the time of the Restoration. In London, according to an account in Anthony Wood's "Athenæ," "he lived in a sharking condition, and wrote trite things merely to get bread to sustain him and his wife." Gayton seems to have lived in the same wretched condition at Oxford, where he died in his lodgings in Cat Street on December 12, 1666. The vice-chancellor, Dr. John Field, who presided at a meeting to elect a successor, denounced him as "an ill husband, and so improvident that he had but one farthing in his pocket when he died."

The next Lord Mayor's Day pageant, produced during the Commonwealth period, was written by John Bulteel, a translator and writer of miscellaneous literature, who was the son of Jean Bultel, a French Protestant clergyman residing at Dover. The full title of John Bulteel's work is "London's Triumph, or the Solemn and Magnificient reception of that honoured gentleman, Robert Tichburn, Lord Maior; after his return from taking his oath at Westminster, *the morrow* after Simon and Jude day, being October 29, 1656."

In this work Bulteel naïvely describes London as a city "where the rich live splendidly, and the poorest are free from want!" The Lord Mayor, who was a member of the Skinners' Company, was received by Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, on the occasion of the civic festival, when, according to the laureate of the Corporation, "all the nation seemed to be epitomised within the walls of her metropolis." The following extract from John Bulteel's work seems to prove that it was a rather vulgar and noisy affair, and must have resembled the modern circus processions in small provincial towns: "The first pageant past on before the Lord Maior as far as *Mercers' Chappel*; a *gyant* being twelve foot in height going before the pageant for the delight of the people. Over against *Soper-lane* End stood another pageant also; upon this were place'd severall sorts of beasts, as lyons, tygers, bears, leopards, foxes, apes, monkeys, in a great wildernesse; at the forepart whereof sate *Pan* with a pipe in his hand; in the middle was a canopie, at the portal whereof sate *Orpheus* in an antique attire, playing on his harp, while all the beasts seem'd to dance at the sound of his melody. Under the canopie sate four satyrs playing on pipes. The embleme of this pageant seem'd proper to the Company out of which the Lord Maior was elected; putting the spectators in mind how much they ought to esteem such a calling, as clad the Judges in their garments of honour, and Princes in their robes of majestie, and makes the wealthy ladies covet winter, to appear clad in their sable furrs. A second significance of this emblem may be this,—that as *Orpheus* tam'd the wild beasts by the alluring sound of his melody, so doth a just and upright governor tame and govern the wild affections of men, by good and wholesome laws, causing a general joy and peace in the place where he commands. . . . The Lord Maior rode forward to his house in *Silver Street*, the military bands still going before him. When he was in this house, they saluted him with two volleys of shot, and so marching again to their ground in Cripple-gate Churchyard, they lodg'd their colours; and as they began, so concluded this daye's triumph. When the barges wherein the soldiers were, came right against *Whitehall*, they saluted the *Lord Protector* and his *Council* with severall rounds of musketry, which the *Lord Protector* answered with signal testimonies of grace and courtesie. And returning to *Whitehall*, after the Lord Maior had taken the oath of office before the Barons of the Exchequer, they saluted the *Lord Protector* with another volley."

John Bulteel was a venal trader in adulation, and a "turncoat" as far as politics were concerned. From the dedications to various

patrons, he appears to have been a Republican during the Commonwealth and a Royalist at the Restoration. His translations were chiefly from French authors of the period, and include an adaptation of one of Corneille's plays. He is also stated to have been for some time private secretary to the Earl of Clarendon, and died in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields in 1683.

John Tatham, who commenced writing the Lord Mayor's Day pageants in 1657, was the first poet regularly employed by the City Corporation since Heywood held the position. His most important pageant, "The Royal Oake," was given in 1660, the year of the Restoration of King Charles II. The Lord Mayor was Sir Richard Browne, Bart., a member of the Merchant Taylors' Company, and, as the following extract shows, that Royalist celebrations were continued until Lord Mayor's Day :—

"Sylvanus, the rural god, attyred like a huntsman, about his waist a girdle of leaves, his habit russet, on his breast a star to distinguish him, and in his hand a bugle horn, accosts the lord mayor in these words :

No more of noise, as you respect our care,
Forsake your natures, and be still as ayr.
Ere Time had laid his iron coat aside,
And Peace was rather ravisht then a bride ;
Whil'st that the subtle eye of tyranny
Greedily hunted after majesty.
The close trunck of the oak did entertain,
And so secur'd, your royal soveraign ;
Twice she received him in her happy womb,
At his conveying hence and coming home ;
As though a greater knot had been t' unty,
Then ere was twisted in the prophesy.
The pendant leaves his head enshadow'd round,
Not only to conceale, but to be crown'd ;
The barke that brought him, flew as though it meant
To steale upon us without Time's consent.
Thus does the oake draw a fresh breath from fancy,
By the instinctive vertue of his name ;
And consecrated ought to be to Jove,
Producing both th' effects of peace and love.
The rusticks shall be civiliz'd and now
Imbrace what heretofore they'd not allow ;
About the royal oak the nymphs shall sing,
And dance a measure to their lord the King,
The woodman, so refus'd, shall on each tree
Inscription make of their quit slavery,
And for a girdle in a garter sense,
'Bout th' oake write *hony soit qui maly pence.*"

There are no records in existence of John Tatham's life, but "from a perusal of his plays," as F. W. Fairholt points out, "he appears to be chiefly remarkable for his loyalty and his hatred of the Scotch. They consist of four pieces: 'Love Crowns the End;' a pastorall, presented by the schollers of Bingham, in the County of Nottingham, in the yeare 1632, published in 1640. 'The Distracted State;' a tragedy, written in 1641, and printed ten years afterwards, in which he introduces a Scotch apothecary, who undertakes to poison the King of Sicily, and declares, 'an' me countremen ha' peyson'd three better kingdomes than this.' 'The Scot's Figguries: or a Knot of Knaves,' 1652, expresses the greatest detestation of the Scotch; representing them as spreading disaffection in religion and government, and declaring 'they have done nought for England but ruin it.' This play does not appear to have been acted, which was not the case with his other equally violent production, entitled 'The Rump: or the Mirrour of the late Times, a comedy, acted with great applause at the private house in Dorset Court, 1661.' In this play, the principal political characters of the latter years of the Protectorate are introduced in the most offensive manner. Lambert and Fleetwood are competitors for the Protectorship; the other characters being Desborough, Hewson, &c. Ladies Fleetwood and Lambert, and Cromwell's widow, are among the female characters; the two latter are especially held up to ridicule, as models of vulgarity and insolence. In their first scene they quarrel violently, Mrs. Cromwell ending her tirade against Lady Lambert by calling her 'a proud imperious slut'; to which she retorts, 'The woman is surely come from Billingsgate; Priss, ask how oysters goe there.' The play ends with their downfall, and shifts for a living, 'one ey'd Huson' calling 'boot or shoes to mend,' Desborough crying turnips, and Cromwell's widow entering with a tub, and the street cry of 'What kitchen-stuffe have you, maids?' Whitelock concludes by soliciting work for himself as a poor lawyer, 'be it good or bad,' from the audience. The opinions that governed Tatham in his writings are well expressed in the prologue to his play, where he declares

> he's sure the thing will please
> The loyal-hearted party; and what then?
> Why, truly he thinks them the wiser men."

The next City poet was Thomas Jordan, one of the few actor-poets flourishing in the time of Charles I. who lived to see the Restoration of the Stuarts. When the theatres were closed by the Commonwealth Parliament Jordan supported himself by writing

verses in praise of the Roundheads, and at the Restoration wrote broadsides extolling General Monk. He also wrote several flattering verses to welcome King Charles II. at public functions, and one of them, published in the "Nursery of Novelties in Variety of Poetry," commences thus :

Mirrour of majesty, bright rising sun,
The virtues of all kings compriz'd in one ;
How shall I look on thee, great lord of light?
Lay by thy beams, or fortifie my sight :
Thou art so frequent at the throne of grace,
That God's reflective glory gilds thy face.

The "Merrie Monarch" must have laughed in his sleeves at the fulsome eulogy on his *virtues*; but it was no doubt owing to these circumstances that Jordan was chosen, in 1671, to succeed John Tatham as the City poet by the Corporation of London. The Lord Mayor's Day pageant of 1671 was memorable as being the first for five years, in consequence of the plague and the great fire of London having rendered such performances impossible. Thomas Jordan's second production, "London Triumphant : or the City in Jollity and Splendour, 1672," was attended by Charles II. and his Court. The King was also present at the banquet given by Sir Robert Hanson, Kt., the Lord Mayor, in the Guildhall, "where," the City poet tells us, "his lordship and the guests being all seated, the City musick began to touch their instruments with very artful fingers ; and after a lesson being played, and their ears well feasted as their mouths, a person with a good voice, in good humour, and audible utterance (the better to provoke digestion), sings this new droll to the tune of *With a Lading* :

Let's drink and droll, and dance and sing,
And merrily cry, Long live the King :
'Tis friendship and peace
Making trading increase :
Blind Fortune has plaid
The changeable jade ;
We may curse her.

Let's sum up all that hath been done,
From forty-two till seventy-one,
Then he that loves changes,
Let him go on :
But I'le venture my fiddle ; and forty to one
'Twill be worser.

When ordinance laws beat down the kings,
And Peters preach'd for thimbles and rings ;
When all that we priz'd

Were sacrific'd,
What did it produce
For general use
But confusion?

The conjuring party raised then
Spirits they ne're could lay agen;
But suffer'd disasters,
Their servants grew masters;
Who slighted their votes,
And cudgell'd their coats
In conclusion.

Thus did our holy war succeed,
It made two hundred thousand bleed,
And fellows that neither could write nor read,
Did scutter in pulpits
The sanctifi'd seed
Of division.

The captain of a troop of horse
With courage and conduct, cunning and force,
The Crown, King, and Kingdom, did divorce,
And put the land into a Protecterly course,
By exision.

And after that great fatal blow,
What did become of all, you know.
The right royal heir
Return'd to his chair;
By no means fallac'ous
But by a good gracious
Director.

Now let us survey this present age,
Where freedom enlargeth the bounds of the stage:
'Tis pleasanter far than ruin and rage,
That swagger'd and sway'd
When Oliver played
The Protector.

Our ensigns now are turned to smocks;
And ladies fight with their fire-locks;
Wine, women, and sturgeon
Make work for the surgeon,
The bonny buff jacket
Doth tilt at a placket
Of roses.

Thus have you heard the changes rung,
As much as may be said or sung:
We must be no talkers,
For fear the night-walkers
Do watch for our words
And wait with their swords,
For our noses."

Thomas Jordan continued to write the Lord Mayor's Day pageants until 1684, the year of his death. His productions were despised and laughed at by his literary rivals, but some of the critics of this century have discovered that he really had a large share of poetical merit. Charles Knight described him as the "most facetious of City poets," and this statement is certainly not exaggerated.

A now-forgotten author, Matthew Taubman, succeeded Thomas Jordan as the City poet in 1685, and continued to write the pageants until 1689. His most notable pageant, entitled "London's Triumph: or the Goldsmiths' Jubilee," was written for Sir John Shorter, who was Lord Mayor in 1687. Sir John, according to Strype's Stow, "never served sheriff, nor a freeman of the City: appointed by King James II." The King attended the banquet given by his protégé in the Guildhall, and the opening lines of the "loyal" song written for that occasion, were as follows:

> How great are the blessings of government made
> By the excellent rule of our prince,
> Who while troubles and cares do his pleasures invade,
> To his people all joy does dispense;
> And while he for us is still caring and thinking,
> We have nothing to mind but our shops and our trade.
> And then to divert us with drinking,
> And then to divert us with feasting and drinking.

Matthew Taubman wrote many verses flattering James II.; but the flight of the unfortunate monarch across the Channel to make way for his son-in-law did not seem to trouble the City laureate in the least. On more than one occasion Taubman used up his old material, and, with slight alterations, these verses had a new lease of life as eulogies on King William and Queen Mary. The "loyal" song sung before James II. was also heard again in the Guildhall in praise of William III. This took place in 1689, when Sir Thomas Pilkington, a member of the Skinners' Company, as Lord Mayor, entertained King William and Queen Mary, Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne and her husband, Prince George of Denmark, and the representatives of both Houses of Parliament. This was Matthew Taubman's last appearance as a writer of the Lord Mayor's Day pageants. Perhaps the City Corporation had enough of the "loyalty" of the turn-coat official poet.

The last of the City poets, Elkanah Settle, is now principally remembered as one of the "heros" in Alexander Pope's poem "The Dunciad." He was not, however, by any means the dunce as depicted by Pope, but enjoyed for many years an extensive reputation as a dramatist, poet, and writer on politics. According to John

Dennis, "he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the University of Cambridge there were those who gave him the preference." This statement is also confirmed by Milbourn, Walsted, and other contemporary writers.[1] Settle had an adventurous life. The son of a Bedfordshire gentleman, he entered Trinity College, Oxford, in his eighteenth year, but left the University without taking a degree. On his arrival in London, Settle soon plunged into the political squabbles of that wretched period of English history, and frequently changed sides as a Whig or Tory. He also wrote a flattering poem on the occasion of the coronation of King James II., and was rewarded by that weak-minded monarch by being appointed "Court Journalist." In 1680 he was entrusted with the management of the absurd ceremony of "Pope-burning," and some years afterwards enlisted as a trooper in King James's army on Hounslow Heath. It was in the year 1691 that he was appointed City poet, and annually wrote verses to celebrate the Lord Mayor's Day. These poems are entitled "Triumphs for the Inauguration of the Lord Mayor," and the last was written in 1708, but was not represented, owing to the recent death of Prince George of Denmark, consort of Queen Anne. One of the most curious is that written for Sir Samuel Dashwood, a member of the Vintners' Company and Lord Mayor in 1702. Queen Anne was present at the Guildhall banquet "with Prince George of Denmark and the highest nobility of the kingdom," when the following drinking song was sung:

> Come, come, let us drink the vintners' good health,
> 'Tis the cask, not the coffer, that holds the true wealth;
> If to founders of blessings we pyramids raise,
> The bowl, next the sceptre, deserves the best praise.

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[1] Dr. Johnson, in the *Lives of the Poets*, says: "Dryden seems to have had his quiet much disturbed by the success of *The Empress of Morocco*, a tragedy written in rhyme by Elkanah Settle; which was so much applauded as to make him think his supremacy of reputation in some danger. Settle had not only been prosperous on the stage, but, in confidence of success, had published his play, with sculptures and a preface of defiance. Here was one offence added to another; and, for the last blast of inflammation, it was acted at Whitehall by the Court ladies. Dryden could not now repress those emotions which he called indignation, and others jealousy; but wrote upon the play and the dedication such a criticism as malignant impatience could pour out in haste. . . . Settle's is said to have been the first play embellished with sculptures; those ornaments seem to have given poor Dryden great disturbance. . . . To see the highest mind thus levelled with the meanest, may produce some solace to the consciousness of weakness, and some mortification to the pride of wisdom. But let it be remembered that minds are not levelled in their powers but when they are first levelled in their desires. Dryden and Settle had both placed their happiness in the claps of the multitudes."

Then, next to the queen, let the vintners' fame shine,
She gives us good laws, and they fills us good wine.

Columbus and Cortez their sails they unfurl'd,
To discover the mines of an Indian world,
To find beds of gold so far they could roam:
Fools! fools! when the wealth of the world lay at home.
The grape, the true treasure, much nearer it grew,
One Isle of Canary's worth all the Peru.

Let misers in garrets hide up their gay store,
And heap their rich bags to live wretchedly poor;
'Tis the cellar alone with true fame is renown'd,
Her treasure's diffusive, and cheers all round:
The gold and the gem's but the eye's gaudy toy,
But the vintners' rich juice gives health, life, and joy.

When the office of City poet was abolished by the Corporation, Settle gradually drifted into poverty, and was reduced to accept an engagement as an "author-actor" at a booth in the Bartholomew Fair. His last appearance on the boards was in a farce called "St. George for England," when he acted the dragon, and was enclosed in a case of green leather of his own invention. It was this circumstance that induced Dr. Edward Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," to write the following lines in his epistle to Alexander Pope:

Poor Elkanah, all other changes past,
For bread in Smithfield dragons his'd at last,
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape.
Such is the fate of talents misapply'd, &c.

Poor Settle was at last admitted into the Charterhouse, and died there in his sixtieth year on February 12, 1724. In an obituary notice inserted in the *Briton* on February 19, it is stated that "he was a man of tall stature, red face, short black hair, lived in the City, and had a numerous poetical issue, but shared the misfortune of several other gentlemen, to survive them all." Such was the fate of the last poet of the City Corporation.

The yearly panegyrics on the Lord Mayors being frugally abolished by the Corporation, the employment of the City poet ceased, and on Elkanah Settle's death there was no successor to that place. The usual procession by land and barges by water was still a prominent feature on Lord Mayor's Day for many years, but only *one* attempt was made to revive the departed glories of the ancient

pageants. In 1730 John Henley, the orator and parson, who preached on Sundays upon theological matters and on Wednesdays upon secular subjects, at a building near Clare Market called "The Oratory," created some amusement by ridiculing the frugality of the City Corporation in dispensing with the services of a poet. He also inserted in the newspapers an advertisement announcing that he would introduce at "The Oratory" a "new riding upon an old cavalcade, entitled

'THE CITY IN ITS GLORY: OR MY LORD MAYOR'S SHOW,'

explaining to all capacities that wonderful procession so much envy'd in foreign parts, and nois'd at Paris on my Lord Mayor's Day. The fine appearance and splendour of the companies of trade; bear and chain; the trumpets, drums, and cries intermixed; the qualifications of my L——'s horse; the whole art and history of the city ladies; and beaux at gape-stare in the balconies; the airs, dress, and motions; the two giants walking out to keep holiday: like snails o'er a cabbage, says an old author, they all crept along, admire'd by their wives, and huzza'd by the throng." The auditors each paid one shilling for admission, but the entertainment simply turned out to be a parody on the Arms of the City Companies and coarse jokes about the Lord Mayor's procession and the crowd.

Hogarth has immortalised a civic procession of the early part of the last century in one of the pictures of the series called "Industry and Idleness." In a canopied balcony hung with tapestry the Prince and Princess of Wales (parents of George III.) are seen looking down on the show with evident delight, and the crowded state of the streets is humorously depicted.

The most important royal visit to the City of London on a Lord Mayor's Day was in 1761, the year of the coronation of King George III. The Lord Mayor, Sir Samuel Fludyer, determined to inaugurate his year of office by asking the then newly-crowned King and Queen to honour the City festivities with their presence, and a large sum of money was voted by the Common Council to offer their Majesties a loyal and hearty welcome. A revival of the ancient pageants was decided upon; but, instead of giving the commission to one of the many poets who flourished at that period, an old work, written by Matthew Taubman for the ceremony of 1688, was reprinted, with slight alterations and revisions for the occasion, as a guide to the show. The King and Queen attended, and the Lord Mayor's procession rivalled that of Coronation Day. The streets were lined with tapestries. Triumphal arches were erected at proper distances, and

in the evening the City of London was gaily illuminated. After this brilliant display the annual processions were not by any means marked by such striking features of originality or vigour as some of the preceding years. The probable cause of the non-revival of the ancient pageants on Lord Mayor's Day was no doubt owing to "the late Mr. Pope" ridiculing the whole affair and the last official poet in "The Dunciad." That once popular poem, however, is little read nowadays except by a few literary students, while the Lord Mayor's Show, though shorn of its ancient glories, is still popular with the masses.

ANDREW DE TERNANT.

TWO NOBLE DAMES.

THE dignity of history—that unfortunate phrase, on which Macaulay poured the full vessels of his vituperation—has much to answer for, good and bad. With the assistance of early barbarians and mediæval monks, it has so curtailed our knowledge of the past, and clipped its literary records, that, while we can draw from ancient authors a fairly full political history of the Greeks and Romans, the picture of their social life and customs must be laboriously put together from scattered notices, and the sketch filled in by the imagination.

In one of the most obscure regions of this *terra incognita* of history dwell the women of the past. They are a sad loss. We need not go as far as the Oxford Don, who, with a mind bent on scandal, blamed Thucydides for not having inserted in his work a full account of Aspasia. Even history must draw the line somewhere. But if the memoirs of that clever and amiable and not too good woman were ever written by her own or a contemporary hand, we would willingly barter them against some half-dozen authors who wrote in bad Greek and Latin a quantity of silly prose and tumid verse, which perhaps six people in a century are foolish enough to read.

The pity is greater in Roman history. For Aspasia was one of ten thousand. The women of Greece—of Athens at any rate—were shut up by their husbands, and had not a very much greater part in public life than the ladies of Turkey—though some of them emancipated themselves; and Aristophanes has devoted a comedy, unplayable on any modern stage, to the "New Woman." But it was different at Rome. The female character was always held in high respect; the position of Materfamilias was of recognised dignity. The women—at any rate those of the governing class—took a keen interest and exercised not a little influence on public affairs; while they w the presiding goddesses of that domestic discipline which was foundation of Roman greatness.

Especially in the end of the Republic, when civili power and luxury increased, was their influence felt: a

small thing to be mistresses of Rome, when Rome was mistress of the world. We have the tradition of ladies who were of importance in their own day, both at this time and under the Empire. The wives of Cicero, and Cæsar, and Antony, and Pompey are more than a name; and later on it is hard to say how much the course of Roman affairs and Roman society depended on the Empresses Livia, and Messalina, and Agrippina. Unfortunately, we know so little; yet from the scanty materials, a few passages, a few allusions in various authors, we can sketch the lives of two of these famous women—two dissimilar types—who lived in the last century of the Republic.

The first bore among the ancients a name that has been vulgarised by the moderns; she was called Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi. But that was not her first nor her only distinction. By birth she was one of the greatest ladies of Rome; for she was the daughter of Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus, the saviour of his country, who conquered Spain at the age of twenty-four, and crushed the power of Carthage when he defeated Hannibal in the great battle of Zama. Her mother was Æmilia, daughter of the consul Lucius Æmilius, who fell, fighting bravely, on the ill-omened day of Cannæ. Cornelia was the youngest of three children. She must have passed through childhood at a time when her father was at the height of his power and glory, the idol of the people, the first man in Rome. But Publius Scipio was not only a great commander. Like the Duke of Wellington—to whom in some ways he bears a curious resemblance—he returned after his wars to play an active part in public life, and was drawn into the fierce struggle of Roman politics, either by his own inclination, or by the necessity of his name and position. And in the same way, his services to the republic did not save him at times from extreme unpopularity; or even from the insults of the mob. It must be allowed that his manner of addressing the sovereign people was not such as to conciliate its favour; when he broke off a speech which they were interrupting, to reproach them as a rabble of enfranchised slaves, formerly his own captives: "Did I sell you by auction," he said, "in all the markets of Sicily and Africa, in order that I might tremble before you at Rome?" His patrician arrogance so roused the popular fury, and the resentment of the tribunes of the commons, that on one occasion both the conqueror of Hannibal and his brother Lucius Scipio came near to losing their liberty. They were publicly impeached, and Lucius was already being dragged off to prison by the attendants of a hostile tribune, when he was saved by the interference of a nobleman of good family and high character, but belonging to the popular party, Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus.

It was this incident which caused Scipio some time after, when choosing a husband for his young daughter Cornelia, to fix upon Gracchus, though his political opponent, and of mature age. In those days ladies of Cornelia's station had little to say in the question of whom they should marry ; they took what was given to them and were contented, as a rule. This marriage, at any rate, turned out better than such arrangements do in modern novels.

Tiberius Gracchus was a man of eminent ability, who filled with distinction the highest magistracies of the Republic ; he was twice consul and censor, and triumphed for victories in Spain and Sardinia. And his integrity was spotless in an age of corruption. It was the fashion then for the Roman governors to return after a year's residence, loaded with the spoil of their province ; even the wine jars, which they took out, they brought back filled with gold and silver. But Gracchus could boast that he went to his province with a full money-chest, and returned empty. He seems to have gained his wife's love as well as her esteem. Plutarch tells a curious story of his devotion to her : that he caught two snakes in his bed, one male and one female ; when he consulted the soothsayers on the matter—for at that time superstition was universal—he was told that he must kill one and let go the other ; if he killed the male snake, his own death would follow ; if the female, that of his own wife. "Now Tiberius," says the historian, "who loved his wife, and thought it would be more suitable for him to die first, as he was an elderly man, and she still young, killed the male and let the female go ; and no long time after he died." Cornelia nobly returned his love ; though in the bloom of life, she devoted herself to the memory of her husband and the education of his children, refusing several offers of a second marriage. Among her suitors was Ptolemy, king of Egypt, who was induced by her beauty and virtue, perhaps by the political importance of an alliance with the noble families of the Gracchi and the Scipios, to tempt her vainly with a share of his crown, then the richest, and, next to the Roman Republic, most powerful in the world. She was unfortunate in her family ; several of her children died in infancy ; there survived only a daughter and two sons, Tiberius and Caius, who became the famous and ill-fated leaders of the party of reform in Rome. It was to her training that their merits were attributed. "These two," says their biographer, "were brought up so carefully by their mother that they became, beyond dispute, the most accomplished of all the Roman youth ; which they owed, perhaps, more to their excellent education than even to their natural good qualities."

Cornelia had the severe virtues of the Roman matron ; but she

o that love of culture and liberal learning, that acquaintance
ne masterpieces of Greek literature, which was an inheritance
family of the Scipios, though less common then than after-
among the higher circles of Rome. This knowledge was at
me what a knowledge of the French language and writers was
educated woman of last century; and even more. It was what
wledge of French was to the Germans in the time of Frederick
reat: for Greek was the tongue of polite literature, of art, of
nce; while no great Roman writer had yet appeared. And the
language, Cicero tells us, was always spoken and written with
reatest purity and elegance by the high-born Roman ladies; and
tances in Cornelia the traditional charm of her conversation,
e excellent style of her letters, which were extant. To this, he
r sons owed no small part of their greatness as orators; that
easy and polished language which they sucked in, as it were,
neir mother's milk. It was from Cornelia too that Caius
hus derived the fine manners and courteous address which
ted all ranks and conditions of men, even his enemies. No
she also aided to form the refined taste and elevated mind of
rother's adopted son, her own son-in-law, Publius Scipio the
ger, the patron and friend of Terence, Cicero's beau-ideal of
one statesman who was a friend to literature.

We catch a fleeting glimpse of Cornelia here and there through the short and stormy political career of her sons. She assisted them by her influence and fortune, and was in sympathy with their projects. The disorders of the commonwealth, fomented by the blind obstinacy of the nobles and the selfishness of the rich, filled all the enlightened minds of the age with terror of the future. Scipio the younger had shrunk from incurring the deadly enmity of his class by attempting reform, and, fearing to save the Republic at home, had gone to fight against its enemies abroad. To enter on the struggle which he had declined was a task suitable to the sons of Tiberius Gracchus; and Cornelia was not one to refuse her children to the service of the state. Once or twice she appears as a counsellor of moderation to the more headstrong temper of her younger son in his plans for breaking down the power of the oligarchy and avenging his brother's murder. When he, too, after a brief period of power, was deserted by the fickle commons, and fell a victim to the resentment of the nobles, she is said to have "borne her misfortunes with a noble and elevated spirit, saying of her two sons, both murdered in the precincts of temples, that they had a tomb worthy of them." She retired to a villa at Misenum, on the coast of Italy, where she resided the rest of

her life. Here she exercised great hospitality, and frequently entertained "Greeks and learned men." Her name was revered by the people; and foreign princes in alliance with Rome sent her presents. "She was a most agreeable companion to her visitors and friends," says Plutarch,[1] "she would tell them of the life and habits of her father Africanus; and, what is most surprising, would speak of her sons without showing sorrow or shedding a tear, relating their sufferings and their deeds as if she was speaking of the men of olden time. This made some think that her understanding had been impaired by old age or the greatness of her sorrows; and that she was dull to all sense of her misfortunes; while in fact such people themselves were too dull to see what a support it is against grief to have a noble nature, and to be of honourable lineage and honourably bred; and that though fortune often defies our attempts to guard against evils, yet she cannot take away from virtue the power of enduring them with fortitude." A noble passage, worthy of the author and of the subject.

In this retreat Cornelia died full of years. The Roman people, which idolised the memory of the leaders who had died for them, and whom they had betrayed, set up a statue of bronze in honour of the mother of the Gracchi, the daughter of the great Scipio. Her house at Misenum had a history: it passed into the possession of Marius, the man who rose from the ranks and was seven times consul; who avenged the Gracchi forty years after their death by butchering the noblest senators in the streets of Rome. After him it belonged to Lucius Lucullus, the famous voluptuary, and was the scene of his gorgeous luxury; then was appropriated by the Cæsars. In this villa the Emperor Tiberius, in extreme old age, after years of cruelty and monstrous debauchery, was smothered in a wet sheet by his nephew and the captain of his guards: and four centuries and a half afterwards, when Italy finally sank beneath the barbarian deluge, it afforded a retreat to the last Roman Emperor of the West.

Such was Cornelia, the noblest of her sex: and doubtless there were many matrons who imitated if they did not equal her virtues. But ancient Rome was not all celebrated for virtue; and all Roman ladies were not all Cornelias. For instance, her great grandniece (by marriage), Claudia, was famous in quite a different way some seventy years afterwards. This lady bore the noblest name of Rome. Even among the arrogant and exclusive patricians the Claudii had for centuries been noted for their haughty spirit and pride of birth. The elder branch, to which Claudia belonged, was somewhat fallen

[1] Stewart and Long's translation.

from its honours. Her father, Appius Claudius Pulcher, was one of the ruined emigrés who returned with Sulla : he fell in the moment of victory, leaving the fortunes of his house half repaired, and a family of three sons and three daughters, of whom Claudia was the second. Their beauty and high birth secured them great alliances, in spite of their poverty. The eldest sister was married to the celebrated Lucullus ; Claudia herself to Quintus Metellus Celer, an elderly nobleman, very rich and of brutal character, whom we know chiefly by an impertinent letter which he wrote to Cicero. He held commands in Gaul and elsewhere, which caused long and continued absences from the city. Roman governors did not take their wives abroad with them, as a rule ; and so he left Claudia mistress of his splendid house on the Palatine, his country residences, and his vast fortune. It may be imagined that she did not give herself up to despair and seclusion in her husband's absence. She was the handsomest woman in Rome ; her eyes in particular were of a marvellous beauty ; Juno she was called, because of them, by some of her admirers. She had a brilliant wit, literary tastes, and was fond of conversation ; she was renowned for her accomplishments and her skill in dancing. Almost at once she became a leader of society—a decadent society, luxurious, magnificent, wicked ; which owned no superior, no rule of conduct but its own pleasure ; which mocked at the old religion and had broken away from the old simple morality; unbridled in its passions and splendid in its vices. Such a position, such surroundings are in themselves almost an excuse for Claudia. And if the morals of society were loose, those of her own family were still looser. Both her sister and sister-in-law—Metellus' sister, who had married Pompey the Great—had been divorced by their husbands on returning from their campaigns in the East. Of her brothers, the elder was a solemn profligate, with relapses into piety which were the laughing-stock of Rome ; the younger, Publius, a notorious rake, was the hero of the greatest scandal of the age. Claudia had many worshippers. She set up in her house, according to report, a statue and shrine of Venus, which she adorned with their spoils. Even Cicero, eminent and respectable statesman, married man as he was, was thought to have gone near at one time falling a victim. They were on familiar terms : he read his pamphlets to her before they were published, and came to take her advice on politics—for she dabbled in politics also ; like her brother, who, tired of his amours, had become a public man, had renounced his nobility, and was posing as an extreme democrat. But Cicero was leaning more and more to the conservative side : there was a breach in their intimacy:

Claudia and Clodius became his most bitter enemies, and succeeded in driving him into exile. In return he has left to posterity such portraits of them as genius and hatred alone can paint.

The splendid and fashionable circle, of which Claudia was the centre, was open to literary merit; and one of its most interesting figures was a young poet of much promise and attractive person, lately come to the capital. This was C. Valerius Catullus.

Sweetest of all Roman singers eighteen hundred years ago.

Youthful, passionate, fresh to the world, he was likely to be fascinated by the attentions of the great lady who was the first beauty and wit of Rome. His suit was not rejected; he became Claudia's accepted lover. Their attachment, though known to their friends, was not published; for the young provincial, without rank or influence, could not afford to incur the resentment of the powerful family of the Metelli. Addressing his mistress under the name of Lesbia, he poured out his passion in those wonderful lyrics which have made his fame. Perhaps the most celebrated of the poems dedicated to her is that on the death of her sparrow:

Lugete, O Veneres Cupidinesque;

or that other, in which he entreats her to "live and love and set at naught the whispers of crabbed age." Their love was not without shadows; scandal was busy with their names: and soon the ardour of Catullus found no response. Lesbia was tiring of her poet: what to him was an absorbing, devouring passion, was to her hardly more than a passing intrigue: it was only an incident in her life, but proved the tragedy of his. He was rudely awakened from his dreams of happiness to find that Claudia had transferred her affections to another. His rival was also his friend—Cælius Rufus, one of the circle, a young man who had just entered on public life under the distinguished patronage of Cicero. He was noted for his beauty and the charm of his manners and conversation, as much as for the dissipation of his life. His last adventure was to supplant Catullus with Claudia: the two worldlings were a better matched pair. The deserted lover was left to console himself with his Muse: now he vented reproaches against the treachery of his friend; now complaints of his mistress, for whom he still cherished a mad hopeless devotion, though he saw that she was fickle and believed her worthless. Bitterness, love, anger, despair are the notes of these closing poems; nor did his unhappy passion end except with his short unhappy life.

His reproaches and complaints fell on deaf ears. Claudia was

already deep in her new amour. Her husband had come back to Rome; but about a year after his return he was seized with sudden illness and died in a few days. Hints of foul play were whispered; especially by the political opponents of Clodius, who were supported by Metellus against his brother-in-law. Claudia was left mistress of his riches, and, as a widow, paid even less regard to convention than before. We need not believe all, nor half, that was told against her; but it is certain that she gave her enemies—and they were many—plenty of opportunity for evil speaking. In her house on the Palatine, in her great gardens on the Tiber, in her villa at Baiæ—the Brighton of Rome—surrounded by a brilliant assembly in which the votaries of politics and fashion and pleasure met, she and Cælius feasted and revelled and idled through months of licentious dissipation—the talk and wonder of the town.

But this second liaison, like the other, came to an untimely end. There was a sudden rupture; nobody knew how or why or who was to blame. It would seem that this time Cælius was fickle. At any rate Claudia thought she had something to avenge; and she was not of a temper to remain quiet under a slight, or to sit down and mourn her bereavement. She was not cast for the part of Ariadne, as Cælius himself recognised; "on the contrary," he said, she was "a twopenny Clytemnestra;" and the epigram, repeated with malicious joy, ran like wild-fire through Rome. The blow was not long in falling. A semi-political prosecution was set on foot against him at her instigation. He was accused of a plot to assassinate the ambassador of Egypt, and of attempting to poison Claudia herself. What truth there was in the charge must remain unknown: all we can say is that Cælius was quite capable of the crime of which he was accused; and that Claudia was quite capable of inventing it.

Unfortunately for her, she had not Cælius alone to deal with. Cicero had returned from exile and resumed his sway over the law courts. Claudia had actively abetted her brother in the intrigues which led to his banishment. What was harder, perhaps, to forgive, she had used her social influence against him, and made the "new man," risen from obscurity by the force of his genius to the first dignity of the state, the butt of her sarcasms. Both at Rome and at Baiæ, whither Cicero went, like all the world, he had to meet the frivolous ridicule and disparaging comments of Claudia and her friends. He had been intimate with Cælius before the entanglement with Claudia; he now undertook to defend him. So she found against her that biting wit and eloquent tongue, and an influence unbounded with Roman juries. The counsel for the defence made

the most of his opportunity. Brushing aside the nominal prosecutor, he declared that this was a plot, a conspiracy, an attempt of Claudia to ruin the man who would no longer be her lover. He drew a convincing picture of his young client seduced by the blandishments of an infamous woman.

The prosecution had, foolishly enough, reproached Cælius with the disorder of his life. The opening was easy, the retort crushing. Claudia and her gallantries had long been the gossip of Rome: now, all her outrages on decorum, all the reports which gathered round her name, all the scandals of her scandalous family, were drawn out and illustrated and recalled and hinted in a master-piece of invective. Even the plea of her illustrious race was turned against her. The orator, rising in his tone, conjured up the image of the venerable Appius Claudius, the blind censor, her ancestor, whose memory was held in traditional honour by all Romans, to rebuke the degenerate daughter of so many consuls and dictators. He pointed to the great works, the monuments with which former Claudii had enriched the city, which she had defiled with the sight of her public and licentious amours; to the unspotted reputation of the stern patriarchs and vestal virgins of her house, whom she had dishonoured by her shameless life. Cicero had a full revenge.

After this exposure Claudia passes out of our sight. She is alleged to have sunk lower; to have cast off all restraint, and abandoned herself to coarse and sensual pleasures. It is hard to believe this of one who, with all her faults, was beautiful, witty, accomplished, and proud; while we must remember that all we know of her comes from her enemies, and that the age was unscrupulous in scandal. She was still living, and, it seems, a person of some importance, at the time when Cæsar overthrew the republic. Her morals are past hope of salvation; but her temptations were great; she was no worse, or better, than many others of that corrupt and dissolute generation. She made a great figure; and it is perhaps to be regretted that we have no picture from a friendly, or at least impartial hand, of a woman whose charms were so supreme.

F. TONGE

PAGES ON PLAYS.

Three New Plays.

IT was a disappointment to be some hundreds of miles from London on the first night of "Michael and his Lost Angel." It broke a long list of first nights of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's plays; the first night of "Wealth," of "Judah," of "The Dancing Girl," of "The Crusaders"—that event so memorable and so important—of "The Bauble Shop," of "The Tempter," of "The Masqueraders," of "The Case of Rebellious Susan," of "The Triumph of the Philistines." The list represents the whole of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's dramatic work, with the exception of "Saints and Sinners," since the time when he shook himself free from the servitude of melodrama. The bulk and the variety of that work, its many grades of merit, its many changes of method, would in themselves be enough to make a lover of stage plays always eager to know at the very earliest moment what new thing the dramatist had to offer to the curiosity of the public. Since the days of "The Middleman" rumour has always occupied itself beforehand with the people and the plot of any forthcoming play by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and the reports of rumour in the case of "Michael and his Lost Angel" were of a kind to whet expectation. So I was sincerely disappointed by my absence from London, but my disappointment was not untempered. Fortune had given me a copy of the printed text of the play, which I was able to read on the very evening when the piece itself was being played for the first time in London. I thought it then in the reading one of the best things its author had done; I thought so again in the seeing, a little later. The piece did not please that fluctuant element, the public taste, and "Michael and his Lost Angel" vanished from the Lyceum stage before I had the chance of seeing it more than once. It now belongs to ancient history; to write any words in its praise seems like scattering some votive flowers upon a monument of the past. "Michael and his Lost Angel" could never have been a popular play, even if it had come at an earlier hour. It made its

appearance when the playgoer, wearied already of his short-lived spell of seriousness, had begun to manifest signs of resentment at any further dramatic treatment of the eccentric or the unacceptable in the "Great Duel of Sex." Rightly or wrongly, the playgoer seems to have thought that the theme had worn a trifle threadbare of late; two conspicuous examples had already given proof of this; "Michael and his Lost Angel" was the third and the most flagrant. It is a pity, for the play had fine qualities, and Miss Marion Terry's acting was a surprise and a delight even to those who had most believed in her possibilities of power. But our regret must not tempt us to read too grave a lesson from the failure. The fate of the drama in England is not sealed even by the fall of "Michael and his Lost Angel."

"The Prisoner of Zenda" is of a very different school and of a different excellence. Mr. Anthony Hope did a very clever thing in applying all the gold of adventure, all the glitter of romance to the conditions of modern life and modern men and women. Something of the gallantry of the great Dumas and something of the fantasy of Hoffmann embellished the adventure of an English gentleman in a foreign court, and assured delighted readers that intrigue and devotion, the clash of royal ambitions and the clatter of heady fights, need not be associated with the red robe of a cardinal or the steel gauntlet of a cavalier. Mr. Edward Rose was clever in seeing that the enterprise which had served its turn in fiction might also be made to serve its turn upon the stage. He believed that "The Prisoner of Zenda" could be transmuted into a play; he set his hand to the task and was justified in his handiwork. He has succeeded in making an interesting, an attractive play out of the book. It might even be said that he has succeeded in making two interesting and attractive plays out of the book, and it must be further said that the drama would have been a better piece of business if its author had contented himself with one interesting and attractive play instead of two. Mr. Rose appears to have thought that there was a necessity for emphasising the reason for the resemblance between the young English traveller and the representative of the Red Elphbergs, and that it would need no less than a whole introductory act to drive the reason deep into the minds of the audience. Here I think that Mr. Rose has made a mistake. Not that the prologue which he has invented is in itself defective. It is very picturesque, very animated; it is, in the fine phrase of Mr. Swinburne, ringed with a flame of fair faces and splendid with swords. Mr. Rose presents his pu[illegible]" a very fascinating picture of passion rouged and red

gallantry peruked and powdered, of intrigue and treason and revenge, that catches and commands the fancy from first to last. If it were only a one-act play, as it very well might be, or if it were but one act of a longer play dealing with the same passions and the same people, all would be well. It is as the prologue to another play, and that play "The Prisoner of Zenda," that it provokes something very near akin to resentment. The spectator has found himself closely interested in the deeds and words of a group of persons, clad in the habit, using the language, and airing the flames, the follies, and the furies of the eighteenth century—at least, as that eighteenth century lives in romance and drama: the moody husband, hot-foot from abroad, come home in stealth and secrecy to spy upon his wife; the wife, fair, vain, faithless, in love with the sugar-sweet prince of a petty foreign State, very much as Beatrix Esmond loved the Stewart; the young prince himself, the modish idol of a modish hour, the paragon of elegances, contrasted so strangely with his cousin, the black, the sinister, the ambitious, a plexus of treacheries. Here were a set of puppets squared to a tragic game that demanded and deserved more time than the twenty minutes of a prologue. The beholder did but get deeply interested in these children of dreams only to have them swept away from him with the swiftness of a very dream—swept away to be heard of, to be seen, no more. Nor is this the only fault. Inadequate and tantalising, the prologue is too monumental for the purpose it has to serve. A milestone does not need the height of a shot tower to be of use. It exaggerates out of all need the cause of the resemblance between the Red Elphberg of Ruritania and English Mr. Rassendyll. The intrigue of an earlier Elphberg with an ancestress of Rassendyll's might have been told in the play, as it is told in the story, in a few words. If the very pith of the play is the fact of the likeness, the fact of that likeness is obvious and acceptable enough without the pomp of such a preface. And, again, the preface does the play an ill turn. The charm of the story, and what should be the charm of the play, is the way in which our present day, which we who use it may be tempted to think sombre and even commonplace, is daringly invested with all the panoply of chivalry, with all the colour and all the bravery and all the glory of romance. But you diminish, if you do not destroy, the potency of this charm if you force it into immediate contrast with a period so much more conspicuously picturesque, so much more generous in its possibilities of duello, so much more gorgeous in attire, so much more radiant in hue, the epoch of the small sword and the snuff-box, the ruffle

and the patch, the minuet and the masquerade, an age when honour dwelt on the point of the rapier, and joy depended upon the drop of the dice. Compared with that fantastic, rainbow-tinted time, even the uniforms and the ceremonials of a German court show scarce more exquisite than the fashions of a mining camp, while the wild adventures and the wild passions which seemed so passionate and so adventurous against the background of to-day necessarily dwindle and look meagre in their marked and uncalled-for contrast with a time when life was all adventure, when every gentleman wore a weapon by his side, and was ready to stab for a sneer or a smile, when every one carried his life in his hand, and the highwayman bulked larger than the policeman in the scheme of civic life. Mr. Rose's first act, standing by itself, is delightful; but it is deplorable in its effect upon the play with which it is forced into juxtaposition.

This fault excepted, there should be little else than praise for Mr. Rose's dramatic treatment of Mr. Hope's story. The enchanting imbroglio is admirably preserved; the comedy of the coronation—excellent fooling, when all's done—dexterously contrasts with and relieves the hopeless passion of the one man's love, the sombre horror of the other man's hate. I suppose one seldom sees any play that calls for serious consideration without committing the pardonable impertinence of shaping out other conclusions, pursuing other possibilities in the work that has entertained one—much in the spirit which made Sardou divert and spur his fancy by scheming his own sequel to some half-read play of Scribe's. If I could remould Mr. Rose's play nearer to my heart's desire, I would have found another ending. In that dream kingdom of fantastic drama, where we may well find everything as unreal as Charles Lamb found the macaronic morals of artificial comedy, we may seem to think the tragic note too heavy for the tune. It is all a fairy tale, and might be allowed to end, as the fairy tale should end, with the formula "happy ever after." So, if wishing were having, I would have the poor, mad, martyred prince, when the castle is attacked, renew so much of his lost manhood as to close with, kill, and be killed by his cousin and murderer; the Red Elphberg and the Black Elphberg united in a common doom; the worthless life and the base life blotted out in the same moment. Then there were a gallant sovereign ready to hand, as true a lover of a sinful man as ever loved woman. All would be well for Ruritania, and more than well for the princess.

Mr. Alexander's task in the interpretation of "The Prisoner of Zenda" is as hard a task as an actor well could choose. Mr. George Moore once said, in amiable comment upon Mr. Tree's alleged

passion for playing several parts in the same piece, that Mr. Tree's ideal would be to appear in a dramatic version of Dumas' "Trois Mousquetaires," and to play all the musketeers himself. Even an actor no less versatile than Mr. Tree—even an actor equally ready to interpret in one and the same evening the characters of Athos, of Porthos, of Aramis, and of d'Artagnan, might well be pardoned if he hesitated when brought face to face with the exacting possibilities of "The Prisoner of Zenda." In "The Prisoner of Zenda" Mr. Alexander has literally to play four distinct parts, and the difficulty of the desperate enterprise is heightened by the fact that the knot of the problem demands that all these widely differing parts shall carry the common quality of superficial resemblance. It is Mr. Alexander's triumph—it is one of the most remarkable histrionic triumphs of our time—that he succeeds, and succeeds brilliantly; nothing comes tardy off; he carries four wreaths from the lists. If anyone be tempted to protest that Mr. Alexander only plays three parts: those of the Red Elphberg of yesterday, of the Red Elphberg of to-day, and of the young Englishman who bears the Elphberg blood and wears the Elphberg hair, let such an one remember that the part of the reigning Prince of Ruritania is in itself two parts, that the abject, ruined wretch who groans and crouches in the dungeon of the Black Elphberg is a very different human being from the jovial, drunken young German officer whom we met with at the hunting-lodge. Mr. Alexander has four distinct creations to keep alive, and to keep distinct, and he does his amazing task with firmness and with beauty. His Prince Charming of the Prologue, the dainty lover, the daring swordsman, is different even from that descendant who most resembles him by just those qualities of difference which make one a child of the eighteenth, the other a child of the nineteenth century. There is more despair, there is more devotion in the breaking heart of the young Englishman who loses for ever the splendid delusion of his life, than in the heart of the exquisite princeling, who turns with a sigh from the routs and the alcoves of London to the gardens and the groves of Ruritania. With my memory of Mr. Alexander's rendering of David Remon warmly fresh in my memory, my memory of all its passion and all its pain, I still do not think that he has ever done better work than his expression of the young Englishman's love for the princess, and his agony of farewell. In a widely different way his study of the anguish of abasement, of brutish shame and fear, to which captivity reduces the imprisoned prince, is an admirable work of art, painfully but rightly impressive in the restrained force which never condescends, and has no need to condescend, to ex-

aggeration. But Rassendyll is the character that commands the most applause—Rassendyll with his lounging temperament and his light heart, who jests like a boy in situations of the gravest peril, who fights like a soldier, who loves like a poet, who is, in a word, the most fascinating figure that our stage has lately seen. As for the other players, it is enough to say that Miss Millard made a most charming princess for this modern fairy tale; that Mr. Vernon was an excellent old soldier, and that Mr. Waring has scarcely the chance to test anew his proved ability either as the Black Elphberg of this or the last century.

Controversy has busied itself over "The Sign of the Cross." Mr. William Archer, a writer with whom I have rarely the privilege to agree, seems to have annoyed a number of persons by his vigorous expression of his distaste for the piece. The annoyance surprises me. Mr. Archer is not very catholic in his likings, nor very tolerant of catholicity, but he has, to put it in the mildest way, at least as much right to his opinion as those who find in "The Sign of the Cross" something akin to a new revelation. For my own poor part, I went to see "The Sign of the Cross," and I enjoyed seeing it, and I liked seeing Mr. Wilson Barrett as Marcus Superbus, as I always like seeing him in parts which call for a sonorous expression of stately sentiments and a heroic carriage in moments of stress and storm. I do not think "The Sign of the Cross" is a masterpiece. I do not suppose that Mr. Wilson Barrett thinks it a masterpiece either. Its theme is not a very new theme, though, to judge from the expressions of some of its critics, one might be tempted to believe that the antagonism of paganism and Christianity had never been represented upon the stage before—to believe which is to be in error. But it is boldly and forcibly handled, boldly and forcibly played, and it lets the pagans have it, all along the line, in a spirit which is eminently salutary to audiences invested with something of the sanctity of a diocesan conference. After all, we are a Christian country, and we know that Christians did die nobly in defence of their faith; and if that fact can be shown upon the stage once more, as it has so often been shown before, without irreverence, it can do no harm, and may do good.

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

Friends of Poets.

A BRILLIANT essayist, writing in a daily newspaper, inquired recently, in an optimistic rather than an inquisitive spirit, "Who will give us a set of biographies of the great friends of great men—the Gillmans, the Unwins, the Abneys?" To which question I venture to reply prophetically, "No one." The limitation "great friends"—supposing it to mean, which I am not altogether sure that it does, friends who themselves are great—might have influenced my answer, had its effect not been diminished by the list, presumably typical, of Abneys, Gillmans, and Unwins which follows. A short but adequate life of Abney, the friend of Isaac Watts, appears, appropriately enough, in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Concerning any Gillman the same comprehensive repository has no word. Unwin has not yet been reached, and it is accordingly impossible to say whether any bearer of that name will come within Mr. Sidney Lee's purview. I am acquainted, however, with no dictionary of biographical reference in which the name Unwin is to be found. I feel moved, accordingly, to protest against the species of sentimental curiosity which seeks, in a time when the really great are so numerous that the best informed of men cannot pretend to acquaintance with half, to burden literature with the biographies of those, however amiable, who, if not obscure, are at least only visible through reflected brightness. I cannot but think that, in the case of agreeable nonentities such as have been mentioned, any added light of publicity would tend to decrease rather than augment the interest felt in them.

Friends of Watts, Cowper, and Coleridge.

IN the lives of poets are preserved all necessary or desirable details concerning those by whom they have been aided, solaced, or befriended. With the life of Isaac Watts I have no great familiarity. The cases of Coleridge and Cowper are, however, more familiar. They are, moreover, to some extent, parallel. From motives of economy

Cowper became in 1765 a boarder in the house of his friends the Unwins, paying them a sum of eighty guineas, soon afterwards reduced to one-half. His intimacy with members of the family, notably with Mrs. Unwin, was retained until his death. It seemed at one time, indeed, as though a relation stronger than friendship was in prospect. At the time when this intimacy began Cowper's means of support were principally derived from allowances made him by relatives and friends. Precisely the same was the case when Coleridge, unable to free himself from the indulgence in opium—begun, according to his own account, which is both trustworthy and probable, as a relief from physical pain—came as a patient into the charge of Mr. Gillman at Highgate. Under the charm of Coleridge's speech and manner friendship took the place of business relations, and the last years of the poet were cheered by the companionship and ministrations of the Gillmans, in whose house—in a separate study and chamber built out for him by his host—he died, and to whose appreciation, love, and tenderness he owes the handsome memorial over his tomb in Highgate Church, almost exactly opposite the house in which in 1834 he died. The services rendered to Cowper in the one case and to Coleridge in the other are chronicled in the lives of the poets—fully in the case of Cowper, less so in that of Coleridge, whose biographer Gillman himself became. No biography more extensive than can be extracted in the earlier case is desirable, or indeed conceivable.

Cowper's Theodora.

IF I might have an account more ample than can be obtained of any of those with whom Cowper was thrown at any time into intimate association, it should be of his cousin Theodora, concerning whom we know next to nothing. Theodora, with whom Cowper had fallen in love, and who reciprocated his affection, after the separation brought about by the "choice of friends," remained faithful to her love, refusing for his sake all other offers, and preserving religiously the poems he addressed to her. She survived him, and it seems probable that the annuity settled upon him in 1786 came from this pious and devoted friend. It at least appears that after Cowper's death, in order to spare the feelings of Theodora, a "false colouring" was given to the life of Cowper by Hayley, his biographer, all reference to Theodora herself being omitted, and Cowper's relations to Mrs. Unwin being "carefully represented as resembling devotion to a 'venerable parent.'" I could almost wish to hear something more of this meek, secluded dove; but I reject as vulgar and unwor

the temptation to intrude into a sanctity which, to parody Milton, is "the *first* infirmity of (ig)noble minds." The story of Theodora would, however, have a value different from that of the ordinary intimate associate of a poet.

Byron, Shelley, and Trelawney.

WHEN a man has a forcible character of his own, the fact that he was thrown into intimate association with greatness will naturally add to the attraction of a career which in itself excites attention. The intimacy between Byron and Shelley is pleasant to contemplate, and, of course, fully justifies the interest it inspired. In the case of Trelawney, even (the friend of both)—the "wild but kind-hearted seaman," as Shelley euphemistically calls a man who was a belated buccaneer, and seems to have emulated, if he did not equal, the feats of the Corsairs Byron loved to depict—the world has shown a certain not very absorbing interest in his proceedings. This, however, the proceedings themselves were calculated to inspire. So long as Englishmen preserve their admiration for the spirit of adventure to which they owe the establishment of their wide-spread empire, proceedings such as those of Trelawney will be followed. It is not often, however, that men of energy and action are the chosen associates of great writers. It is on the graceful bosom of a worthy nonentity that the *genus irritabile* will seek to recline. Concerning these the world knows as much as it is well for it to know. How delightful is the circle around Charles Lamb! The brighter members of this occupy their own niches in the Temple of Fame. Who cares, however, to learn more concerning Manning than that if dirt had been trumps he would have held great hands, and been a formidable antagonist. Topham Beauclerk has a small position before the world as the owner of a library which, according to the pleasant exaggeration of Walpole, stretched from Bloomsbury "half-way up to Highgate." Is not, however, his great and adequate distinction found in the fact that when he was labouring under a severe illness, which was destined to prove fatal, Johnson, with a voice trembling with emotion, said concerning him, "Sir, I would walk to the extent of the diameter of the earth to save Beauclerk"?

The Gillmans.

THESE reflections, frivolous perhaps and, in a sense, impertinent, have been borne in upon me by the persual of a work including in its comprehensive scheme a full account of a man whose

memory, without much independent claim on general consideration, survives through his association with a great poet. The man in question is James Gillman, to whom I have previously referred, and the book which, though it bears a publisher's name—Elliot Stock—may perhaps be considered privately printed, is "Searches into the History of the Gillman or Gilman Family," by Alexander W. Gillman. With the book itself, giving a genealogy of a family which is wide-spread and claims an antiquity almost phenomenal, I am not greatly concerned. It supplies particulars concerning very many worthy gentlemen all more or less closely connected with one another, who in England and America achieved success and a small measure of distinction in various pursuits and occupations, some of them professional or academic. It is a legitimate ambition to preserve the records of a family of this class, and the "short and simple annals of the" not poor, but well-to-do. It appeals practically to no public outside that which its members themselves constitute, and it furnishes to the moralist no matter beyond an illustration of the discontent, perhaps divine, of human nature with its narrow surroundings.

James Gillman and Coleridge.

ONE portion of the volume, constituting but a fragment of the whole, has, however, an interest extending far beyond a family, and including all who care for letters. "The Gillmans of Highgate" throws a further light upon Coleridge, and so has an independent *raison d'être*. In the year 1816 James Gillman was living as a surgeon in that pleasant and still scarcely quite suburban spot, The Grove, Highgate, when Coleridge, then vainly endeavouring to break himself of the habit of taking large doses of opium, applied second-hand for permission to reside in his house under his supervision. It is needless to dwell on the motives that induced the Gillmans to accept the poet, whose amiable manners and inspired conversation carried all hearts captive. Suffice it to say that, early in April, Coleridge, bearing with him the proof-sheets of "Christabel," presented himself, and was received into the house which was henceforward to be his home, and in which he was to die. These facts belong to literary history, and may be studied at leisure in the delightful monograph on Coleridge by my friend Mr. Traill, or in the lives of Coleridge, of Mr. Dykes Campbell, Professor A. Brandl, and others. Very genuine, and in the end wholly disinterested, was the service rendered by Mr. Gillman and his admirable wife to the poet. On the strength of these, and of the Life of the poet, only

one volume of which was published, James Gillman occupies a position almost unique among the trusted and reposeful friends of poets. The pictures of the residence—Coleridge's, not Gillman's, mind, in the world's eye—the portraits of Coleridge with the curious drooping mouth, on which he himself comments, of his friends and hosts, and the letters and extracts, some of them previously unpublished, render this portion of the work a distinct contribution to literature. Without recanting a word I have previously said concerning the friends of poets, I quote with approval from the book before me the words of Lamb on the death of Coleridge: "Never saw I his likeness [parallel], nor probably the world can see it again. I seem to love the house he died at more passionately than when he lived. I love the faithful Gillmans more than when they exercised their virtues to him living."

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THE STRANGER AT BOAT O' BRUAR.

A CARGLEN STORY.

BY ALEXANDER GORDON.

I.

IT was a cold evening in the latter part of December some thirty years ago.

Hour after hour the snow had been falling in big heavy flakes, and when night came on the incessant storm continued to rage in Boat o' Bruar hamlet.

The woods which rose from behind the little knot of cottages, in rocky shelves of beech and birch and elm, now carried their full share of the sudden snowfall. In the glen, the roads were blocked and travelling dangerous; the new railway, running along a high bank above the Carglen burn, was crossed by frequent wreaths; the deep river, farther down, which at all times raced past the hamlet with a noisy roar, was now swollen into rage by large quantities of melted snow from its tributary hills; and the broad plain of Dunderkeith, on the opposite side of the stream, showed to the gleams of a sickly moon which now and again peeped through the storm clouds a long expanse of country on whose breast winter had laid its iciest hand.

The wind blew from the north, smiting the little village with all its force, and driving forward the snow showers that swept from the open plain. In every dwelling careful hands had heaped upon the hearth a huge evening

But the cosiest of all cottages in the highland hamlet was that known as the "Bruar Inn," a tempting place of call for man and beast, standing at the foot of a towering cliff just where the main road joined a long suspension bridge which led across the river.

In those days, people making use of the bridge had to pay their toll-fares.

Foot passengers were allowed to escape with a moderate fee, but the farmers and others who rode in their vehicles were heavily mulcted ere they passed the gate. To "Lang Johnnie Auld," the landlord of the Bruar Inn, was entrusted the task of minding the bridge and gathering in the money.

The inn consisted of a "butt" and a "ben," with a large closet placed between. The "butt" was the kitchen and place of general resort, the "ben" was the parlour or best room, and the closet was a place for odds and ends, serving the purpose also of a beer and spirit cellar.

The ancient eight-day clocks throughout the hamlet had just sounded the stroke of seven, and still the "on-ding" fell. One after another, village friends and cronies began to forgather around the ingle in the cheery "Bruar." Lang Johnnie himself sat in his arm-chair at the snuggest side of the chimney.

"Haith, sirs, it's a snaw," said he, by way of conversation.

"A gey snaw it is," cried Andrew Steenson, known as a hewer of wood in Airton Forest.

"Few fowk 'll pass the brig the nicht," was a remark hazarded by Jeems o' the Loch, an old man who had done many a hard day's "darg" in the course of his eighty winters, but now lived at his ease, concerned only with tending a certain boat-house on the Loch o' Dwynie, where his lord and master, the Earl of Braefield, came at times for the fishing.

"I mind a snaw jest like this in the year thirty-an'-twa," said Granny Auld, the mother of Lang Johnnie, a grim and wrinkled dame, in a clean starched "mutch," pulling hard at a seasoned pipe.

"Hoot, fie, woman," cried Jeems o' the Loch, who, in the long ago, had spoken words of love to Granny (a brave lassie then). "Hoot, fie, wife," said he, "what's the need for gangin' back to the year thirty-an'-twa to find a snaw like that oot by? Mony and mony's the ane that we ha'e seen since then."

"Ay, nae doot," Granny replied. "Bit ye see, Jeems, the year thirty-an'-twa was a time the likes o' which comes to a woman bit aince in a life."

'Haud yer bletherin' tongue, mither," cried the landlord, her

dutiful son. "Be quiet, canna ye? Ye're aye deavin' us wi' the the year thirty-an'-twa."

"Jock," said she, "I'll no haud ma tongue. Ye ha'e the same cause to remember thae things that I hiv masel. Had ye no a hand that nicht in the death o' Ellen Maclean, the puir thing that——"

But now, when every neighbour was pricking up his ears to hear once more the old familiar tale, a bell rang in the outer passage.

II.

"Heaven be thankit! Toll fare frae ane," cried Lang Johnnie, springing to his feet and making for the door. The peal of the wheezy bell assured him that a traveller stood on the inner side of the bridge, waiting for the gate to be unlocked.

The folks around the hearth could hear the turning of the key, and the creaking of the hinges as the landlord swung back the iron grating. Then there came the tramp of a horse's hoof, and the sound of a human voice. Andrew Steenson went to the door.

"It's a man on a mettlesom' horse, neebors," he whispered. "Bit ye niver saw sic a sicht as he is frae heid to feet covert wi' the snaw. It's a stranger chiel, I'm thinkin', tee; ay, and he's gettin' aff the beast."

Andrew, on tiptoe, crept gently back into the kitchen, and resumed his seat on a three-legged stool. All were now on the alert for the entrance of the stranger.

"He s'all be weel rubbit doon, sir, fed, and made warm," Lang Johnnie was saying, in allusion, no doubt, to the needs of the quadruped. "Weel taken care o', aye," he repeated; "so gang yer wa's ben the hoose and ha'e a look at the fire."

The stranger kicked his toes against the lintel, shaking the snow from his boots and leggings, undid and laid aside his heavy travelling coat, and then came forward into the room.

"What a —— night," said he, by way of salutation.

"'Deed it's a snaw, sir," answered one; "A fair on-ding," piped another; "A deevil o' a browst," cried Jeems o' the Loch. But Granny Auld took the pipe from her cheek, looked hard at the stranger first, and then at her ancient wooer, and said she, "Hoot fie, sirs, nane o' yer ill talk aboot deevils or deevils' browst. It's an awsome nicht to be oot in, I'se grant ye that, bit it's God A'mig weather, jest the same."

"He lays it on —— thick though," said the horse amiable mood.

"A heathen man and a blasphemer," thought Andrew Steenson, as he sat stolidly eyeing the traveller, who hastened to appropriate the landlord's vacant chair.

"Drain your glasses, friends," cried the stranger, as he held his hands to the warm peat "lowe." "Drink up and have another rouser. I'll pay the piper."

"And yet there's a glint o' grace in him," was Andrew's second thought, as he heard these joyful words.

"Drinks for all," cried the traveller, throwing at the same time a crown-piece upon the table. "Each man order his own—and a cup of hot brandy for me. That's the grog for Jasper Griggs on a winter's night."

"Jasper Griggs," Andrew reflected, "Maister Griggs, oh, that's what the man ca's himsel' is't? I kenna whether Griggs be Inglish or Irish. Inglish, I'm thinkin', for he speaks wi' a soothlan' kind o' tongue, and drinks that dauble o' brandy instead o' the honest hielan' whisky."

"Here's wussin' yer health, Maister Griggs," cried Andrew in his fine familiar way. "Yer vera guid health, sir," he added, "and better weather for yer journey."

An emphatic "Ay" came in chorus from the general company. Mr. Griggs nodded his thanks, and then, without a word, raised the tumbler of hot brandy to his lips and tossed off the liquid at a single mighty gulp.

"Sal, he can drink," thought the Bruar folks, as they watched this action.

Andrew Steenson was now itching to ask the traveller a thousand questions, as for example, What was his rank in life? Where he came from? Whither he was bound? What his business might be? and, Why, in the name of Providence, he ventured abroad in such a snowfall? Andrew, at this moment, with the whisky stirring his spirit, saw life "gloriously," but, unlike the Attic sage, he scarcely saw it "whole," and he could imagine no duty or purpose which would lead a man forth into a pitiless maelström like that now desolating the glen.

But there was something in the bearing and manner of the stranger which chilled the hearts of the hamlet-men, and froze the genial current of their inquisitive souls.

Mr. Griggs was a tall, well-made man of fifty or so, with short, grizzled hair, a short, grey beard, and an eye which glared at times like that of a savage bull, while at others it was turned to the company with the furtive glance of a snarling cur—an evil eye,

Andrew Steenson said to himself, and one that you liked not to look upon when the kind "creatur" made you benevolent and full of love for the world.

Ill at ease, therefore, and silent for a time, were most of the village folks. But the whisky is a stimulating drink—Granny Auld had drawn a drop of the best—and by-and-by tongues began to chatter.

"Ye'll be come frae Eilfin, sir, I'se warrant that," said Jeems o' the Loch.

At first the stranger did not reply, but after a little pause he said, "Yes, my friend, I have come from Eilfin."

"And it's Kail that ye're makkin for, I'll swear?" continued Jeems.

"Kail!" said Mr. Griggs, in a tone of apparent surprise, "I have never heard the name of the place."

"No ken Kail?" cried one; "Niver heard o' the place?" said another; "Ha'e a care o' us!" cried a third, "a' body kens Kail; its name has spread to Lunnon toun itsel'."

Mr. Griggs responded by cursing the town; "If it be a town," said he, with a mighty oath.

"Ye're free spoken, sir" said Andrew Steenson. "We're a plain, God-fearin', sober fowk here—(hic)—and we dinna haud wi' unholy aiths. Oor yea's yea, and our nay, nay."

"That sounds like Scripture," said the stranger, with a curious leer, "but I fear I am no theologian."

"'Deed it may weel be," said Andrew bluntly, "for there's neyther wut nor Scriptur' in a swearin' man."

"Drink up," cried the stranger hastily, "and a truce to all nonsense. A word's but a word. Fill me another cup, good dame, and, hark ye, more of the spirit this time and less of the water."

Lang Johnnie, having seen to the traveller's horse, now entered the door.

"I've steppit roon' to the Bruar post-office," said he, "and what dae ye think? De'il a post is there, the nicht. The glen's fair smother't wi' the snaw, and Geordie Girdwood's stormstead up the pairrish. If ye're bent on takkin' the road, sir, I fear I maun tell ye it's a clear impossibility this e'en."

The stranger rose to his feet. His face, which the heat of the fire had flushed, suddenly turned as pale as the falling snow in the outside heavens. "My business is pressing," said he, faintly. "I must reach Blairston on Dron before I sleep. It is a matter of life and death."

"Ye'll no win to Blairston the nicht," said Johnnie decisively.

The stranger's countenance darke[illegible]w idea seemed to

have entered his head. "Yours is a fine trumped-up story," he cried in a savage voice. "One of your highland tricks for detaining a traveller, and getting money out of him, eh?"

"It's no dootin' ma word that ye are, is't?" said Jonnnie, with a sorrowful shake of the head.

"Something like that, neighbour," said the stranger.

A score of angry eyes now glared at Mr. Griggs. The honour of Lang Johnnie was the honour of the hamlet, and to have his righteousness called in question, more especially regarding a matter where the temptation of interest lay upon his own side, was more than the good people could stomach. Andrew Steenson angrily pushed his glass across the table, as if to say, "Had I kent it was a man like this I was sociable wi', it's lang or I wad ha'e drank his dram." Truth must add, however, that the glass had no liquor left in it.

"I'm sure it's no that I want ye to bide here in the 'Bruar,'" said Lang Johnnie haughtily. "We ha'e nae spare bed, and to pit ye up in the room ben the hoose means clean linen weel-air'd, an awfu' loss o' guid peat, and me masel driven oot to a neebor's place for the share o' a cauld bed, and a' this fuss for a siller croon maybe. Na! There's an honest bawbee to be made, I'se no deny't, on the yale or the speerit, but de'il a thing upon whilly-whain' wi' gentle fowk or 'tendin' to their wants."

The stranger was now greatly concerned. "Is it indeed the case," said he, "that I cannot push on, when my horse has rested and fed?"

"Ay, it's that," replied the landlord. "Yet, if sae be there's a single doot in yer mind, c'wa oot and see for yersel."

"Ay, let's awa oot thegither and ha'e a peep at the glen," cried Andrew Steenson, rising from his seat, and presenting a visible unsteadiness in the legs.

"Agreed," said the stranger.

"Bide a wee, then, till we licht the lanterns," said Lang Johnnie, "We'll ha'e muckle need o' them."

III.

In a few seconds the whole company, with the exception of Granny Auld, to the number of a dozen or fifteen souls, were out in the storm, dimly lighted on their way by a couple of blinking lanterns.

Behind them the river roared in its channel; the shrieking gusts, with blinding clouds of whirling flake, went driving up the glen, and

all around, on road and rock, hillock and brae, the beds of drifted snow lay gathered in dense and heavy wreaths.

Lang Johnnie and the stranger strode together in front, Andrew Steenson, Jeems o' the Loch, and the rest following close upon their heels.

The glen, which led from the hamlet up to the open country, was a wild, ragged, and eerie place. Even in summer, when days were pleasant, and cool nights reflected the peace of heaven, this lonesome spot was not without its dangers. Travellers who knew not the ins and outs of the winding track found a difficulty in piloting their course, for the way was narrow, stony, and treacherous. But to-night, when the winds of heaven had been let loose upon the earth, when the storm had done its best (or its worst) when "the burn wi' snawy wreaths up-choked, wild-eddying swirl'd," when the next step in the straggling path might prove a step into the other world, it was beyond the skill of the wariest native either to foot it or ride through the glen.

"D'ye see yon great heap o' snaw rinnin' frae the Red Stane craig clean across the road, and awa' doon through the wuid to the side of the burn?" said Lang Johnnie to the stranger, as he turned his lantern on the space thus indicated. "D'ye think it's in the strength o' mortal man to win his way through a wreath like that?"

"Ay, d'ye think't?" cried half a dozen throats in unison.

"Sal, and that's bit ae sample," said Lang Johnnie triumphantly. "The haill glen's packit fu' wi' them. Man—sir, I wad say—if ony human creatur' alive could get doon the road the nicht, let alane gangin' up, it's Geordie Girdwood, the post, and Geordie himsel's beat. He's stormstead up the gate, and there'll be nae letters at Boat o' Bruar this dismal e'en."

"If Geordie canna, the de'il himsel' wadna," said Andrew Steenson.

"Is there no other way, round or about, by which one could get out of this infernal dungeon?" asked Mr. Griggs.

"Na, nane," cried Andrew. "Ye see, sir, the Boat o' Bruar is like holy Jeroos'lem. It's a ceety 'compactly built thegither,' rocks ahin', rocks at the side, rocks here and rocks there, a place shut oot frae the haill warl' amaist, aye save and excep' by the chain brig leadin' ower the river. Bit there's Eilfin, frien', ye can try yer wey back to there, if ye ha'e he'rt eneuch for that."

The stranger paced about for a minute or so—"fair foamin' at the mou' like a mad tyke," as Andrew whispered to Jeems o' the Loch. Then he paused.

"I have no choice but to abide where I am," said he. "Landlord, you must put me up. Cosy, you know, but as plain as possible. Unless," he added, raising his voice sufficiently high for all to hear, "unless some good friend in the village has a bed to offer me? I always prefer a private house to an inn for my sleeping quarters."

"Na, na, sir," cried Andrew, as the general spokesman, "na, na. We tak' the bread oot o' nae man's mou'. It's Lang Johnnie and the 'Bruar' for you, or the cauld snaw in this waefu' glen."

Together they retraced their steps to the little inn, and everything at length being amicably settled, they all sat down to drink another glass at the expense of the traveller.

IV.

"Yer bed'll be ready ben the hoose, sir, in less than a jiffy," Granny Auld was saying, "bit, ye see, it tak's some time to get a warm lowe and to air the linen. Marion Dow that's helpin' me is a smart lassie, though, and ye'll no' be kept waitin' for lang."

Mr. Griggs had evidently passed into a very serious mood. Some of the people noticed that there were large beads of sweat upon his forehead.

"Granny," said Andrew Steenson, who was now at least three sheets in the wind, "will ye no tell us that tale o' yours about the year thirty-an'-twa? There's little speech gaun forrit, and 'twill help 's to while awa' the time."

"Ay," said Granny, taking up the thread of her story just as if an interruption had not occurred, "the year thirty-an'-twa brocht a winter's on-ding the vera marrow o' this the nicht. I ha'e cause to mind it weel, and sae ha'e ithers. I was younger then than I am the noo, and I was mither o' twa strappin' sons, bit ane's cauld in the earth the day, and the t'ither's nae the man that he was."

"It's a' blethers, mither," Lang Johnnie cried.

"Jock," said the dame, "it's no blethers. Ye ken yersel' that ye're nae the lad that ye aince was. Bit noo to ma tale. It's up at the Kaim o' Dindurk we were livin' at the time, as braw a place, wi' as fine fallow land and hill pastur' for sheep, as ye wad see in a' the pairrish roon'. We were a hantle better in warl's gear than we chance to be the day."

"Umph!" growled the landlord, who did not relish this.

"Ay, we had a bonnie bit o' land, infield and ootfield there," Granny went on without heeding her son's snort; "ay so, and weel

ken't we were. This was afore the thirty-an'-twa, ye'll keep in mind. Aweel, nae far frae the fairm o' the Kaim—cheek by jowl amaist—was a cottar's croft o' the same name. It was a wee bit o' a place, wi' soor cauld earth, open to a' weathers, puir and ill-favour't, and a puir fowk dwalt upon 't. They were lang Tam Maclean, a widower chiel then, his bedrid sister Jane, and a slip o' a dochter, Ellen. Tam hissel' was grim as the vera de'il, bit, as if to mak' amends, natur' had made his little lass uncommon fine, wi' blue twinklin' e'en, lang gowden silky hair, a skin clean and puir as the white gowan springin' on the lea, and a step like that o' a lightsome lamb friskin' on the green. Bit we were a prood race, the Aulds, and we didna care for the puir Macleans, though we bore them nae ill-will."

"And what o' the bairns?" Jeems o' the Loch inquired.

"'Twas clean ither with them," said she. "Awa' at the schule up the road, ma twa lads and the little lass stood side by side in the class. Together they gae'd an' cam', and it happen't so that Willie, ma younger son, fell heid ower heels in love wi' Ellen Maclean. When schulein' time was by, and the lads had grown young men (it was then the spring o' the year thirty-an'-twa), sal, if Willie didna' begin to talk o' marryin' Ellen. His faither and me were mad wi' rage (we were uppish fowk ye'll mind), bit Willie aye kept on, for he wudna e'er be led. An' what d'ye think? Ellen declar't that she didna lo'e him best, bit had gi'en her troth to Tod McGregor, the son o' a poacher ne'er-do-weel, wi' nae chance o' a black bawbee iver comin to grace his pooch. Lord save us a'! Wasna that a fair come-doon for pridefu' fowk like us? Ay, 'deed was 't. 'Twas bad eneuch that a son o' oors should speir a tocherless lass, bit 'twas mair than flesh c'ud thole to ken he was refus't. The spite and spleen that raise in ma he'rt I ha'ena tongue to tell. Willie, the daft and silly gowk, took it a' sair to mind. He had aye been a dowie kind o' bairn. He began to dwine in health, took to his bed, and the doctor cam' frae Kail. 'It's a decline he's in,' the doctor said, 'and I dinna think the lad will live.' Bit he did live, though, and gat up again and about."

"Was he cure't?" Andrew Steenson asked.

"O' what?" Granny inquired.

"O' love," Andrew explained.

"Na," Granny rejoined, "and griev't I was at that. Aweel," she said, "wha sh'ud I meet on the road ae day bit young Tod McGregor. I think I was clean possessed wi' the de'il, for, says I, 'Tod, I hear ye're after the lass up at the Croft o' the Kaim. Tak' my advice and be deene wi't, for there's nae he[illegible] you. Willie and her'll

soon be wed.' Haith, I can see yet the look that he gave me then. It was an awfu' lee I'd tell't, and I lived to rue it sair."

"Ye did, Granny, ay, ye did," said old Jeems and others.

"Wae's me, sirs, I'm coomin' noo to darker bits o' ma tale. Ae simmer nicht, they brocht him hame—Willie, ma son—feet forrit, a' clootit wi' bluid, and life nearly gane. They had fund the lad on 's back in a ditch by the side o' the road in the glen. He niver sp'ak a word. Neist day he was dead."

"And what o' Tod?" said Jeems o' the Loch.

"Tod McGregor had fled! I'll aye think that Willie and him met by chance in the glen, that they quarrel't there and focht, and that the cause o't a' was the muckle lee I tell't."

"It's a case for the Great Day and the White Throne," Andrew Steenson cried, "bit I'd risk ma soul it was Tod McGregor's wark."

"There was mair trouble and sin yet," Granny went on in her low, chanting voice, "for wha sh'ud be ta'en the neist bit ma ain husband John. First, it was an ordnar' cauld like, and syne the influenzy. Then it took the lungs, and, afore a fortnicht's time, he was lyin' dead a corp'. Ay, it was dule and sorrow a'. Did ye iver hear the like's o't? And there's mair yet to come. It's heavy debts we were left wi'? The fairm stock was sauld, we were driven forth frae hoose and hame, and doon we cam' here to the inn, Jock ma son, and me. Ay, and tha's bit half o't. Ye'll hear o' the puir Macleans noo."

"Ay, let's hear o' them," said a voice or two.

"Aweel, Ellen did grieve ear' and late for Tod. Tam, her faither, was aye in and oot at Eilfin town tryin' to get news o' him. But de'il a word he heard. The scaarlet fivver he gat, though, and that sent him to's bed."

"And the lass, Ellen, had him to nurse, had she no?" said Jeems.

"Ay, Tam and dowie Jane," Granny rejoined. "It was winter noo, the winter o' thirty-an'-twa, and on there cam' a storm the like o' whilk is seldom seen. I can hear the screich o' the blasts yet, roond aboot the inn, and their cauld sough in the muckle wuid—ha'e a' care o' 's, ay, there they're at it the noo!"

For a moment she paused, and there came to their ears the loud voice of the storm shrieking in the trees, and the flap of the gusts around the inn.

"Aweel, 'twas the dead o' nicht," Granny resumed, "and we a' lay in bed. Losh, the storm it still went on, and the wind went skirlin' by like the call o' a hunder' wild curlews. There cam' a

knock at the door, risin' aboon the gale. 'Wha's that?' I cried. 'It's me, Mistress Auld,' said a lassie's voice; 'me, Ellen Maclean. I ken ye dinna like me, bit, oh, pit that aside. Faither's light in the heid; Auntie Jane's warse; I've had nae sleep for three nichts lang, and I'm jest like to dee. Ye're the best and skeeliest nurse in a' the place, and ye may save faither's life. C'wa up, for the love o' God!' 'Haud awa', ye jaud,' I cried—'haud awa' frae here, ye limmer! Is't no through you I've lost ma son? God's joodgment's come upon ye.' 'Oh, dinna!' she pleadit. 'Dinna say that, bit come.' 'Double-bar the door,' cried ma livin' son Jock. 'Keep awa' frae here the claverin' quean'—was't no that ye said?" Granny continued, addressing her son.

"Somethin' gey like, mither, I fear," the landlord said.

"Weel, I double-barred the door in her face," Granny proceeded. "I can hear this minut' the cry she then set up, bit it only harden't ma he'rt like the he'rt o' Pharaoh, king o' Egypt, and I jest crap back into ma warm bed. I didna sleep a wink, though, bit I lay hearin' the thud o' the wind and the big roar o' the river. The mornin' cam', and what d'ye think wi't? Bluid, mair bluid!—sin, mair sin!—the death o' twa fowk on ma soul! It weighs me doon, sirs—doon, doon, doon——"

Here the old woman's head sank upon her lap, she sobbed aloud, and her cheeks were wet with tears.

"Hoot, fie!" Andrew Steenson cried. "Dinna tak' on like that. There's mercy yet for ye. Balm in Geelead," he stammered forth.

"I'm howpin' for't," Granny said, drying now her tears, "ay, I'm howpin' for't. Aweel, ma frien's, in blast and snaw the soul o' Tam Maclean had gane to its last accoont, and Ellen lay stark and cauld smother't in the drift. Is't no a tale o' sin and shame? Ane, twa, three, fower, a' dead through a woman's lees and want o' human love. It's a sair dree I ha'e to dree. Would that I could live the time again, and hear the lassie cryin' at the door! Glad wad I rise and lat her in. It's lang, lang syne that I learnt the lesson frae the Buik, 'Forgi'e as ye wad be forgi'en.' And forbye, the puir young thing had niver deene nae wrang. Wha can guide the love o' the heart? Nane. It was me that had been the sinner. Oh that she were at ma door the nicht!" the old dame again began to wail.

Just at this moment the bell in the outer passage rang a loud and startling peal.

"Save us a'," cried Lang Johnnie, springing to his feet. "That's the ring o' Sergeant Grant, frae Eilfin toun. I could swear till't mang a thousan'."

The stranger, who had never spoken a word during the old wife's tale, also rose from his chair. His face was white, and his legs trembled as he stood. "It's the Sergeant on ma track," he cried, using now the "hamely" Scots. "Look on Tod McGregor, frien's, and help him in his strait. Granny, woman, speak for me! As ye did it not to Ellen, show kindness unto Tod."

"Tod McGregor!" cried Andrew Steenson, half-sobered at the news. "Tod McGregor!" faintly shrieked the rest. Granny raised her eyes, and they met the stranger's gaze. "Ay, it's Tod's e'en," she said, in a strangely altered voice.

Again the bell sounded another rattling peal.

Lang Johnnie made for the door.

"Hide me, sirs!" the hunted man exclaimed. "Dae that, or clear the way and let me flee. Woman, will ye no speak the word?" he said again to the dame.

Granny's lips were glued; the brains of the men were muddled; they stood thick in the room; the gate of the bridge had opened, and feet were already crossing the road.

"It's ower late noo!" Tod McGregor hissed.

The Eilfin men had reached the threshold.

"It's a bonnie meeting this!" Granny now exclaimed with a strange hysterical laugh. "Ay, there's muckle joy in't." Her mind had lost its poise.

That moment the sudden sound of a pistol shot shook the walls of the inn. Granny Auld sank to the floor done to death by Tod McGregor. "The auld limmer has told her tale for the last time on earth," he grimly said. He would have fired again, directing the weapon against himself, but Andrew Steenson struck it from his hand.

In another second Tod was a prisoner.

V.

A month hence the snow had gone, and a soft breeze blew from the west. The same company sat in the "Bruar" kitchen, but to-night the outer door was open. Andrew Steenson had just returned from the county town.

"Guilty," said he, "and doomed to death; that's the sentence, frien's. 'Twas robb'ry first, and murder neist. Hanged by the neck he'll be, in ten days' time. I've seen him, though, and a sair meetin' it was. 'Repent, Tod,' said I; 'seek mercy o' *Him* while

yet it's called to-day.' 'Twas a' that I c'ud think on. 'I will dae that,' said he, 'and tell the fowk I'm sorry. An ill life I've led for mony a lang year.'"

"There, noo!" cried the listeners.

"It's an awfu' bit o' Prohvidence frae first to last," Andrew declared. "It wad dae to pit in a buik. There's a Poo'er aboon Whase eye's on 's, and let's a' learn a lesson."

"Johnnie," said Andrew, almost in the next breath. "Johnnie, ma frien', draw a drap o' the best the nicht. I've a real sinkin' at the he'rt. We're a' sinfu' creatur's, and I'll aye say that Granny hersel' and ilka ane that was in the inn wad ha'e tried a bit to save the chiel (vengeance is *His*, ye ken) had there been mair time and less drink aboot. But God's will be deene!"

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THEODORE HOOK.

THERE is always a certain charm in letters penned long ago, and events, habits, and ways of living change so rapidly that even a comparatively recent past has its attraction. Especially is this the case should they chance to be the correspondence of one who was in his time a man of mark. We have before us at this moment two bundles, one only a small packet, the other containing over a hundred letters. They are in excellent preservation, clean as when first dashed off, and the larger number on the thick gilt-edged paper in which the last generation delighted. Easy to read they are not, for, as often happens, the caligraphy which at first sight appears clear and distinct frequently proves illegible when we begin to decipher it. All are in the handwriting of Theodore Hook, the arch-humourist, and "wonderful creature" as Thomas Campbell calls him. Those in the smaller pile are addressed to Mr. John Elliot, and his son (who is in his ninety-second year, himself a friend of Hook's, and well known as the doyen of the Athenæum Club) was kind enough to give them to the present writer a few weeks ago. At their date Hook, who had just passed his twenty-fourth birthday, was the spoiled child of the fashionable world. He had, probably through the intervention of the Prince of Wales, been appointed Accountant-General and Treasurer of the Mauritius—a post for which he was eminently unfitted—and they are of interest as recording his first experience of life in the new colony, a pleasing experience destined to end so disastrously five years later. Mr. W. J. Broderip, the intimate associate and crony to whom the others were sent, must have been a delightful person, guileless, with the kindest of hearts, endued with a larger fund of good-sense than falls to the lot of most, and not averse to a frolic. He was a few months junior to Hook. As a Metropolitan police magistrate his ability and uprightness were conspicuous. He was a F.R.S., and ardent naturalist (one of the founders of the Society in the Regent's Park), and his "Zoological Recreations"—which we can safely recommend as a

fascinating book to those who care for the subject—appeared originally in Hook's magazine. The majority of these letters are, with exceptions, amusing reading, full of fun and of gossip jotted down freely without restraint. As such, not many would bear publication in their entirety, and we should be the last to make common property the unconsidered trifles intended for the perusal of one alone. It is, however, possible to give a few extracts without infringing on the privacy of their nature. They begin in 1836, the year he assumed the editorship of the "New Monthly," celebrating his accession to office by commencing in it his autoblographical "Gilbert Gurney," and they continue to within a few days of his death.

Opening the earlier packet we quote the first letter:

"Hertingfordbury: September 24, 1812.

"My dear Sir,—I am about to ask a favour of you which nothing but the extreme urgency of the case and my perfect assurance of your kind disposition would induce me to do. I am on the point of sailing for the Cape in the Semiramis with Admiral Tyler, on my way to the Mauritius. The opportunity is given me of realizing a Fortune, every facility afforded me in embracing it and every advantage likely to result from it, but I am checked at the moment of starting by some debts which I feel myself bound in honor to pay before I leave the country, the amount of which is between Three and four hundred pounds—I cannot leave the Kingdom happily without discharging them, and my own connexions have done so much in preparing me for the Voyage, fitting me out and procuring me the passage, &c., &c., that I cannot apply to them for more assistance to defray debts already incurred. If you could lend me such a sum it would set me fairly in the world, and confer a lasting obligation on me. For the security—I can offer none which among monied men is called *real*, the personal responsibility of my connexions is all I could bring forward, but I trust you will give me credit for a feeling which would *compel* me, before I appropriated one shilling of my salaries attached to my appointments to my own use, to remit to you the sum you generously might advance. I can safely promise that the capital and interest should be repaid in Two years through the hands of my Brother, who will be good enough to act as my agent during my absence.

"Should you lay me under the obligation, I shall indeed be truly grateful. Should it not be convenient, will you forgive me for having taken the liberty of intruding upon you.

"believe me, dr. Sir, yrs. faithfully,

"THEODORE E. HOOK."

Mr. Elliot replies in the warmest terms on the day following. He lends him £300, although (as his son tells us) he did not expect to receive a penny of it back.

In the next letter we find Hook at Madeira, on his way to the Mauritius—a sea voyage then was not what it is now:

"Funchal: June 28, 1813.

"As you have been so kind as to forward my views and assist my prospects by your own friendship, I am almost vain enough to hope that you will not feel displeased at hearing that *thus far* I have successfully pursued the path which is to lead me, I hope and trust, even to better things, and into which I have been led by you and friends like you—few indeed are there of whom a man can boast. I have been truly fortunate. Our voyage was tedious. Twenty-one days, and a gale in the Bay of Biscay. The Island is beautiful and repays all difficulties, The Society excellent, the Hospitality unbounded. The processions of Monks from Convents—the twanging of Guitars and the Tolling of Bells, with the singing Masses, and dancing Fandangos, we pass our time between Religion and Revelry in a manner truly orthodox in this Country.

"The Sunday opera to an Englishman is at first odd, and the Nota bene at the bottom of the Playbill that the Performance will not begin till 8 on account of Evening Mass at the Church would startle the conscience of a Wilberforce. I shall make a point of writing to you from any port whereat we may Touch. We do not intend going into the Cape if it can possibly be avoided, but there are many chances in favour of it on account of the wind; otherwise we shall get down to Rio Janeiro. Commodore Rogers with the Constitution and the Essex are waiting for us under the line, but we have the Inconstant 36, Stag 36, [illegible] and Fairy 20, Favorite and Kangaroo 18, so that we shall show fight."

We now hear of his arrival at his destination:

"La Reduit, Mauritius: November 21, 1813.

"I cannot resist this opportunity of writing to you, and uninteresting as any Letter must be from this distant Isle of Africa, yet taking into consideration all the kindnesses I have received at your hand, I shall venture to *bore* you with this *Colonial Twaddle*. It must be concise, as I find the *Venus* (*sweet name*)—*Whaler* (*unsweet Ship*) sails to-morrow for our happy Land. This Colony is a perfect paradise—there never was anything so beautiful as the Country, so charming as the Climate, or so very delightful as the people—they are all gaiety

and Hospitality. The Governor,[1] as you know, is everything that is excellent, and I, as I should be, everything that is grateful. We were only four months and six days in our passage, which was a remarkably fine one, and landed here on the 8th of last month. Nature always appears here in her holiday garb, and the whole face of the Country seems one continued garden abounding in all the Luxuries of the World. Coffee, Sugar, Spices, Pines, Cloves, Cotton, Grapes, are actually the spontaneous produce of the Wilds, and the most beautiful of Nature's productions *Women* are here to be found really in perfection. They are beautiful and vastly well mannered, highly accomplished, dance, sing, draw, and play really with exquisite taste, are truly agreable and not *very reserved*. . . . N.B. they have one fault—they *Spit* about the rooms ; this is not agreable at first. I live at the Governor's Houses both in Town and Country—this being the beginning of Summer we are all out at La Reduit about 7 or 8 miles from Town, a most perfect and enchanting Spot. Cool in comparison with the *Metropolis* ; there the glass was up yesterday at 130, here it is never higher than 95, in the Shade at 75 or 80, and the breezes are so balmy and the atmosphere so light and clear that with the aid of *Punkhas*, cold baths, and fanning *Peons*, we really are never at all too warm. For myself (*to turn Egotist*) I have since my arrival been appointed in addition to my Two original offices of Treasurer and Accountant General—Private Secretary—Inspector General and Superintendent of the Public Press, and Commissioner and Comptroller of Stamps—all these (*to use an elegant colloquy*) FETCH in and give me about Twenty five hundred per annum with SALARY. This will soon tend to discharge sundry debts some *kind friends* have allowed me to incur—all will be cleared off this year or at all events early in the next, except one The *debt of Gratitude*, in which acct. you, my dear Sir, are my principal creditor—that too I can *never* repay, but the largest interest a Heart not *quite devoid* of proper feeling can afford you must claim—It is in my Heart you will find it registered, and if you were able to *turn to the Book* you would there find it properly entered, though I am sorry to say as yet with nothing *per contra* ; however we will hope that at some future period, if it please God to continue the Health I at present enjoy and the Blessings he has been graciously induced to shower upon me, that I shall be able by better things than words to prove sentiments not to feel which would be brutal and inhuman. . . . Ere this reaches you another Spring will have *come to hand*, and

[1] The Governor was Sir Robert Townsend Farquhar, whose niece was married to Theodore's brother James, Dean of Worcester. We happen to possess a few of his letters, but Hook is not mention[illegible].

though here we are looking forward with dread to the Intense Heat of Christmas, you will be about the Time of the arrival of the Greasy Queen of Cythera who carries this, be preparing for what you *fancy* the *Sultry days* of Midsummer. . . . We are all great Masons here and since Lord Moira has been laying foundations for Churches and giving the Governor his Jewel as a brotherly token all the Craft are hard at labor. . . . It is now Twelve oclock at night—an Orderly is waiting all this Time to carry off the despatches to Town for embarcation, therefore I must away.

The £300 was honourably repaid, and the first pages of a long letter dated November 12, 1814, are filled with grateful acknowledgments of Mr. Elliot's kindness. It proceeds:

"I am so perfectly charmed with this Island that I mean, whenever Mr. Farquhar returns home and I cease to be on a Governor's personal Staff, to purchase a small place a few miles from Town which I have in my Eye, and having fitted it up after my own taste, remain here an Abiram Brunite for eight or ten years, should His Majesty's Ministers keep me here so long. Twice or three times a week driving into Town will do all the official business of the Treasury and the Cottage I think of buying is about 4 miles distance midway between Port Louis and Bodnit (The *Colonial Windsor Castle*) within an hundred yards of the finest Road in the world, with a view which would make Switzerland jealous and South Wales downright mad with envy. . . . If I had luckily *taken unto myself* a Wife before I left England, I never would have quitted this spot again, but have ended a noisy restless existence in the perfect quietude of this retreat. . . . However, the French women are so detestable that 'away the Thought.' I will wait. One ounce of English flesh and blood is worth a family of Mauritian Misses."

Hook did not, we believe, buy the house; he certainly did *not* marry; and we all know how, four years later, that "something wrong in the chest" brought him back to his native land.

We turn now to the letters addressed to Mr. Broderip. It will be remembered that, on leaving Cleveland Row, Hook took up his residence in a small villa at Fulham, near the bridge, and with a garden stretching down to the Thames. This garden was a perpetual source of delight to him, and it was a sore grief when the floods damaged it, as apparently they often did. In January 1837, after some sad reflections, he continues:

"Now brush away the Clouds. Here is a lovely day . . . the

birds are singing in the sunshine, and the river rippling by like silver, and what is left of my Garden has resumed its wonted viridity. . . . I am fond of my garden." At another time he encloses "a flower from my garden." From his garden he watched the first University Boat-race which took place at Putney. Here is his invitation, and subsequent regret it had not been accepted :

"Well, now—on Wednesday the great Oxford and Cambridge Eight-oared cutter Match comes off *here*, at *one* oclock. Can you, will you, come down, see it—have early bit of eat and so, eh? Can you, I say—will you?"

"3 oclock.—I wish you had been here. I never saw a prettier sight; such a mass of human beings I never beheld—clustered on Banks, bridge, and boats—the weather delightful. Cambridge won, but very narrowly. There are steamers before my Terrace wasting their power, bands of music playing, gay streamers floating in the air, and loud cheers ringing along the Shore, and literally thousands of gaily dressed women hovering all around a cutter."

[*August* 2, 1839.]—"I am just starting for dinner at Lady Blessington's, leaving the Vesper steamer jammed up under the centre arch of the bridge, her paddle boxes squashed up between the beams, every minute squeezing her down, and it wanting about half an hour of high water, so that she can't get away for an hour. I have been looking at the people's faces with my glass, and I never saw more unhappy buffers, male and female, their dinners at Richmond spoiling, and they . . . hungry."

No wonder that when we call to mind what a day in Hook's life really meant (such an one as is graphically described by Mr. Barham), with all its exhausting excitements, we find he dearly enjoyed a quiet day on the river—when he could cast off all his cares—ostensibly fishing, but really *recreating*. We all know his rhymes :

> Give me a punt, a rod, and line,
> A snug arm-chair to sit on,
> Some well-iced punch, and weather fine,
> And let me fish at Ditton.

His letters abound with accounts of such expeditions and suggestions for others.

"I sat in a punt at Ankerwyke all Wednesday, and the bitterest day Providence ever blessed this happy country with, and caught 1 [sketch of a roach], 2 [a perch], 3 [a dace], six in all! and a violent cold. Scale of inches, 0 1 2 3. Please send a *line* to yrs.

"T. *Hook*."

In contrast with these days of rest we get many glimpses of him at parties:

[1837.]—"A delightful day at ——; the Duke of Wellington fought the whole battle of Quatre Bras and Waterloo for us—it was most interesting."

On June 18, 1841, he was at Lord Harrington's and again met "*the* Duke." Besides himself, there were present the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lord and Lady Southampton, Lord Londonderry, Lord Canterbury, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Charleville, Lord Strangford, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Stuart de Rothesay, Count d'Orsay, and Fitzroy Stanhope. This was the last occasion but one he dined out.

Here are a couple of acceptances of invitations:

"Fulham to wit: Tuesday.

"Worshipful Sir,—You shall have my body before you at your chambers in Gray's Inn, at six of the clock tomorrow afternoon, whereof I will not fail at my peril. Witness my hand.

"THEOPHILUS CIBBER."

"Broderipus Maximus,— . . . I will turtelize with you Wednesday.

"Yours in truth and in drink,

"T. H."

We quote the following, as a different version is given in Barham's "Life":

"I made a joke at Lord Hertford's which created an effect. When we came down from the Banqueting room I could not find my hat, which I had hidden behind a curtain in one of the saloons. The Duke of Rutland asked me what I was looking for. I told him. 'Gad,' says he, 'I wonder you have not grown wise enough to do as *I* do. I carry my hat to the dining room with me, and never let it out of my reach,' to whom I *promptly* replied, 'Of course, your grace will never part with *Beaver*.' Repeating a joke of one's own is somewhat *spooney*, but I mention it because it was *felt* at the time."

Speaking of a party at which the Marquis of Northampton was to be present, he thinks he *may* go, but adds, "It is not the *Marquee* that is the *Tent*ation."

Among the friends and acquaintances repeatedly mentioned, we

notice the names of T. Campbell, Lord Russell, "Sam Slick," Lord Brougham, James Smith, Lady C. Bury, Sydney Smith, Davies Gilbert, Horace Twiss, and many more.[1]

There is scarcely a letter which does not contain some allusion to his favourite club, the Athenæum—"the sign of the *Minarvy*," as he calls it. He was never so happy as when seated at the cosy round table in the corner, which, as every member knows, is called after him, "Temperance Corner." After Hook's death, Abraham Hayward usually sat here (hence its other name of "Hayward's Heath"), and here is a "trait of character" of that distinguished essayist, whose peculiarities are well known :

"Last Saturday . . . —— asked me to dine with him to meet Lockhart and Murray. I said yes—I mentioned this to Hayward, who said, 'by G. if you go and dine with that fellow we shall never be able to shake him off—don't think of such a thing, my dear fellow.' I said I did not [see] that I could go, and in the end did send an excuse, but Hayward having been asked two days afterwards *did* dine with him, as the enclosed note will testify—this I call *good*."

The following, we presume, alludes to a fire at Boyle Farm :

"I have got a letter from Sir Edward Sugden in answer to my enquiries, in which the loss is represented as not serious ; he says, 'I and my family were cool and collected'—poor dear Sir Edward ! whose family congregated on a snowy lawn at five on a January morning would not be, if collected, cool?"

Here are some glimpses of Hook as author and editor :

"I have written a very favourable review of 'The Monk and the Married Man' for Bull. I have not seen the book, but of course that is not of the slightest consequence."

"I have but one copy of 'Births, Deaths, and Marriages,' which I have marked *err*atically for a new Edition, which I am told is likely soon to be wanted—it having hit harder than any of my others. You will find it at your Chambers when you go home ; when you have done with it—no hurry—send *him* back to Athenæum. It is full of . . . blunders, and if you see any more, perhaps you will doddle a bit in the margin."

"I am hard at work upon my fourth and last series of 'Sayings and Doings' for Bentley. I think the first story will be a good one, for me at least."

[1] Letters written to Mr. Broderip by mutual friends, such as Sir Roderick Murchison, John Gibson Lockhart, Sir Richard Owen, Dean Buckland, Admiral Smyth, &c., are at this moment lying before us.

"I regret as Editor of the 'N.M.M.,' to say that I have never seen a copy of the last—and few indeed of any other—number. I have two sent me. One goes to the illustrious —— my apothecary—and the other to ——. I therefore know nothing of the classical errors, either in my own, or in other peoples (with whom I never meddle) papers. . . . I am working like a 'orse."

In connection with this last remark we may quote from a letter dated December 31, 1839, which well illustrates the "remarkable literary activity" which produced thirty-eight novels within sixteen years—to say nothing of other writings:

"Nonsense as it is I do—I have too much to do—but I have several cogent reasons for doing as much as I can. I have in hand a novel for Bentley, a novel for Colburn; I am editing a work for Colburn, I am editing a novel for Bentley; I am doing a life of Garrick; I have undertaken to edit another work for Colburn; I edit the New Monthly, and write in it, and ditto the Bull; and I have but one head and two hands."

Elsewhere he says, "I must work even on the Sabbath." In one letter (August 13, 1839) he speaks of being overwhelmed with the number of contributions sent, and complains that "every man, woman, or child, who writes for the magazine considers and holds and believes that his, her's, or its own contribution is *the* one upon which everything depends."

"I now am literally nailed to my chair, and have not walked a mile in the last three months."

And in spite of ill-health he still laboured on:

"I am worked to death, and living upon Camphor Julep with a Lady's allowance of brandy and water."

"At four I shall have cleared off my work and shall be delighted if you will come. You will find me eating Liquorice and drinking water—a rare sight!"

The letter following is, perhaps, a fair sample of the others—full of gossip, though not containing much of interest:

Fulham: Tuesday [September 22, 1840].

"D.B.—I left Anglesea on Thursday; so did Croker, on his road to Sir Robert Peel; *he* by steam, *I* by Rocket. I left Portsmouth at five minutes before 11, stopped half an hour at Guilford for luncheon, and was *here* sitting at this table in my Library at 20 minutes after 5. Now that quite answered my purpose, and might have been slower

without being less agreeable. At Petersfield I picked up Hylton Jolliffe, and passed with him (who went to Town) a very pleasant forenoon, not to speak of two exceedingly intelligent ladies who were in the coach, who had very fine eyes and knew perfectly well how to use them.

"Much do I regret our excellent host's attack, and am not in the slightest degree inclined to use the stale 'chacun a son *gout*' to him. Remember me to him kindly, for he has my affection as the Gout has *him*, in *to-to!* I suppose I must not say so much to Mrs. Jenkyns, but say all for me to *her* that you think decorous, and not calculated to break her kind husband's heart. Croker's Marine villa will be charming; it will not be finished for some time; the place Anglesea is very small. . . . Besides the Ex-Secretary and the Ladies, we had Sir Robert Wilson and one of his exceedingly nice daughters, and Lord Charles Wellesley, who is in command of the 15th. We had two bad days, but they only served to make the three bright ones brighter. I am delighted that you have visited the beautiful Vectis before the atrocities of Iron and steam have desolated and debased it; it is in *my* mind perfect in its beauties, and is full of associations of happiness and delight to me. They are, alas! only recollections now.

"You will perceive many more horrid accidents on railroads, which the Times, with a most laudable accuracy, records. The poor Princess still lingers, but of course hopelessly. But as a set-off to the melancholy incidental to such an event, there has arrived at Windsor on a visit to the Queen an interesting young cousin *german* of Her Majesty, who rejoices in the name of 'Prince *Clodwig* of Hohenlohe Schillingsfurst.' I have heard from Mrs. Croker that my jemmy is safe at the Dockyard—thanks for all your kindness in assisting me to recover an umbrella which does not yet want *re-covering*. I expect to be back in Hampshire next week, as Lord and Lady Ashburton have asked me to the Grange. Here I am, sitting in my little Library writing the most abject nonsense, by a fire piled up like a furnace; it blows a hurricane, with cataracts of rain. Worshipful Sir, this is my birthday; but touching my antiquity as to the *half century* and all that sort of thing—

> "Whether I am or no
> That's not for you to know.

"And so I rest yours most truly and faithfully,

"THEODORE E. HOOK.

. . . "The gallant Captain

he tried everything else in the way of drink that was on the Table ere he set sail. Adieu."

It is amusing to notice how he invariably puts "(five shillings)" parentheses after he has made use of some expression unfit magisterial ears. Pens seem a fertile source of irritation: "Damn the pen and charge me five shillings," is the conclusion of a scrawl more illegible, if possible, than usual. Another commences with extravagant language on their shortcomings, but he adds deprecatingly: "Now, mind me, I have sworn all this—because if you choose in your Beakistical power to fine me, you may." Pens seem to have given trouble to others besides himself:

"I have paid your post-horse bill—and *receipted* it myself—Coggan made the large blot—I asked him if he couldn't write with my Pen? 'Why, Sir,' says Coggan, after making blot the second, 'I can't write at any time!' So he begged me to sign per procuration. Seeing that he can't write and I pay him between two and three hundred a year—what's the use of literary attainments?"

He plays with the name and title of his correspondent to an unlimited extent, addressing him as "Biko carissime," "Massa Beak," "Caro mio Brodissimo," "Dear Beakum," "Beaky," "Dr. Broderumski." "Write to me *Beak* Beakause I love to hear from you." To sit on the Bench he calls "to Hennify." Here is one of his broken-English notes sent to his friend at Raymond Buildings:

"Eccellentissime Syrr,—De rain weeche phalls two daie is two do goode to de Rasses of Ascott phor de Morrow—him will mack de grond sopht for di ossis, hand plaissent for di menn, beccause why?—dere shall be no dust.

"Dont yew be phrightened by de cadent umiditie weeche is rephresshing & weeche will turn two goode count en di mawning.

"Mi serphant his two weight hat de assinæum onteel I cum phor yew, so Haymews yoorselph wid de reddeng or ryting hasuplese so long bepbore dat Thyme, weech shawl not i theenk be late. So much de bettr syns oui most be hup arly & stirn.

"I rimayne ewers phathphallee,

"THEO E. ONGUE.

"à Signor Broadrippo, Conde di Raymond bilds Grazzini Olborneo. i theenk two be with yew biffor *Hellevenn*."

Many of the letters (dated from "Fulamptzywick) are enlivened with clever little sketches. Most are full of excessively bad puns, and close with such irrelevant remarks as "You be blowed"

before the signature, which consisted generally of a fish-hook at the end of a line, or a gallows with a hook depending from it.

Here are two quotations which bring out his kindness of heart. In the first, he has been assisting a borrower. We should have imagined Hook was about the last person to whom one in pecuniary difficulties would apply—among the papers we find an I.O.U. of his own for a large sum :

"He is ill, and all depends upon his health. I may be ill to-morrow, and what then? Why I may ask somebody for ten pounds."

"Will you tell me who Mr. —— is, who wishes me to provide for him and his family, and sends me testimonials from Browne, Yarrell, Partington, Vigors, and half a dozen others—who all speak highly of his skill in malacology, and of a work which he has written. He is only the fourth person who, during this week, has applied to me—with testimonials—to send them money, &c., and although I would give the world to it, and *do do* all I can, I really cannot afford it. Tell me if you know whether his book would be likely to succeed if I could get it pushed into publication. I wish they would not vex me by asking what I can't grant. . . . Write me a line . . . for I must answer him."

Here are a couple of references to his favourite beverages :

"The Port of Richardson is perfection. Mrs. Francis Hill's Jolly Sailor says, any Port in a Storm—but *that* is better than any I can put into (myself) anywhere. I went to the Garrick after, and had three glasses of punch by way of 'Saturday night'—but this was an X.S."

"Your *bottle* came into play last night, after my return—it is *not* Shrub, but a most delicious substitute for Lime and Lemon juice, and with sugar makes admirable punch or paunch—for the one maketh the other—and I went to my nest overcome in regard of liquor."

We cannot but conclude that the aforesaid beverages accounted in great measure for his frequent complaints as to the impaired state of his health. The following extracts bear allusion to physical and mental suffering :

"I want change of air rather than change of scene—I am a-weary, and the coats of my stomach are so 'spiritualized' that for all 'mortal' purposes the bag is useless, but I *did* eat two 'helps' of Turtle in the buildings of Raimondi on Tuesday, since which I think I have not '*an ounced*' an arrival of animal food in my interior."

"I am not well—I have got cold, rheumatism, fever, ague, asthma,

a slight touch of gout I think, Hepatitis, Erysipelas, the tooth-ache, sickness and Head-ache," &c. "I cannot say I am ill, but still I feel a doubt whether I shall be up to the Feast sacred to Genius. I will go if *I can*, but don't wait for me later than six, as there is a degree of what I call 'Tossupability' whether I do or do not."

In 1838, he writes he is full of engagements, "but in the present state of my head, lungs, and stomach, none of them are likely to come off."

"I am wretchedly ill and out of all spirits—except brandy," and one letter, full of description of his ailments, he signs, "Angina Pectoris."

"I suffer a good deal with a pain in my heart. . . . I live in constant anticipation of a *snap* there—if I lived in London, as the Irishman said, I should have been dead seven years ago—the Cough would have produced the climax."

"Please God I shall be in Town Thursday, but I suffer so much from the atmosphere that it is really a torture to pass the afternoon in London."

"The less London air I inhale the better, for I am bad."

"I carefully eschew even the least *mist*ified parts of the capital."

"I am better, and hope Ankerwyke may mend me—it is all mend."

"I have had a severe relapse . . . and am now brainless."

On July 24, 1841, he writes:

"I am *in* bed, having been hit by the hardest bilious attack man ever had. . . . I believe it to have been caused by the sudden adoption of the much desired 'air and exercise' scheme. I drove to Ditton and back on Monday, 20 miles, and fished 7 hours, and when I returned, felt exceedingly giddy. I felt obliged to go to bed. . . . I shall, please God, be carried or lifted down stairs in the afternoon. . . . I cannot write more fore I am weakened beyond belief."

Thus ends the last letter in the series. Hook died the following month, on August 24, 1841, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two; and Mr. Broderip was one of those who subscribed £100 to free his family from immediate embarrassment. His cottage was long since pulled down, and the sole record of him now remaining at Fulham is the plain upright tombstone which marks the spot where he rests: it is within a stone's-cast of the garden to which he was so attached.

Extracts are rarely satisfactory—they fail in doing justice to a

writer or to give pleasure to their reader, and we fear the foregoing will prove no exception to the general rule. We can but hope that the glimpses they give of the everyday life of a remarkable man may prove of some slight interest, and plead in extenuation, first, that Hook was by no means a good writer of letters, and secondly, that we have felt ourselves debarred from printing much which would have given coherency to the remainder.

We tie up the packets with mixed feelings of admiration and of pity. Through all the later correspondence there runs a vein of sadness; some, which we have not ventured to touch in this article, are almost pathetic. With all his opportunities he was not a happy man. "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful."

FRANCIS GLEDSTANES WAUGH.

PETER'S WOOING.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

WHY didn't I marry Mary Jane? Well, I'll jest tell 'ee. When I was a young chap, I worked along o' Farmer Simms up at Fowley. 'Twere a dairy farm, as ye know, and farmer and his missis were jest about workers, allers at it from dawn to dark, not that they'd much call, seein' as they'd only got one child, Mary Jane. But lor! they were that set upon that gal, for all the world like a hen wi' one chick, and nothing would content the old 'ooman but that Mary Jane should go to skule and learn the pianny, tho' she and the maister didn't theirselves know "B from a bull's fut," as the sayin' is.

There's too much pianny-work goin' on in these days, I'm tould. All very well for gentlefolks, and sich loike, but not for workin' folks, sezs I, it makes 'em good for nought so far as I see. Teach the young uns to read their Bibles and write their names, and if they has the nack o' larnin', lor, they'll larn, as many a one has done afore!

But the missis thought as how by larnin' the pianny, Mary Jane would become a lady, when, as everyone knows, ye can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ears, so what came of it? Why, when that there gal was "finished," as her poor old mother called it, she wer'n't "neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good red-herrin'," as the sayin' is.

I had been worken up at the farm some years, and farmer kind o' took to me, and so did the missis, I will say that; so one day, when I were sortin' taters in the out-'ouse, and she were a-helpin' a bit, sezs she:

"Peter, how is it ye ain't thinkin' o' gettin' married?—ye're twenty-sivin about."

I *had* been a-thinkin' of Bessie Larkins, but I didn't tell, see. So I sezs:

"Plenty o' time for that, missis!"

"Maybe there is," was what she said; "but I was wonderin' now as to what ye thinks o' our Mary Jane."

Well, to be plain, I fancied she were a bit too top-lofty for I; but as my ole mother used to zay, "Don't 'ee marry for money, but go where money is;" so I jest bided a bit afore I said, artful loike:

"Do 'ee think as how she'd look at a chap loike I, missis?"

"Try her, Peter," sezs she, a-snickering.

So the next Sunday, as we come out o' church, I asks Mary Jane to go for a walk wi' I, which she seemed moighty pleased to do; but lor! she were that foine, all frills and furbelows, with a purrysol, too! that I were a-most ashamed for the village chaps to see her alongside o' I, and I didn't know what to say to she neither; not loike when Bessie were wi' I. So on we goes, she a mincin' loike a cat on hot bricks, and there was I, for all the warld loike a toad under a hurrer, all the whoiles a-wishin' I never asked she to take a walk. By'm-by we come up to a field o' turmuts which I'd a-hoe'd a day or two afore, and a night's rain had brought 'em up foine. Sezs Mary Jane with her purrysol top a-tween her lips:

"How wonderful are the works o' Natur."

"Natur be all very well," seys I, "but if that there field had been left to Natur, ne'er a turmut would a been there for weeds, so I tell 'ee plain."

Mary Jane she tossed up her head scornful loike, and the flowers and ribbons in her bonnet jest about niddled and noddled; so on we goes, till as I moinds we come to that stile which leads into Higher Croft, and as I was a going to help she over into the field she stopped, and pointed with her purrysol at a old sow wi' a litter o' young uns as were a-grubbin' up the acarns jest about.

"Mr. Peter, look at that creature! But it reminds me so of dear Mr. Hogg," and how she did snicker surely. "Have you ever read Hogg's tales?"

"Mary Jane," sezs I, quite wrath, "I've a read my Bible and Catechism, and that's as much as most folks can, so don't 'ee go to make game o' I; hog's tales, indeed! Ye'll be sayin' next as how cats can grin." Wi' that I turns about a bit houghish, when who should I see but young Squire close at hand, and it's my belief as how Mary Jane had aseen him all along, and wanted to show off her larnin' to him. Hog's tails, indeed! I niver got over that!

At last we got back whoam, and I were mortal tired, I tell 'ee; howsomever, I took out Bessie arter I had milked the cows that night, and wasn't a bit weary then.

Still, I were civil to Mary Jane, and didn't ask Bess to say "Yes," leastways not then, and p'raps niver should but for Mary Jane's own fault, tho' I'm thankful now as never was that I didn't

'Twere fair day ; the maister had gone with some heifers ; I were left about the place, and the missis she were at the wash-tub—the 'ooman as used to come bein' down wi' rheumatics.

"Wilt moind scraps to-day, Peter? I be that pushed wi' work there be ne'er a minnit to get dinner."

"Taters and sarlt u'll do for I, missis, don't 'ee fash," for I see'd she were rale yet and weary. Arl the whiles I year'd Mary Jane a twiddling at that there blessed pianny, instead on her 'elpin' the poor fagged mother.

"Nay, but thee'll have summat else a'sides taters and sarlt, my lad," for the missis she talk countrified at toimes. "I'll call Mary Jane, and she'll fry thee some bacon rashers, she be a 'andy maäid, tho' I sezs it as shouldn't mabbe."

Wi' that she oöpens the door into the 'ouse-place, as we carls it in our parts, and sezs out loud :

"Mary Jane! I wants thee, lass."

The moosic stopped sudden, not that I ever cared for the noise she made on that pianny. I knows what rale good moosic is, for I've asung in our choir this many a year, and played double bass too when I were young ; but the missis, poor soul, thought a deal of Mary Jane's tunes. Howsomever, in she comes, dressed up loike Squire's lady instead of a farmer's darter.

"What is it, mar?" she snapped out, as cross as a bear with a sore head ; she allers said "par and mar" since she had been to that grand skule at Frampton. "Mother and father" was not ginteel, she told us.

"Will 'ee fry some rashers for Peter's dinner? I've cut 'em arl 'andy for thee, and there's the pan on the fire."

I sat by wi' a dish of mealy taters a peelin' on 'em 'ready, for, thinks I to me-self, "if I waits for that bacon, I shall be clemmed."

For she took 'em up wi' a fork as if the wholesome meat was pisen, holden it off from she wi' her nose turned up in the air, and then flopped 'em into the pan, making the fat spurt out loike a good un arl over her fine frock.

"Horrid stuff!" sezs she, in a tiff; "I wish people would eat proper food."

I went on wi' my taters and sarlt. All at ance up blazed the fat, and Mary Jane she screams out loike mad.

"What be'st thee doing?" calls out the missis from the wash-'us.

"The nasty thing's all on fire," she screamed.

"Ye've no call to mind, missis, I'll see to it," says I. So I puts

out the blaze, and poured out all the black fat into the hog-tub aside the back door.

Mary Jane niver so much as said "Thank'ee," but, looking as cross as two sticks, goes on with her frying. I went back to my taters and sarlt.

"None of that muck for me," thinks I.

I was eating away, as toime was gettin' on to serve the pigs, when out screams Mary Jane again in that fakless way of hers.

"Oh! do come here, mar; all this nasty bacon is curlin' up, it won't keep flat."

"La bless the lass!" cried the poor tired soul, as in she come to see what was the matter, wiping her arms with her apron, for she'd jest taken 'em out o' the soap-suds; "whativer be up wi' thee?"

"I can't fry this bacon," says Mary Jane; "and look what a mess I'm in too!"

"Get away do," said the missis, out o' patience at last with young madam's whimsies; "a pretty poor man's wife thee'll be."

"I don't intend to be a poor man's wife," sezs she.

"Nor a rich one's either," thinks I; "for a man wi' money will want summut better nor the loikes o' you for his cash;" but I *sed* nothin', only, as I went out, I sezs to the poor old missis:

"I've had my dinner, thank'ee, ma'am"—I was allers a civil chap—"so don't 'ee fash about frying any more, leastways not for I." Wi' that I goes out to serve the pigs, which were makin' a rare noise for their food.

. . . . . .

That night, arter I done work, I cleaned myself up, and went to see Bessie Larkins; and in less than three months we were "called home" at church, which is what they sezs in our part for "publishin' the banns"; and a good wife has Bessie been to I. There she sits! *She* knew what work was, and did it too, havin' lived with old Miss Smiles for nigh upon fifteen year.

As for Mary Jane, she niver got a husband wi' all her money, for the old folks left her a tidy bit.

You see she warn't eddicated enough to make a lady on 'er, and the little bit o' pianny playin', and such loike, spiled her for reg'lar work. Depend upon it, a *real* lady can turn her hand to anything, and isn't ashamed to own it; why I've known some as could do any mortal thing, and yet well fit to sit down in Queen Victoria's own drawin'-room!

So that's why I never married Mary Jane.

PENLEY REYD.

E BASQUES: THEIR COUNTRY AND THEIR ORIGIN.

'HERE is an old French song, still extremely popular, which contains the following words:

Quand on est Basque et bon Chrétien,
Qu'on a deux mulets pour tout bien—
Vraiment on n'a besoin de rien! (*bis.*)

well I remember the happy time when I first heard the music
at remarkable song!
Alas! it is more than forty years ago. Nature was smiling
and us; the hot rays of the midsummer sun were stinging our backs,
young schoolfellow and myself trudged over a wide sandy plain,
whilst he sang the above words to a slow, swinging, dreamy movement,
that riveted my attention, and called forth emotions which were quite new to me.

The lad had Basque blood in his veins; he was going to his birthplace, for it was holiday time; and though we were yet a good many miles from the Spanish Basque country, the impression made by the song placed us there in thought, enabled us to bear the heat, to think less of our thirst, and to go boldly on until we gained the refreshing shade of a clump of trees, amidst which arose the delightful murmur of a sparkling brook, flowing in the direction of Bayonne, through a kind of wooded glen, called by the peasants the Valley of Jehoshaphat, on the outskirts of the little village where we intended to stop.

Then, indeed, I little thought that the mystery connected with the Basque race would one day be revealed to me—that I should, in years to come, take up my pen to solve a problem that had occupied the attention of eminent antiquaries and philologists for more than a century.

Whilst the plaintive melody was still ringing in my ears I pictured to myself a member of that interesting race wending his way along a tortuous mountain path, preceded by his two mules. He was

a good Christian, said the song, and he wanted nothing! Two pack-mules, a Bible to read on Sunday, a lovely country at the foot of the Pyrenees, and a delicious climate for ten months out of the twelve—what more could any one desire?

Even in those early days I had heard of the *tambour de Basque*, or tambourine, a musical instrument which from earliest childhood had filled my mind with the most romantic ideas. I had a vague notion also of the costumes and manners of the people of those regions and of their country, for an old friend of my father, who had served in the Spanish Legion in 1836, had shown me some beautiful water-colour sketches which he had made in Guipuzcoa, and they were well calculated to charm the mind and warm the heart of an English schoolboy who had not yet seen any foreign country.

Indeed, before I left England to live the best part of my life abroad, there were three distinct classes of vagabond beings that had a peculiarly fascinating interest for me: the Gypsies, the North American Indians, and the Basques. The first attracted me by my coming constantly in contact with them whilst roaming through the country lanes of Warwickshire, and by my having learnt a little of their language, a coarse mixture of Sanscrit and English slang.

My attention was riveted to the second by the exciting tales of Fenimore Cooper, which were read during hours that should have been devoted to Greek and mathematics; and the third, the Basques, were, to my uncultivated mind, wrapped in a web of romantic mystery which rendered them a subject of the most keen curiosity.

What are the Basques? That is a question I have many times asked of my Flemish, Walloon, and French friends. But no person seemed able to give me a very satisfactory answer. They were a fine race of people, I was told, living in a lovely region at the foot of the Pyrenees, *a race of unknown origin, speaking an unknown tongue*, a language peculiar to themselves, which no other people could understand, the nature of which had never been discovered. They were altogether a most peculiar race, having remarkable characteristics, and they were the inventors of the tambourine.

Such was the whole of the information I could elicit.

I believe it was also mentioned that they were remarkably honest—a quality by no means to be despised.

The song said that a Basque had two mules, was a good Christian, and wanted nothing; and the music to which the words are set is a languid, flowing melody which makes you feel that it describes the most contented people in the whole world. Now, con-

ment being, no doubt, one of the great aims of life, I felt in
r years, by constantly thinking of these contented Basque
ple, that I should never be quite contented myself until I knew
thing more about them.

Though several distinguished men have been much interested in
inhabitants of the Basque provinces of France and Spain, there
t comparatively few works on them, and most of these are of a
ewhat fragmentary character. They are also much too learned
attract the attention of the public at large. I should mention
e particularly the "Basque Legends" of Webster, published in
don in 1878, the nature of which is fully explained by the title.
late Prince Lucien Buonaparte, who was a learned chemist,
quary, and linguist, and resided many years in London, also
lished here, in 1869, his little book called "Le Verbe basque."
Belgian writer, named Van Eys, wrote a grammar and dictionary
the Basque language, which was published at Paris in 1874 and
79; and in 1882 Professor Vinson published an interesting little
k entitled "Les Basques." The same writer also translated from
Hungarian the "Essay on the Basque Language," by F. Ribary.
Basque people themselves have long enjoyed a good reputation
tales, proverbs, and songs; and besides some specimens of their
sic, published (with his coloured drawings) by Wilkinson in 1839,
we have a work by Sallaberry, "Chants populaires Basques," which
appeared at Bayonne at the time of the Franco-Prussian war; and
another by Cerquand, "Contes populaires Basques," published at
Pau, one half in 1874 and the other half in 1882.

To these works we must add the "Histoire des Basques," by Belzunce, 1847; "Le Pays Basque," by Fr. Michel, 1857, and Oihenart's "Proverbes Basques," which originally appeared in 1657, and of which a new edition was published in 1847. There is also an old work in Spanish, by Zamacola, published in three vols. in 1818, with the title, "Historia de las Naciones bascas," which is now very rarely met with, even in large public libraries.

To all these works we are indebted for a mass of curious and interesting information; but the origin of the Basque people and their language still remains as great a mystery as ever. I shall endeavour, nevertheless, to solve this apparently intricate problem.

Before the present lines of railway existed, by which we can travel directly from Paris to Madrid by way of Bordeaux and Bayonne, it was a considerable undertaking to reach the Basque Provinces of Spain. In 1836, Wilkinson, as surgeon to his regiment, went by sea. In 1847, Alexandre Dumas, the great novelist, went by post-
ilion and coach. He tells us in his "Impressions de Voyages"

that, having met with delays on the way to Bordeaux, he entered that city by one gate, whilst the coach for Bayonne, by which he was to have proceeded, left by the other—a common occurrence in those days. My mode of travel, a few years later, was tramping on foot from village to village, with the knapsack on the back, a geological hammer in the hand, and a Scotch shepherd's plaid to ward off cold or rain, sending forward my portmanteau by train, boat, or diligence to the larger towns on the route. But though the country has scarcely changed, the Basque people are not exactly what they were in the middle of the present century. Emigration is decimating them, and like the Red Indians of North America and the gypsies with us, another century or two will probably cause them to disappear almost entirely, unless some unforeseen change should occur.

In travelling through Europe on foot, which is the only way of knowing it thoroughly, the most casual observer cannot fail to be struck with the great diversity of *peasant languages*, which often crop up when least expected. Not that they can all be termed "languages" in the true sense of the word; for these *patois*, or *dialects*, have no grammar, and little or no literature, written or oral. Even in Great Britain we hear, almost every day, specimens of the Scotch, Irish, Welsh, gypsy, and tramp dialects; and various *brogues* assail the ear of the tourist in every county of our kingdom. If we take the boat from London to Ostend, we come at once in contact with French and Flemish. If we go a little further, into what is called *le pays de Liège*, we get French and *Walloon*, with a little Flemish and German. Through Bohemia, Hungary, and the East a man must be a greater linguist than was Mezzofanti himself, to be able to converse with some of the people he happens to meet on the roads or in the taverns. As we approach the Pyrenees we do not find the French language suddenly dropped for pure Spanish, but we come upon the *Gascon* dialect and the *Basque* language.

It would be an ungrateful and, perhaps, a useless task to endeavour to unravel the origin of these various peasant idioms; indeed, no such attempt would now be made for the Basque language had it not been for ages past a favourite subject of discussion both at home and abroad, and because a cloud of mystery has been spread over both the language (as to its origin) and the Basque people themselves, whom many persons believe to rival in antiquity the ancient Guanches of the Canary Islands. Yet we shall see that the Basques were quite unknown before mediæval times, and we shall point out in the course of the following pages that they are, if we may use such a term, a comparatively modern people

In recent times a new field of speculation has been opened up with regard to the people who inhabit in Italy those wild, thinly populated districts to the north of Taranto—a district whence came originally the fictitious stories of the venomous bite of the Tarentula spider, and the lively dance, "Tarentella," by which the victims were said to get rid of its dangerous effects. Here, also, the zambomba is played by the peasants, as in the Andalusian districts around Seville—certainly a musical instrument of eastern origin—and not the "Tambour de Basque," though, for aught we know to the contrary, the latter may very probably have likewise an Eastern origin. Indeed, the Abyssinians have a tradition that the tambourine was brought from Egypt into Ethiopia by Thoth in the very earliest ages of the world. Here, in the country north of Taranto, both the language and the characteristics of the people show an admixture of the Arabic element. Some are quite Saracens even at the present day, just as the influence of the Moors is distinctly traceable in the people of the Basque provinces of Spain.

A modern French writer speaks of the Basque people as "cette vaillante race dont l'origine se perd dans la nuit des temps." Yet no one has been able to find any trace of them in literature further back than the period of the Middle Ages; and the examination of the skulls taken from old tombs in Guipuzcoa, as well as those of the present representatives of the race, shows no uniformity, no characteristic feature, nothing that would distinguish them from the skulls of a modern Spaniard or of a Frenchman.

With regard to the Basques being "a valiant race," their earlier history points to their being little better than outlaws, bandits, and vagabonds of the lowest type, whatever they may be at present. Certainly nothing can be said against the Basque peasants of the present day; they are universally praised for their honesty, frugality, and industry—here we have the secret of the contentment mentioned in the song.

What is most surprising to a Spaniard or a Frenchman when, for the first time, he enters the beautiful Basque Provinces, is the fact that he cannot understand the language of the people. I have used the expression "beautiful Basque Provinces," as others have done before; let me endeavour to give a slight sketch of them and their peasant inhabitants as we find them at the present time.

Those who have had the good fortune to have made a run by railway through Bayonne to Biarritz and on to San Sebastian and the villages of Guipuzcoa, or who may have crossed the Bay of Biscay to visit the iron-stone mines of Bilbao, and thus penetrated, easily and

luxuriously, a little way into the Basque country, may pity a poor pedestrian student tramping from one roadside inn to another, and taking months to cover the distance that the train performs in days; but they will not have seen so much of the people and the country, nor have experienced the same enjoyment.

The whole region of the Basses Pyrénées is delightful for at least nine months of the year, but that portion which is comprised in the Basque Provinces is peculiarly beautiful and interesting. It is not difficult to discover that the French and Spanish Basques are one and the same people, having the same habits and speaking the same language. In the French province this language is spoken from the shores of the Bay of Biscay almost as far as Oleron to the east. In the Spanish Basque Provinces the same peculiar dialect is heard as soon as we leave Biarritz, and when we have passed the Custom House at Irun, we are in the heart of the Basque district. Some of the most picturesque localities are Hendaye, Fontarabia, San Sebastian, and Hernani, which are all in Guipuzcoa, the purest of the Basque Provinces. At Pampeluna and at Vittoria, as well as at Bilbao, the language is constantly heard also, though at the latter place it is not now so frequently used, as large numbers of foreign workmen have been imported there of late years.

The whole of this lovely and varied landscape, wild though cultivated, gay and very sunny, yet temperate as compared with the rest of Spain, has been governed, since 1876, like other parts of the Peninsula, though it had previously a special political regimen; and it has long been the headquarters of the Carlists. A great portion is now traversed by the railroad from Paris to Madrid, and by the lines which run from Madrid to Hendaye, and from Bordeaux to Irun. Other branch lines extend from Bayonne to St. Jean Pied de Port and from Pugro to Saint Palais.

The western region of the Pyrenees, in very remote times, supplied the passage through which travellers from Spain penetrated into France. The Moors took the route; it was also through this district that the pilgrims of the twelfth century passed.

The general aspect of the country is most picturesque. Cultivated plains and pretty villages alternate with hills covered with beeches or firs, just what we see in Waldeck and other parts of Germany (but less wooded), and in some parts of Herefordshire, with here and there clumps of elms, oaks, and chestnuts. The vine is everywhere to be seen, along with fields of corn or maize, which is as fine here as in Lombardy. A considerable part of the country is uncultivated and covered with ferns, heather, or gorse bushes. Here and there we

have a very pretty villa with the red pimento trailing over the windows, the door wide open, and the chimney on the red-tiled roof always smoking. Attached to the house is the kitchen garden and the orchard filled with apple trees, which, again, recalls to our mind certain beautiful parts of Herefordshire. White villas, with red-tiled roofs, dot the landscape all the way to the coast. The roads are not in very good condition, and would often dishearten a cyclist, but they are admirable from an artistic point of view, forming, as they do, a charming portion of the fine landscape. In whatever direction we happen to turn we see hills, moderately elevated, more or less wooded, and among them cultivated valleys, rivulets, rocks, pretty villa residences, and high trees jutting up against the pure blue sky, which, in its turn, melts on the horizon into the deep azure of the ocean.

The general mildness of the climate is favourable to agriculture; rain is frequent, and very abundant, and the proximity of the Bay of Biscay prevents the effects of disastrous droughts, whilst the hot and dry south-east wind tempers the cold of winter. Yet with all these advantages the Basque people are very backward in agriculture, as they are in many other respects. Perhaps maize (Indian corn) is their most important crop, and the breeding of sheep the main source of wealth. As in Latin, the word *pecunia* comes from *pecus*, so, in the Basque language, the word *aberats* (rich) comes from *abere* (a flock of sheep). Corn, oil, and cyder, as well as wine, are produced; but the latter, being stored and transported in goat-skins, acquires a peculiar flavour, which is not much relished by foreigners. Most articles of manufacture made by the Basque people themselves are those actually used in the country, such as certain agricultural implements, caps called *boine* (which reminds us of our English word "bonnet"), and a coarse cloth called *marrigues*. At St. Jean de Luz they cure fish with salt, and there are some salt works in Guipuzcoa. Other industries are mostly in the hands of strangers, and employ foreign labour.

During the last fifty years emigration to South America has increased largely, and at present Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Mexico, and Havannah contain a considerable number of Basques. Their peculiar language is sometimes heard even in Canada; and old writers have gone so far as to assert that certain Basque navigators discovered America before the time of Columbus.

Here and there on the picturesque coast, at the mouth of some pretty river, and among the rocks and rugged cliffs rising from the very edge of the water, above the creeks and hard sands of miniature

beaches, may be seen old-fashioned seaports, fast decaying. They are now mere haunts of fishermen and trawlers, though once the homes of the hardy buccaneers who used to infest the Bay of Biscay and the English Channel when Spain was a maritime power. It was hence that started the famous Admiral El Cano, who first went round the world in Magellan's remaining ship, and the best sailors of the fleet, under the Basque admirals Oquendo and Churruca, which fought against the English and the Dutch. It was from one of these little Basque villages near the coast that came the navigator Legazfri, who discovered the Philippine Islands and other archipelagos in the Far East, where Basque sailors planted the flag of Castile more than three centuries ago.

This fine race of men still gives Spain some of her best seamen; there is now on the boisterous waves a fleet of more than 1,500 fishing boats, each manned by six or seven hands, and daily at work on the briny billows, except when the fierce north-easterly wind obliges them to lie quiet for a time in their creeks and ports.

The whole population of the Basque Provinces, from the neighbourhood of Bayonne to Mauléon, Navarre, Guipuzcoa, Alava and Biscaya, is at the present moment just under one million of souls. But emigration is annually decreasing this figure. It is not uncommon, in the harbours of San Sebastian or Passaje, to meet with bands of poorly-clad Basques, men and women, dancing the *fandango* on the public squares to the sound of the tambourine and jew's-harp, or singing some of their national songs prior to taking their departure for foreign lands; whilst their curious boxes, of an elongated, pentagonal shape, quite characteristic, lie about at the inns and railway stations. Only the other day we saw at Waterloo Station in London a fine, sturdy specimen of the Basque race with his characteristic blue *boina*, and honest, open countenance, on his way to Southampton, whence he was going to sail for America.

It is chiefly the men who emigrate thus; the women mostly go into service in France, and we have many times heard it said that both men and women make very good, trustworthy servants, and that they are much sought after in the district which lies between Bayonne and Bordeaux.

As the Basques have no literature to speak of, nor traditions which might point to their origin, any more than the gypsies have, and as we meet occasionally with groups of people speaking the same curious dialect in the neighbourhood of Genoa, at Pegli, at Taranto, and in some parts of Sardinia and Corsica, some authors have looked upon the inhab[illegible] of Spain and France

e relics of a very extensive race of men which formerly occupied rge area of Europe. There is no proof whatever of this. In ting to unfathom the mystery of the origin of the Basque people we have little more than their peculiar language to guide us in our inquiries.

It is now an acknowledged fact that the science of language, or philology, is extremely useful in completing the work of the historian and antiquarian. The monuments of a people are subject to the destructive action of time, the whole of its written or oral traditions may be lost or deteriorated, but the language remains, and the elements of which it is composed, the influences to which it has been subjected, the modifications it has undergone, point out to us at the same time the origin of the people and their evolution throughout the progress of civilisation.

Eugène Van Bemmel, formerly Professor of Literature in the University of Brussels, went so far as to say, "La linguistique est par sa nature et son but un des principaux véhicules de la Science historique;" and we entirely agree with him. The dress and manners of the Basques present no greater distinctive features than can be noticed in those of the Walloon peasants, for instance. Even the stick carried by the Walloons, which we have known to prove a terrible arm in a street row, is precisely similar to that carried by the Basque peasants. It is called *makhila* (which comes curiously near to the English "my killer"), and is wider at the bottom than at the top, where it has a loop of leather thong to attach it to the wrist. All the Flemish peasants carry it. But if we look carefully into the language we can certainly go a good way towards solving the mystery which has hitherto overhung the problem of the origin of the Basque race.

Let us take a song or a proverb, for instance, in the Basque dialect of the present day, and analyse it carefully. We shall find that all the words that are not Spanish, or Spanish *patois*, are Moorish. And when we add to this that we have no trace whatever of the Basque people in history before the occupation of Spain by the Moors, but that from that period to this day they have become more and more noted by the curious, we claim to have said a good deal towards solving the problem before us.

The dialect of the Spanish Basque Provinces, such as we have it in the songs and proverbs which have acquired for this people quite a European reputation, is really a hideous mixture of Spanish *patois* (Spanish more or less adulterated with French), and Moorish, or Arabic. Many of their words have a curious resemblance to corre-

sponding English words (just as we find in our English slang a good many gypsy words). For instance, the Basque word *gorry* (which signifies red, rusty, bloody, gory), the word *gona* (gown), *escuara* (school), *irina* (farina, flour), *curritzen* (course, *courrier*), *du* (does, from the verb, to do), *letra* (letter), *teilatura* (roof, tile), *cantua* (song, canticle), *boina* (bonnet), &c.

The music of the popular Basque songs is in general plaintive, and couched in the minor keys. The melodies, like the language, are a *tradition*—as no composers' names have come down to us—and this, again, is a singular compound of Spanish and Oriental melody. It also confirms my view of the origin of this interesting people; so that I have the language and the music both fighting to uphold my theory. But there is still more to be said in proof of its truth.

Under the erroneous idea that the Basques were a distinct and very ancient race, scientific anthropologists have paid considerable attention to them; but their researches have resulted in complete failure. For a long time it was believed that they were all "brachycephalic," or short-skulled. But the careful measurement of no less than sixty skulls from an old cemetery in the province of Guipuzcoa, by Dr. Velasco, of Madrid, and Professor Paul Broca, of Paris, and other measurements of both living and extinct examples by several other eminent observers, which were carried out from the year 1862 to 1868, prove that there are *two types of skulls*, just as there are in any other country, or with any other race of people. In fact, this character is worth very little, and, taken alone, can prove nothing at all. Broca, Virchow, Velasco, Abbadie, and others who have made these observations are able to assert, at most, that *one of the types is African, and the other European;* and this, of course, again confirms my theory.

The oldest linguistic document, of which the authenticity is incontestable, and in which there occur eighteen Basque words, is the MS. of a pilgrim to Santiago de Compostella, written in the twelfth century. It is only 400 years later—namely, in the "Cosas Memorables de España," by Lucius Marinello Siculus, which was published at Alcala in 1530—that we meet, for the first time, with an author who speaks the Basque language. Some Basque poems appeared in 1545, and a New Testament in the Basque dialect was printed at La Rochelle in 1571. Such are the most ancient literary documents connected with this subject that I have been able to discover.

Now, the period occupied by the Moors in Spain ranges from about A.D. 756 to 1492, when Boabdil, the last king of Granada, fled

to Africa; and it is during this period of some seven centuries, when intermarriages of Moors and Spaniards were common, many of the Moorish nobility espousing their Christian slaves, that the Basque *patois* was developed. That it is only a *patois* I have thoroughly convinced myself, and this seems to be also the reigning opinion among intelligent Spaniards of the present day; for, in the public schools of the Basque Provinces it is forbidden to use the language, just as we forbid our English school children to make use of slang. If one of the masters hears a child speaking Basque, he gives him a ring to wear, with instructions to place it on the finger of the first of his comrades whom he hears using the same dialect. The boy on whose finger the ring is found on the last day of the week is punished for *all* the rest—which is another example of flagrant injustice so common in France and Spain!

The closely shaved faces of the Basques are another Oriental relic, which cannot fail to strike the unprejudiced observer.

Webster believed that there exists a tinge of mysticism in the Basque mind, and that the chief characteristic of Jesuitism is to be traced to it. Both Loyola, the founder of the sect, and Xavier were Basques. This mysticism consists in giving such intense thought to allegory that it ensnares the whole of the mental faculties, and finally passes as reality. It is also to be traced in the Basque songs. Here, again, we have the Oriental element cropping up, and confirming the theory I have briefly brought forward in the preceding pages.

One more fact may be stated in conclusion. The Basques never had any but the Christian religion; there is no trace of any primitive religion, or of any ancient priesthood, like our Druids. As the song quoted at the head of this paper intimates, they were always "good Christians." This also pleads for their comparatively modern origin. Here, again, the language comes to our assistance. No Basque, however well educated, can give us any word which indicates in his language a cult or priesthood prior to the Christian religion.

T. L. PHIPSON.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PARISH COUNCIL.

PROBABLY few parishes have preserved their records for a longer time and in more complete condition than the country parish of Inkberrow, Worcestershire. In this parish the oldest account and minute books begin in 1657, since which date a continuous record exists to the present time. Defective in a few details which would now be interesting, these books preserve the names of all office holders since 1657, many minutes of the meetings, and for many years of the last century a continuous detailed account of how the rates were expended. The parish, situated in the Midlands, twelve miles from the cathedral city of Worcester, with no other large town near, on the eastern border of the once extensive forest of Feckenham, and without any large or remarkable building (except the church), is some 7,000 acres in area, and in 1657 had a probable population of about 700 or 800. In 5 Eliz. there were 129 families; and in 1770, 215 families, comprising 889 souls. The only industry was agriculture. With the exception of the parson, there never seem to have been more than two or three gentlemen residing in the parish, sometimes not even that number—the bulk of the inhabitants were labourers who worked for the yeomen and farmers. The situation of the parish insured its autonomy. The lord of the manor never lived on his property, which in those distant days probably brought him in nothing per annum, or, at best, but little. The old account books, therefore, present us with a true picture of a parish council in a village community during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The first entry, dated March 30, 1657, records the names of those "who were nominated, elected, chosen, and published to serve the offices of churchwardens (two), overseers of the poore (four), and supervisors ffor the high waies (two), and parish constable." These officers were chosen annually at a vestry meeting of the inhabitants held at Easter, and when necessary at other times, notice

being given in the church during service some previous "Lord's day." The council met in the church, but occasionally formally adjourned to continue its deliberations at "ye George Inne"—more often, perhaps, than is mentioned in the minutes. It is recorded that the vicar was chairman on at least two of these occasions, and put the motion for adjournment from the chair. At the conclusion of the meetings, which were open to all, the minute book was signed by those present, non-writers making a mark; many of the marks are the initial letter of the signer's surname.

The chiefest item of discussion and expenditure was of course the relief of the poor; the other subjects included church expenses, road repairs, constable's expenditure, payment for foxes' heads, sparrows, &c. On March 25, 1658, 20*s.* per annum was allowed to "a sufficient person to wringe & chime ye Bells every Lord's day, also to begin ye Psalme." October 29, 1659, "Ed. Peirce to have 2 shillings a quarter for keeping the register booke." The book just mentioned is lost; the present parish register beginning in 1675, and a few transcripts in the Diocesan Registry, represent all that can be found anterior to that date. Consequently but little is known of the state of the parish during the Civil War. In 1645 the King stayed one night at the vicarage, and left behind him a book of maps, which is still preserved. Six "esquires" of Inkberrow were fined for not accepting knighthood on the occasion of the coronation of Charles I. This seems to give an accurate idea of the condition of the parish before the War. None of the six were really wealthy or of more than mere local importance; the heaviest fine was £15, and the other five varied from £10 to £12. After the war there were certainly not as many as six "esquires." The following items are selected from 1657–60: "The widow Baskefild boy dyed, 6*d.* and 2*d.* more. Agreed to pay Jerrome Rice's rent, 12*s.* per ann. and 6*d.* a weeke for to keepe the widdowe Harvy during life. To John Laugher to sett him on worke, 5*s.* 6*d.* To Ann Sale by ye weeke for ye winter, 3*d.* To John Poundrell to redeeme his toles, 6*s.* Gave Hen. Griffin, 6*d.* Allowed Christopher Clifford to buy him shooes," &c., &c. The Restoration made no impression on these records, unless a paucity of details for the next ten years may be regarded as such. In 1675 the parish allowed its officers 1*s.* 6*d.* a day when travelling on parochial business, "provided they make not any unnecessary stay." On June 9, 1677, "Item, the constable is allowed at ye passing his accompts only (provided alway he be y^{n} purse, not else, nor at any other time), to expend for ye refreshment of those wh. attend ye said business any summe not exceeding four shillings." In June

1683, a very lively meeting took place. There was a row with the churchwardens about the accounts of the previous three or four years, also with the constable, whose accounts, "wch had been sureptitiously pass'd, and generall hand-subscrib'd but no chwarden or other officers, therefore disallow'd at this meeting and upon review severall matters found unduly charg'd, especially about ye removing ye one Earle (deducting ye pish allowance of 18*d.* a day, wch he had set down besides all other expenses). He stands indebted to the pish 00.08.01." Such exhibitions of parochial vigilance and financial purity seem to have occurred at intervals of a few years, the intervening period being characterised by some laxity in those respects. In 1697, "ye whole weekly pay for paupers" is put down as £1 *os. 7d.* As the population was about 770, this amount does not appear excessive, but was exclusive of the occasional and temporary relief, such items occurring as: "Given to old Jo^{n} Bradford's wiffe for twins, *1s.*; to Henry Hunt's wench, *6d.*," &c. In 1700, the accounts of Mr. Richard Perks, churchwarden, contained several interesting items, *e.g.*, "for ringing 29 May, *3s.*; for ringing at ye proclamation of ye war, *3s.*; washing comunion challis and scouring ye plate, *1s. 6d.*; for taking five foxes, *5s.*; p^{d} for whitsun farthings, *1s. 6d.*," &c. During this year the erection of a workhouse was strongly and successfully opposed on the grounds that it would increase the rates; and at a subsequent meeting the resolution was confirmed, and mention made of "ye bell mettal wch upon ye late casting of ye bells was sold or imbezzled."

On October 12, 1705, a vestry meeting "ordered that, whereas ye dial in ye churchyard was lately taken away by stealth. A new dial be forthwith provided by ye present churchwardens and set up in ye same, or more convenient place of ye sayd churchyard."

The paupers evidently increased rapidly in number about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and some difficulty was found in dealing with them. The study of the accounts shows that pauperism became increasingly difficult to manage all through this century, and up to the year 1836, when a union was formed with Alcester as its centre. In 1711, one of the largest meetings ever held in the history of the parish agreed to the following measures: "That ye overseers forthwith cause ye poor y^{t} are in weekly pay to be badg'd with I. P. (Inkberrow pauper), and that they wear the sayd Badge, else withhold yeir pay. That the children of those families y^{t} have weekly pay who are of capacity for service be brought to a meeting to be dispos'd to service. That whereas a former order was made for searching o and taking acct of all forreigners and Intruders into ye parish ye

order is now renew'd, and ye officers effectually to see that such persons be discharged or their names returned, that at ye next meeting a count be taken for removing them out of ye parish." The removal of pauper intruders was carried out for years with rigour, and often at considerable expense and trouble. In 1728 a large meeting again adopted stringent measures, and appointed "two proper persons" (other than usual officers) to attend sessions, remove intruders, and inspect other neglected affairs; they were to meet four times yearly, viz., "the last hey-day in December, the last hey-day in March, June and September, or pay a fine of one shilling." About this time the country round was devastated by some epidemic, probably small-pox, which for two or three years more than doubled the death-rate. In Inkberrow about thirty to thirty-five funerals took place annually, but during 1727, 1728, 1729, the number averaged nearly ninety per annum. The register of Great Hampton calls 1728, "Lethifer Annus;" and the register of Flyford Flavel (three and a half miles from Inkberrow) says of the same year, "Remarkable for a Mortality in this Parish more yn Ordinary, which may be in ome sense term'd an Æra noted to Posterity." This epidemic, no doubt, much increased the rates and pauperism. The population was now practically divided into two main classes, viz., the class that paid the rates, and the class that was maintained by the rates. It would seem that almost the whole of the labouring class received relief. The increased rates caused the farmers to lower wages, and thus caused increased demand for relief. A further rise in the rates led the employers of labour to do with less men. We see by the order "for disposal to service" in 1711, that the overseers found employment for some of those in receipt of parish help. This system increased to such an extent that the farmers applied to the overseers for their necessary labour, and the scale of relief regulated the rate of wages. In 1774, "a publick Vestory held at the Parish Church agreed to pay the *labourers* doing duty in proportion to their need or great famelys at the discretion of the overseers;" and in 1799, "at a Vestry Meeting, the majority agreed to imploy the *labouring men* of the Parish (who may want employment) one days work to twenty pounds a year (according as they are rated to the poors rates) and to pay each of them 8*d.* a day. And the Overseers of the Poor to pay each of them 4*d.* per day over and above, which makes 1*s.* per day." As recently as 1832: "Agreed to employ one labourer to every 50 acres of land, providing the whole of the paymasters agree to the same measure in the parish." These arrangements merely supplemented the general system of relief, which

is set forth in the details of the accounts. For the last half of the eighteenth century nearly every payment must have been entered, *e.g.*, "gave Sarah Baylis to buy her a shift, 3*s.*; paid for a shroud for Sol. Morris' child, 1*s.* 3*d.*; paid for bleeding Geo. Ballard, 6*d.*; paid at Lightfoot's wife's groaning, midwife, and other expenses, 10*s.* 8*d.*" (these are called shouting cases in the north); "paid for the lying in month, swearing the father, and other charges of Mary Bows, 28*s.*; paid the widow Tandy for cleaning Hannah Morris, 2*s.* 6*d.*;" &c. &c. There are many entries of payment for coal and kids, the latter meaning faggots of wood. Temporary and extra relief was largely given, as evidenced by such entries as: "Gave Edw[d] Crook's famely in ilness w[t] the smallpox, £1. 0*s.* 6*d*; Gave vagabonds in this year, 4*s.*; Paid Rich[d] Hopkins to make up his wages, 4*s.*: Paid for a pair of breeches for Sam[l] Buggin, 3*s.*;" &c. &c. In 1775 the vestry agreed that the churchwardens should pay to "a poore person of the parish, to constantly attend Church to keep the door shutt all the winter season and to keep the dogs out of the church every sabboth day." Ten shillings a year was allowed for this duty. The overseers presented their accounts once a month, commencing with the amount disbursed in weekly pay; such pay seems to have varied from 1*s.* to 3*s.* per recipient. The "short and simple annals" of many a poor one can be constructed from these long and complex parish accounts: commencing with some occasional help which developed at last into weekly pay with sporadic additions of fuel, clothes, &c.; perhaps some entry of medical charge; and ending with the details of coffin, shroud, laying out, carrying to churchyard, burial fees, and bread, cheese, and drink at "ye George Inn" or "ye Bull." One man ended several years of relief by being found hanging from a beam in a cart shed: we find set down in detail the charges for the inquest and his burial in four cross roads. His place of interment is still known as Mucklow's grave, though he died in 1775, and the method of his death is a local tradition. We also read of marriages in these accounts, *e.g.*, "fetching Tho[s] Barnbrook to Inkberrow, attendance there, eating, drinking, horses, corn, hay, licence, marriage, taking to Fladbury (his parish), £4. 12*s.* Paid for a ring for Alice Bristo 5*s.*, gave her in money 1*s.*" This is not an isolated instance, for many others occur. By this means the overseers rid the parish of perhaps a permanent pauper by marrying her to a man in another parish; and if the bride were a widow with children the ultimate gain was great. Of course the man had rendered himself liable to matrimony, or he could not have been dealt with thus. The parish doctor, Mr. Christopher Smith, lived at the village of Feckenham, some three or four miles distant; there

are some few entries of *6d.* being paid to a messenger for fetching him. He was paid £6 6*s.* per annum, and his signed receipts for this magnificent salary are still preserved. He was allowed to make certain extra charges, which in 1772 reached their highest point, viz., £5 5*s.*; that was indeed a good year for him. There are entries about him inoculating for the small-pox, bleeding, curing the itch: and such professional items as "Cleaning Ann Morris from vermin, 5*s.*; Francis Freeman, doctor's stuff, 3*s.* 6*d.*; for bleeding Sarah Goore, 6*d.*;" &c.

The study of the surnames mentioned in these records for nearly 300 years enables the observer to construct a pauper pedigree for many a family, and the writer can indicate families now receiving parish relief whose ancestors were specifically described as *paupers* as long ago as 1650, and the pauper habit can be traced down to the present time through the intermediate records and registers. In 1787 a vestry meeting was called, "more particularly for farming or letting the poor to one certain person as they can agree," and to establish a workhouse. The sum paid to the contractor who farmed the poor was at first small, but at each succeeding contract the price was raised. In 1793, the contractor agreed for three years at £290 per annum, and the inmates of the workhouse were to be allowed "what vittules they can eat and no worser drink than three bushell to the hogshead." In a few years the distress became extreme, and in the year 1800 the vicar made the following entry in the Register Book: "For some months before the end of this year the poor's levies in this parish amounted to £100 per week, owing to the high price of provisions, which was on an average during 1800: beef 6*d.* per lb.; veal and pork 8*d.*; bacon 14*d.*; potatoes 5*s.* per bushell; wheat 24*s.*; barley 15*s.*; oats 8*s.*; beans 13*s.*" The population was then 1,335 souls.

The condition of the poor, the amount of the rates, and the general maladministration all over the kingdom at last received the attention of Parliament. The Act 4 & 5 Will. IV. c. 76, led to the formation of unions, and the parish of Inkberrow was absorbed into one during 1836.

One of the last resolutions of the vestry was to agree that the sparrows be paid for out of the poor rates at 4*d.* the dozen; and another took into consideration "the more general employment of the poor of the parish, thereby to decrease the amount of the poor rate."

WILLIAM BRADBROOK.

THE ORDNANCE SURVEY OF IRELAND.

THE Ordnance Survey of Ireland is no new thing, but it pursues its course steadily and with much credit to all engaged upon it amidst the roar of Irish politics outside the walls of certain departments where officials lie couched at ease in their well-paid berths. From the Survey Office of the Phœnix Park, Dublin, acting as a centre, this great and important national work silently progresses, giving great employment to numbers of Irishmen. Its progress and records form a work which must subserve every known purpose of valuation, agricultural statistics, and taxation. The labour is vast and increasing, and perhaps the day may not be distant when the Ordnance Survey of Ireland will form the basis and index for a complete registration of deeds connected with the sale, lease, mortgage, and demise of property, whereby the transfer of, and all transactions relating to, landed property, may be as easily effected as a transfer of stock in the funds. The Ordnance Survey of Ireland was commenced in 1825, on a scale of six inches to a mile, in consequence of a report of a committee that nothing less than such a scale would suffice. The value of maps on such a scale, which shows every fence, field, road, and house, was recognised and confirmed by a parliamentary committee of 1853. After earnest consideration and consultation, it was decided to survey cultivated lands on a scale of 25 inches to a mile. If a map on this scale be covered with faint pencil lines forming one-inch rectangular squares, the content of any part can be readily computed, as one square on the map represents an acre of land. Maps of some Irish towns and cities have also been prepared and published on scales of 60 and 120 inches to a mile, and in these maps such nicety of detail has been arrived at that each lamp-post is shown. The Ordnance Survey probably originated in consequence of the work commenced in 1784 by General Roy, R.E., with a view to centralise the observations made at, and to connect the observatories of Paris and Greenwich. In that year the first base was measured on Hounslow Heath, and was

5½ miles long. The operations connected with this measurement were honoured with the presence of King George III., the President of the Royal Society, and many eminent men of that day. Extreme accuracy was aimed at and attained, as on the accuracy of the base depends that of the whole work. Shortly afterwards other bases were measured, including one on Salisbury Plain in 1794. The bases were measured by steel chains, carefully tested, also by deal rods 23 feet 3 inches long, tipped with metal, and subsequently by glass rods, it having been found that the hygrometric changes of atmosphere too greatly affected the accuracy of the measurements of long distances made by deal rods or steel chains. In 1828 compensation bars were invented to measure bases with the utmost accuracy; they are a vast improvement upon all former systems, and nothing has yet been found to supersede them. By a self-adjusting process they show no variation in length from changes of temperature, and by a most ingenious arrangement, *visual* contact instead of *actual* contact with the bars takes place. The Ordnance Survey base 10 miles long for the triangulation and subsequent survey of Ireland was measured near Lough Foyle in 1848–49 (in the north of Ireland). The results and tests on previous works are as wonderful as they are instructive, and without a parallel in geodesy. The results of the measurement of the Salisbury Plain base stood thus:

Measurement with Ramsden's steel chain, 1794 . .	36,575·64 feet
,, ,, Colby's compensation bars, 1849 .	36,577·95 ,,
Computed by calculation from Lough Foyle base . .	36,577·34 ,,

Hounslow Heath measured, when reduced to the

Ordnance standard with glass rods, 1784 . . .	27,405·06 feet
,, ,, ,, steel chain, 1791 . . .	27,405·38 ,,
Deduced by computation from Lough Foyle base. .	27,405·83 ,,

The delicacy and difficulty of base measuring is apparent from the following outlines of the operation. The work was carried on at Lough Foyle under oblong tents, especially on days when the sun would overheat the bars, or possibly heat one end more than another. The starting-point each day was a stone pillar, having a plug of platina with a silver pin point let into its centre. The direction of the line was given by a delicate transit instrument. At the termination of each day's work a heavy triangular plate, with a movable silver pin point in it, was sunk under the end of the last bar laid, and the dot in its centre, being brought under the focus of the extreme microscope, served as a starting-point for the next day. A sentinel was always placed at night over this mark. The extremities of the

various bases have been marked by similar pins of metal let into heavy guns or blocks of masonry, and protected from injury by being sunk below the surface of the ground. The vast network of triangles spreading over Ireland was completed in 1858, and included with those of England and Scotland.

As an interesting episode in base measuring, I mention that about 400 feet was across the River Roe. This was effected by driving clumps of piles at intervals of about five feet apart by a small pile engine, so that the boxes containing the compound rods and compensation bars rested on the heads of the piles. The total length of this Irish base somewhat exceeded ten miles; the last two were obtained by means of a special and interesting calculation. This was also arranged to verify the measurement of intermediate portions of the base, which had already been carefully determined and marked during the progress by sinking stones into the ground, with dots on a plate of metal. The Lough Foyle base is nearly level, but in that on Salisbury Plain there is a difference of 428 feet between the extreme points. The Lough Foyle base being near the sea level, and almost a level plain with little undulations, having the advantage of both ends being visible from the nearest trigonometrical stations, had the great utility of needing little correction for reduction to its proper measure at the level of the sea. This correction, however, though trifling, must not be neglected when the base is measured—on elevated ground.

As an incident of survey difficulties, the tents being liable to be blown down the mountain sides, the sappers who were employed in the survey acquired the habit of sleeping with their working garments packed away under their pillows. One young "Paddy," however, disapproved of the custom, and utilised the tent-pole from which to suspend and air his working clothes. However, Nemesis came one night in the shape of a violent gale, and swept the encampment from the hill-side. Paddy, minus his breeches, was in a deplorable plight, and, being among the *débris* of the camp, the search lanterns were often turned upon him, and many jokes were made at his expense. An officer, who had been many years on the survey, told me that not only was the solicitude of officers for their work great, but they regarded as loved children their observing instruments, especially "Ramsden's," the sobriquet of the great three-foot theodolite, used by the Royal Engineers for many years.

On the Irish survey, large class theodolites were used for fixing the position of the principal stations, and being three feet in diameter, and very valuable, were always protected during inclement weather by some light portable canvas or wooden covering.

The angles of the *secondary* triangles, about eight miles long, were observed with second-class or smaller theodolites. The intervals between them were split up into the *tertiary* small triangles, with sides from one to three miles long, small theodolites of seven or ten inches diameter measuring the angles. A number of *fixed points* or minor stations were established, usually with the second-class theodolites, such as mills, churches, &c. The writer, making a survey about forty years ago, not approving of the mill he selected moving, tied it up. The wrath of the miller, when he met him a few days afterwards, was superb, because there is no doubt, had a strong breeze come on, the windsails being unable to turn, the result might have been a dangerous and expensive catastrophe. Fortunately it was fine summer weather.

As a further check on the accuracy of the Irish survey (the maps of the countries are published on the useful scale of six inches to a mile), the positions of many of the minor stations which had been determined by careful measurement and observation were checked and verified by being made the vertices of larger triangles. It was once contemplated to use "Borda's repeating circles," much in vogue on Continental surveys, and a very portable instrument, in place of the theodolites, and the results of not absolute accuracy have verified the correctness of the selection of the theodolite.

In theory, the principle of repetition in Borda's repeating circle indicates extreme accurate results. In practice, however, the instrument, even when used by very careful and experienced observers, has been found to be frequently liable to some *small* constant errors, and the telescopes are smaller, which is a disadvantage, so that the instrument is rarely used in England. The theodolites, moreover, possess the great advantage of reducing *instrumentally* to their horizontal value angles taken in a plane oblique to the horizon.

An essential point in surveying is, that as the *horizontal* angles are essentially spherical angles, therefore a wee correction has to be considered, and applied in the case of large triangles of 100 miles long, taken with the highest class instruments. On the other hand, the correction for the spherical excess is completely lost in unavoidable *minute* errors of observation with the smaller instruments. It was found very useful on the Ordnance Survey, that the large theodolites are practically, portable altitude, and azimuth instruments.

As an illustration of the accuracy of the Ordnance Survey, and of the memory of those employed on it, I may mention that when making about twenty years ago a survey of Downpatrick, it was essential to find a *sea-level mark* that had been left in the neighbour-

hood twenty-five years before. The location having been narrowed, I was fortunate enough to discover in the village one of the men who had assisted in laying the stone, and in a short time we discovered it (its position being marked on the Ordnance Survey maps), buried seven feet below the surface of the ground about 1851.

A good many conventional signs are necessarily used in the Ordnance Survey maps. For instance, smithies are indicated by a small horse-shoe with the open side turned towards the road; in turnpike roads, the side from the light is shaded; cross roads are narrower, and both sides alike; the railroads have both sides very dark, and are perfectly parallel. Canals are distinguished from roads by the parallelism of the sides, the locks and the bridges, and by having the side next to the light shaded like rivers; canals and navigable rivers are usually coloured blue. Bleaching grounds are indicated by thin lines of the same length, nearly parallel, the whole coloured green. Boundaries are usually shown by special combinations of dots and dashes. Woods are indicated by liliput trees, and marshes by wee lines, tipped with minute rushes. A church is shown in the form of a cross. Stone buildings are usually tinted red, and wooden buildings a light grey; slopes of ground are shown by "shading." A very simple form of level, the French water-level, much used on the Continent, has constantly been used on the Ordnance Survey, to take the different levels at conspicuous places, and also to obtain sections of the ground. Its very simplicity in never requiring any adjustment, and costing little, are good factors. Of course, for the purpose of reference, and levelling along branch lines, or contouring (of which I speak further later on), a good many fixed points about half a mile apart are needed, and indicated by *bench marks*, or copper bolts let into walls, &c. As regards tracing the contours in connection with the survey of Ireland, levels are run between trigonometrical stations, and wooden pickets about two feet long, with flat heads three inches square, are provided. Having arranged the pickets at certain specified differences of level, usually twenty-five feet, the surveyor traces contour lines round the hill features with his level and other pickets, recording in his field book their relative positions with reference to houses, churches, &c., &c.

The general method of triangulating the Irish counties was as follows: the Lough Foyle base was made one of the sides of the first triangle. Points on distant hills were then selected, then other points beyond these, so as to gradually increase in distance as the triangles receded from the base. At each of the stations, as well a at the extremity of the base, the angles between other visible poi

were observed, and then the sides of the triangles, *i.e.*, the horizontal distances of the stations on the hilly ground from the end of the base were calculated with great care, and formed fresh bases from which the distances to other stations could be ascertained in like manner. When the network of triangles had been completed it enclosed the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The angle of one of the triangles was at the St. Agnes' Lighthouse, the angle of another triangle at Saxaford, which is the northern extremity, while the third angle rested on the west coast of Kerry. When this great work had been effected, the country was cut up into smaller portions for the surveyors of the details, such as roads, canals, rivers, railways, houses, fences, and hedgerows.

It is on record that a station has been observed from another at a distance of 111 miles, namely, from Sca Fell to Slieve Donnard, County Down. Observations have also been taken between Sca Fell and Snowdon, and Snowdon and Slieve Donnard, distant nearly a hundred miles. The haze of the atmosphere, even during the summer weather, being an enemy to the telescopes of the theodolites used in making the observations, mirrors and tin plates were used in the early days of the survey to render distant stations visible from each other. Captain Drummond, R.E., in 1826, invented a light which far surpassed all previous contrivances, and was used with great success during the progress of the Irish survey; it simply consisted of a ball of lime, placed in the focus of a parabolic reflector, and raised to an intense heat by a stream of oxygen gas directed through a flame of alcohol. The brightness of this light was so intense that on one occasion it rendered the station at Slieve Snacht, in Donegal, which it was of great importance to view from Mount Divis, near Belfast, though sixty-six miles distant, clearly visible in spite of hazy weather. The season was inclement, and both Mount Divis and the surveying party were at the time enveloped in snow, with a keen north wind blowing; the light, however, was at once seen by the sapper sentry, and burnt a sufficient time with great brilliancy, for the necessary observations to be made, thus saving some years in time that might have been lost waiting for very clear weather and other favourable circumstances. Up to 1842 the datum level for the altitude of the principal mountains was low water, spring tide, but a series of observations having determined that the best datum was the mean level of ordinary tide, this latter level has been adopted. The great Irish survey was practically conducted and brought to a close under its successive directors of the survey, General Roy, Mudge, and Colby. They were men who devoted their lives to the work, and

worked unceasingly in the arduous life of mountain labour—labours of which little has been written, but of which much might be said. They were frequently on lonely mountain tops in all weathers, when travelling was laborious, long before the days of Irish railways. They often with their assistants had but poor fare, and were sometimes even deprived by storms of the shelter of their huts and tents. The Ordnance Survey of Ireland has been one of the best conducted institutions in the kingdom ; the officers were invariably selected for their merit, and if not found equal to their work were soon changed for abler men. The names of Drummond, Portlock, Sir Thomas Larcom, Captain Ross Clark, Colonel W. D. Gosset, and Major-Generals Stotherd, and Sir Charles Wilson, all Engineer officers, are household words in the homes of science. The officers and R.E. assistants were early trained to disregard all personal considerations, and give all their attention to the work in hand. In the early days of the survey it is on record that Colby, its director, has walked twenty miles before breakfast with his officers at almost racing pace over the roughest country, infusing energy by example.

Although the survey of Ireland appears to occupy a long time, it must be remembered that the face of the country in many districts constantly undergoes considerable change. Railways, bridges, and roads spring up, small towns and villages are built, woods are cut down, and arable lands converted into plantations, so that new maps and new measurements are from time to time needed to keep pace with the modern architect and engineer, and at the same time to bring every bleak mountain, forest, moor, river, and plain under the power of the Ordnance Survey. In addition to the six-inch scale Ordnance Survey maps, which can be purchased in Dublin and other towns at small cost, the county of Dublin, the township of Bray, and many other counties and townships have been revised and redrawn on the large scale of twenty-five inches to a mile. The engraving and printing of the maps, and also reducing them from a large scale to a small one by the aid of photo-zincography, is carried on at the office in the Phœnix Park, which is the Head-quarters of the Irish Survey ; that of the English and Scotch Survey being at Southampton, to which it was transferred after the destruction of the map office in the Tower, many years ago.

E. MITCHELL.

DE GRAMMONT'S MEMOIRS.

IT may be doubted whether any fact in connection with a book can tend more strongly and naturally to enhance its interest with the reading public than the circumstance that its sale has been entirely prohibited by the powers that be.

Such was the untoward fate which overtook the "Memoirs of the Life of the Count de Grammont."

The book in question was published in the year 1714, and was a translation from the French.

The following lines of St. Evremond appear upon the title-page:

Il peut revenir un Condé,
Il peut revenir un Turenne;
Un Compte de Grammont est un vain demande,
La Nature auroit trop de peine.

Which are rendered thus:

Condé may come to life again,
And Turenne Nature may restore,
But Grammont we expect in vain,
On him she lavished all her store.

The author at the outset declares that his business is to represent a man whose inimitable character drowns faults and blemishes which the writer does not pretend either to palliate or disguise—a man distinguished by a mixture of virtues and vices which seem to support one another in a necessary linking, rare in their perfect harmony, bright by their opposition.

The author further declares that it was this incomprehensible compound which made Count de Grammont, during his long life, the admiration of his age and the delight of all the countries in which he displayed his sprightly and agreeable wit, inconstancy, generosity, and magnificence, or wherein he preserved a sedate judgment in the most imminent dangers; whilst his merry humour in the most serious actions of war argued an uncommon resolution and firmness.

"It is to the Count himself," says the author, "that the reader

must listen in perusing these memoirs, since the author does but hold the pen, while the Count dictates the most singular and most secret particulars of his life."

Count de Grammont flourished in France in the reign of Louis XIII., during the period when Cardinal de Richelieu governed the kingdom.

The enormous influence and power of the great Cardinal are touched upon at the outset, and it is averred that the fortunes of the great men at Court depended entirely upon his favour and protection, and that no public servant could for a moment depend upon his permanent settlement in his position unless he showed absolute devotion to the will and interests of the great man.

The young Chevalier de Grammont began his career as a soldier, and so brilliant were his abilities that "after his arrival fatigue was no longer known in the trenches, nor gravity among the generals, nor melancholy among the troops, for the Count carried mirth with him everywhere."

Very shortly after joining the army—then engaged in the siege of the town of Trino—De Grammont made the acquaintance of a certain Count de Matta, and this acquaintance soon ripened into close and intimate friendship.

After a time the two young men arranged to live together, and the arrangement proved very satisfactory to both.

Neither of them, however, was blessed with any superfluity of this world's goods, and the author remarks that "high cheer, little economy, pilfering servants, and cross fortune, all united to disturb their housekeeping."

"Now," remarks the Count himself, "fortune turns cross. Well, we must court her smiles. Our cash runs low—we must endeavour to recruit." And, in order to recruit, the speaker unfolds to his friend the following plan: "Count de Cameran," he says, "plays at 'quinze' and so do I. We want money, and he knows not what to do with it. I shall bespeak a splendid supper, and he shall pay for it. 'Tis very likely we shall win his money. The Piedmontese, though otherwise honest fellows, are apt to be suspicious and distrustful. This man commands the horse. He is generally attended by eight or ten men on horseback. Therefore, how far soever he may be piqued at his loss, 'tis good to be in such a position as not to dread his resentment."

Upon the following day fortune favoured De Grammont's scheme, and Count de Cameran fell into the snare prepared for him by the two adventurers.

The supper party was a great success, and passed off merrily. De Matta, in order to drown some qualms of conscience, drank freely, but De Grammont was perfectly at his ease, and exerted himself to the utmost to fascinate and please his guest. Count de Cameran was delighted with his host, and next morning paid, without a murmur, no less a sum than 1,500 pistoles—the amount of his previous night's loss.

De Grammont did not long keep possession of the money so obtained, but gave generous aid to several of his brother officers, and also assisted many private soldiers who had been disabled in the trenches. The Count came, in consequence of this and other acts of kindness, to be greatly beloved by his comrades, and also by the rank and file of the army, while his undaunted bravery in action caused him ere long to be held in high esteem by his superiors.

The siege of Trino was eventually brought to an end by the garrison making an honourable capitulation.

De Grammont and De Matta are next heard of in the city of Turin, where they were received at Court with the greatest consideration. "Turin," the reader is informed, "being at that time the seat of love and gallantry, two foreigners, sworn enemies to melancholy and dulness, could not but please the Court ladies." The Duchess of Savoy, a worthy daughter of Henry IV., rendered her small Court the most brilliant and agreeable of the time.

At Turin De Grammont fell in love with a certain Madame de St. Germain, a very piquante and engaging personage, full of wit and humour. The lady in question, however, ridiculed De Grammont's passion for her to such an extent that he soon resolved to transfer his affections to some other lady, by whom they would be more highly appreciated. He accordingly began to pay great attention to a certain Madame de Senantes, and to cultivate, at the same time, the friendship of her husband. The latter was, therefore, handsomely entertained by De Grammont and De Matta, and soon lost large sums of money to the two adventurers. As De Senantes made no secret of his serious losses, De Grammont and De Matta before long found themselves regarded at Court with so much disfavour that they left Turin and returned to Paris.

In that gay city De Grammont was received with marked favour by the all-powerful Cardinal, and eventually became a prominent member of the Prime Minister's set. He was ordered, after a time, to join Turenne's army, then engaged in endeavouring to keep in check a large Spanish force which was investing the town of Arras.

The French relieving force was greatly inferior to the enemy both

in numbers and equipment, but, nevertheless, Turenne resolved to attempt the feat of raising the siege. In doing so the great general acted upon his own responsibility and without waiting to obtain the Cardinal's consent. The attack upon the Spanish lines was made with great vigour, and was crowned with complete success. With such distinguished bravery did De Grammont conduct himself in this affair that Turenne publicly thanked him in presence of his principal officers, and employed the Count as a special messenger to carry the good news to Court. This honourable service was by no means devoid of danger, as numerous parties of the enemy infested all the roads.

Turenne could only allow De Grammont an escort of ten men, and even these had orders only to accompany the messenger as far as Baupaume, which was the first post upon the journey. After many hardships, dangers, and hairbreadth escapes, De Grammont was so fortunate as to reach his journey's end in safety. Upon his arrival, the good tidings he bore were received by the King and Queen with the liveliest satisfaction and joy. The Cardinal, however, did his very utmost to minimise and disparage the importance of the success which had been gained, and treated the messenger in an almost contemptuous manner, greatly to De Grammont's indignation. As soon, however, as the wily churchman perceived the evident favour in which De Grammont was held by royalty, he changed his tone, and treated, or at least pretended to treat, the Chevalier with great favour and consideration.

The next notable point in De Grammont's history is his journey to England. This event took place at a time subsequent to the death of Richelieu. England was then only beginning slowly to recover from the disastrous effects of civil war, and something like two years had elapsed since the Restoration.

De Grammont had accorded to him so cordial and flattering a reception at the Court of Charles II. that he very soon got over his natural regrets at leaving France.

Charles II. had, from his early boyhood, known nothing of the blessings of peace, while his father's sad fate seemed to have been but the beginning of misfortune for the young ruler. Now, however, all this was changed, and, although accustomed to the grandeur of the Court of France, De Grammont was greatly struck by the superior pomp and splendour of that of England.

The King, the reader is informed, was inferior to none in appearance and high bearing, and was possessed of an agreeable wit and a sweet and familiar temper. His Majesty was also at times

capable of great application to affairs of state, but was lacking in perseverance and steadfastness of purpose.

Lord Falmouth was the King's special confidant and favourite, and commanded the Duke of York's regiment of Guards, "and" (adds De Grammont) "the Duke of York also." The Earl seems to have been, upon the whole, a good and sincere man, and his early death proved a serious loss to his king and country.

The Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of St. Albans had been previously known to De Grammont at the French Court. Both of these noblemen were full of wit and spirit, but were extravagant and devoted to the then fashionable vice of high play.

The Duke of Ormond was Lord High Steward, First Gentleman of the Chamber, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was remarkable alike for his great abilities and fine manners.

Lord Sidney, nephew and adopted heir of the Duke of St. Albans, was a singularly handsome and winning man, but too much occupied with intrigues and dissipations to make so decided a mark at Court as his undoubted ability would seem to have entitled him to do.

Lord Germain is described as being "brave and well-born, but in person little, with a heavy pate and spindle shanks." However, no one at Court could rival his splendid equipage and general magnificence. His countenance is described as agreeable, but he was "affected in his carriage and behaviour."

Such were the principal courtiers; but the Court ladies De Grammont describes as being far their superiors, and very remarkable both for their beauty and their wit. Among many others less remarkable, he makes special mention of the Duchess of Cleveland, and the Ladies Chesterfield, Shrewsbury, and Middleton.

The Queen, it is said, "added little to the lustre of the Court, either by her person or retinue." Her Majesty's ladies are thus slightingly disposed of. They consisted, the reader is told, of "The Countess of Panetra, with six disagreeable creatures who called themselves 'Ladies of Honour,' and a Duenna as frightful as the rest, who took upon herself to be the Governess of these so choice beauties."

De Grammont speedily became a general favourite, although his having come from the French Court was certainly not a point in his favour. He was, however, found to be familiar and easy with every one with whom he came in contact, and readily accommodated himself to the unfamiliar customs, food, and peculiarities of the English Court. He found favour in the eyes of the King by showing

himself ready to join heartily in all his Majesty's pleasures and dissipations. He indulged in as high play as any one at Court, but seldom lost or won to any great extent. So popular was he that when his presence was desired on any special occasion it was necessary to invite him a considerable time in advance.

The entertainments which the Count himself gave to his friends generally took place late in the evening, and these agreeable supper parties soon became very popular among the most distinguished members of the Court party.

The celebrated Marquis of St. Evremond was one of De Grammont's most intimate friends, and, being much less given over to frivolous pursuits than De Grammont, the Marquis took frequent occasion to remonstrate with the Count and advise him to adopt a more prudent mode of life. "Employ," said this good friend, "your wit and talent to entertain the King, but avoid all engagements that may make you forget that you are a stranger and an exile in this delightful place."

De Grammont followed this good advice only so far as to devote less of his time and attention to high play and more of it to amorous intrigues. The Count was at this time specially attracted by one of the Queen's Maids of Honour. The reader is told that this lady "was possessed of a very lively complexion, sparkling eyes, and tempting looks." De Grammont was as profuse in his gifts as in his professions of admiration. Perfumed gloves, pocket-handkerchiefs, apricot paste, essences, and "other small wares of love, came every week from Paris; with earrings, diamonds, brilliants, and bright guineas, all of which last could be got in London;" while the reader is assured that the fair recipient "lik'd them as well as if they had been brought a great way."

A certain Mistress Hamilton, one of the most notable beauties and wits of the Court, next attracted De Grammont's attention, and at a great masquerade given by the King the Count was so fortunate as to be named by his Majesty as Mistress Hamilton's partner. At this particular ball the Court displayed all its magnificence, while De Grammont astonished everyone by appearing in a comparatively plain dress. His fair partner, however, showed no objection to De Grammont's costume, and the pair were conspicuous figures at the masquerade, which passed off very successfully.

The great painter, Sir Peter Lely, was then at the summit of his fame, and executed portraits of all the more notable Court beauties of the day. "Every picture," says De Grammont, "was a masterpiece," and in this opinion posterity has fully concurred.

Mrs. Jennings figures largely in the Memoirs, and seems to have been the merriest and giddiest of all the beauties attached to the Court of Charles II. It was only De Grammont's now serious attachment to Mistress Hamilton that prevented his being drawn into this siren's net.

About this time De Grammont learned through his sister, the Marchioness St. Chaumont, that he might now safely return to the French Court; but this news, which at any other time would have filled him with joy, seemed now "flat, stale, and unprofitable"—De Grammont, in fact, felt quite unable to tear himself away from the society of the fair Mistress Hamilton. That lady, however, when she heard the news, wished De Grammont joy upon his recall to France, and entreated him not to allow his attachment to her to stand in the way of his interests. At the same time she frankly assured him that his absence would in no way prejudice him in her eyes, and that he would find her unchanged upon his return. Accordingly, although most unwillingly, De Grammont started upon his journey to Paris, only to find that the nearer he drew to his destination the greater became his regret at leaving England. This did not arise from any doubt as to the reception he was likely to meet with from the King of France; for his Majesty, although hasty in his resentments, was very easily appeased, and invariably ready to receive former favourites again into his good graces.

The real source, De Grammont confesses, of his regrets was the enforced separation from Mistress Hamilton, his attachment to whom he now felt could only terminate with his life.

At Abbeville, about mid-day, the traveller made a halt in order to change horses and refresh himself, and found the small town to be in a state of great bustle and excitement, as the largest landed proprietor in the neighbourhood was that day to be married to the most beautiful and accomplished lady in the place. The wedding-feast was to be held at the inn at which De Grammont alighted, and great preparations were consequently in progress. In accordance with the hospitable custom of the time, the traveller was requested to join the party, and after some pressure he agreed to do so. Having spent some time very jovially with these new friends, De Grammont resumed his journey.

On his arrival in Paris the Count was met by his brother, the Marshal de Grammont, who, after warmly greeting him, conveyed to the traveller what he expected to be the very unwelcome intelligence that the King had suddenly changed his mind, would not receive De Grammont at Court, and desired that the Count would quit

France with all speed. To the great astonishment of the Marshal, these supposed evil tidings were received by his brother with every token of unfeigned joy, and De Grammont at once promised to obey his Majesty's command, provided he were allowed to delay his departure for a few days, that he might call in certain funds belonging to him which were invested in French securities. The King was pleased to grant this request for delay very readily, on condition that De Grammont did not actually remain in the city of Paris itself.

The Count, accordingly, took up his temporary abode at Vaugirard. In that place De Grammont attracted great attention by making a solemn public distribution of bread to the poor, which attracted crowds of people from Paris, and made the Count's name famous in the city.

Having at length obtained payment of the moneys for which he waited, and concluded all the other business which had caused him to visit France, De Grammont set out on his return to England and his lady-love. Arriving in London in three days' time, the Count was warmly welcomed by the King and Court.

The Duke of Monmouth, who, as is well known, was a son of Charles II., made his first appearance at his father's Court about this time. De Grammont thus describes the ill-fated Duke: "The make and outward graces of his person are such that nature scarce ever formed anything more accomplished. His face, though extremely beautiful, was yet a manly face, without anything of softness or effeminacy in it. He had a marvellous disposition for all manner of exercises, an air of greatness, and yet an inviting, affable look. In short, he had all the advantages of the body, but wanted most of those of the mind. Everybody's eyes were at first dazzled by his bright form, which drowned all men at Court, and made all the beauties his conquests. He was the greatest delight of his Royal father."

Before very long the Duke was married to an heiress of ten thousand pounds a year in Scotland, "whose person," says De Grammont, "was full of charms, while her wit had all that the handsome Monmouth wanted." The marriage was celebrated with great pomp and magnificence, and took place under the special patronage and with the full sanction of the King. Shortly after this event, however, the good-natured and easy-going Charles II. began to be somewhat peevish in temper, and the English Court consequently not so desirable a location for young gallants of the De Grammont type.

An epidemic of marriage accordingly set in, and De Grammont,

following the general example, entered happily into the bonds of matrimony with Mistress Hamilton.

At this point the Memoirs of the Count de Grammont come to a somewhat abrupt conclusion. The volume concludes with a promise that "how love affairs were managed at the English Court after these matches shall be faithfully related in the second volume of these Memoirs"; but, as already indicated, the sale of the Memoirs was strictly prohibited, and all copies of the work known to be in existence were condemned to destruction. Fortunately such a faithful picture of the Court life of the period was not destined to complete destruction, and many of the copies which had got into circulation escaped the fate intended for them.

A. J. GORDON.

A ROYAL FORTRESS.

FEW boroughs in the provinces are so rich in historic associations as the ancient town of Pontefract. Historians have differed as much respecting the name as the origin of the place. That it was a burgh in the time of Edward the Confessor is certain from evidence the most decisive, but how long it enjoyed this privilege anterior to this period is uncertain. Hume conjectured that it derived its name from the fertility of its soil and the excellent produce of its orchards. From *poma fero* he would make Pomfrete. This etymon would not be improbable if this orthography was established, but it is wholly inadmissible when it is considered that in all the Latin charters it is written Pontfractus, and not Pomfrete.

Thomas de Castleford, who was bred a Benedictine monk, and who wrote the history of this place, accounts for its name from the following miracle. William, Archbishop of York, and son of the sister of King Stephen, being on his return from Rome, was met by such crowds of people, who were desirous to see him and receive his blessing, that a wood bridge over the river Aire, three miles from this town, gave way and broke down, by which accident vast numbers fell into the river. The bishop, who had been invested with the pall, and who was deemed to have an interest equally as great in the court of heaven as in the Vatican, affected at the danger of so many persons, poured out his prayers with such fervour and success that not one perished. Whether this miracle consisted in dividing the stream or in rendering the gross bodies of those who fell in specifically lighter than the fluid we are not informed. However, to perpetuate so striking and so signal a miracle, the pious Normans, says Thomas, gave the name of Pontefract, or Broken-bridge, to this place. The metropolis of the county, York, contends with Pontefract for the honour of the miracle. Drake maintains that the bridge over the Ouse fell in, and that it was there the miracle was wrought. It must be acknowledged that there is stronger proof of its belonging to York than to Pontefract, as Gent describes a representation of it painted in a window of a church near to which it happened.

What wholly destroys the credit of the legend is that this town of Pontefract was called such half a century before Sir William was made Archbishop of York. In the charters granted by Robert de Lacy, commonly called Robert de Pontefract, to the monks of St. John the Evangelist it is styled both Kirkby and Pontfract. The words are, "De dominio suo de Kirkby, et Deo et Sancto Johanni et Monachis meis de Pontfract."

Other historians assert that the name is derived from the decay of an old bridge which had been formerly built over an aqueous and marshy place, near to which the old town principally stood. Camden says, "Saxonicis temporibus Kirkby vocabatur, sed Normanni, a fracto Ponte, Gallice Pontfract nominarunt." It was customary with the Normans to call their towns and villages after the names of bridges, and this might induce them to do so in England; but as there is not a river within two miles of this place, and before the drains were made the wash here was not only supplied from the high springs, but frequently heightened by excessive rains, it must consequently have been here that the said bridge was built and came to decay, which gave the present appellation to this ancient borough.

The castle is supposed to be of Saxon origin, and the site of it is perfectly agreeable to their mode of fortification. While the Romans formed their camps on a plain, or on the level ground, and defended them by a foss and a vallum, the Saxons raised the area of their camps and castles, if the ground was level, or selected hills as places best adapted for defence and security. The elevated rock on which the castle is built stands wholly insulated; its sides, steep and craggy, form one of those appearances which indicate some great convulsion of nature by which rocks have been rent asunder and the various strata of earth washed away. A site like this without much trouble or expense might soon be converted into a keep, or castle, and it is not probable that the Saxons would neglect it during the period of their dominion. In support of this opinion, since the demolition of the castle it has been found that the keep of the great round tower stood upon a raised hill of stiff, hard clay, of which material the Saxons usually made their keeps.

After the Conquest, Ilbert de Lacy having received a grant of the place, and in the tenth of William all his vast possessions being confirmed to him, he soon after began to erect the castle. This noble structure cost immense expense and labour, and no one, unless in possession of a princely revenue, could have completed it. This formidable fortress and magnificent palace was carried forward in the space of twelve years with unremitting attention, and in the

1080 was finished. Ilbert de Lacy called the name of the town Pontfrete, because the situation of the place, as he conceived, resembled his native town in Normandy. The north-west prospect takes in the beautiful vale along which flows the Aire, skirted on each side with woods and plantations, and ornamented with several elegant and beautiful seats. It is bounded only by the hills of Craven. The north and north-east prospect is more extensive, and the scenery not equally striking and impressive. It presents little more than a view of farmhouses and villages, and any bolder features of a fine landscape are wanting. The twin towers of York Minster are distinctly seen, and the prospect is only bounded by the limits of vision. The east view is equally extensive and more pleasing, while the eye follows the course of the Aire towards the Humber, the fertility of the country, the spires of several old churches, and two considerable hills, Brayton Barf and Hambleton Haugh, where tradition says two witches raised both hills by pelting each other with sand till both were entombed. The south-east view, which takes in a part of the counties of Lincoln and Nottingham, though extensive, has nothing deserving of notice. The south and south-west prospect comprises a rich variety of grand and sublime objects. The towering hills of Derbyshire, stretching towards Lancashire, form the horizon, while the foreground is enlivened by a view of gentlemen's seats and a picturesque country.

Henry de Lacy was the last and greatest man of his line. He married Margaret, daughter and sole heiress of William Longespe, son of the Earl of Salisbury. By her he had two sons, Edmund and John. It is said that Edmund was drowned in a well at Denbigh Castle, and that John, when young, running hastily upon a turret in Pontefract Castle, fell down and was killed. In the twentieth of Edward I., Henry, having been long married, and not having any male issue, rendered up his castle and barony of Pontefract, with all the manors, hamlets, and other rights thereunto belonging, into the King's hands ; but conditionally, it seems, for that monarch, by his charter dated at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, December 28, in the twenty-first of Edward I., regranted the castle and honour of Pontefract unto the said Henry de Lacy and the heirs of his body, with remainder to his royal brother, Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, and the heirs of his body, and for the want of such issue to the King and his heirs.

In the twenty-eighth of Edward I., Queen Margaret resided at the Castle of Pontefract while the King was engaged in an expedition to Scotland. Several of the nobility who attended her, fond of the

chase, went a-hunting in the neighbourhood. The Queen, who was then in a pregnant state, took a ride for the benefit of her health and being drawn on by the sport of the field as far as Brotherton, a village four miles from Pontefract, was taken ill, and safely delivered of her fifth son. The royal infant was, therefore, at the Queen's desire, from St. Thomas of Canterbury, to whom she prayed in her extremity, called Thomas de Brotherton. He was afterwards, by King Edward II., his brother, made Earl of Norfolk. Not far from the church at Brotherton was a piece of ground of about twenty acres, surrounded with a trench and a wall, where (as tradition informs us) stood the house in which Queen Margaret was brought to bed, and the tenants were obliged by the tenure of their land to keep it surrounded by a wall of stone.

The name of the unfortunate Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, who had married Alice, the heiress of Henry de Lacy, is associated with the Castle of Pontefract. The contests of Lancaster with the King, by reason of the favours he lavished upon his minions, need not be repeated. Edward II. was at Pontefract Castle when Lancaster and a few of his associates were arrested. The third day after their arrival, the King himself sitting in judgment, with Edmund, Earl of Kent, his brother, the Earls of Pembroke and Warren, Hugh Spencer, created Earl of Winchester, and others, sentence of death was passed on the Earl of Lancaster, to be drawn, hanged, and beheaded as a traitor. The King remitted the two first punishments in consideration of his being a prince of the royal blood.

It is recorded that when he was brought as a prisoner to Pontefract he was rudely insulted by his own vassals, and called King Arthur, a name which he had once ironically applied to Edward. He was put into a tower, which, Leland says, he had newly made towards the Abbey. It is most probable this was the tower afterwards called Swillington tower, and which seems to have been designed as a place of close confinement.

After sentence was passed upon him he said, "Shall I die without answer?" He was not, however, permitted to speak in his own defence, but a certain Gascoigne took him away, and having put on an old hat or hood on his head, set him on a lean white mare without a bridle. Lancaster then said, "King of Heaven, have mercy on me!" Attended by a friar-preacher as his confessor, he was carried out of the town, suffering the insults of the people, who continued to throw dirt at him.

> Nay, then, farewell!
> I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
> And from the full meridian of my glory

I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

At length he reached the hill where he was doomed to suffer, and having knelt down with his face toward the east, one Hugin de Muston caused him to turn his face towards Scotland, and the executioner severed his head from his body.

Thus fell Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, the first prince of the blood, and one of the most powerful noblemen that had ever been in England. His death involved many others in the same fate, and all their estates were confiscated and, according to the will of the Spencers, given to others. Daniel has made the remark, "That this is the first blood of nobility that ever was shed in this manner in England since William I., which being such, and so much as it was, opened veins for more to follow, and procured a most hideous revenge, which shortly afterwards ensued." It is said that many miracles were wrought at his tomb; that blood continued to issue from it; and that such was the fame of St. Thomas's tomb that Edward placed a guard to restrain the people. When repulsed from the tomb of the saint, the people flocked to the hill where he was beheaded.

In 1822, as some men were trenching for liquorice in the paper-mill fields at the bottom of a place known as Holmefield Lane, at Pontefract, they came upon a stone coffin containing the trunk and limbs of a skeleton with the head between the legs. These relics are still in the possession of Earl Crewe, of Fryston Hall, near Pontefract, the son of the late distinguished Lord Houghton. Doubtless they are the remains of that great man who prolonged the contest of the Roses, who, on John o' Gaunt Hill, killed the last boar in England, and who was at last beheaded on St. Thomas's Hill, where a portion of the town of Pontefract at that period stood.

On the day Lancaster was beheaded, the following barons, his adherents, were hanged at Pontefract: Lord Warren de Lisle, Lord William Tochet, Lord Thomas Mandute, Henry de Bradburne, Lord Fitzwilliam the younger, and Lord William Cheyney. On the day following, the Lords Clifford, Mawbrey, and Deynville were executed at York and hung in chains, and considerable numbers in other parts of the kingdom. While the King remained at Pontefract he created Andrew de Harcla Earl of Carlisle for the good services he had rendered him in taking the Earl of Lancaster.

According to the will of Henry de Lacy, the Castle and Honour of Pontefract, with all his other possessions, ought to have descended to

Henry, the brother of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, but Edward for some time kept them in his own hands, and then gave them to his favourite. The conduct of the Spencers and the cruelties of Edward produced a complete change in the public mind. The Queen herself joined the Lancastrian party, and the Spencers were seized and hanged on the common gallows, their bodies cut to pieces and given to the dogs for food, their heads exposed, the elder at Winchester and the younger on London Bridge. Their execution was ordered on a Monday, in revenge of the death of the late Earl of Lancaster, whose blood was shed on that day. The Earls of Surrey and Arundel, two of the principal lords who beheaded him, now suffered the same fate, with a great many others of the King's party, and the King was murdered in Berkeley Castle with the consent of the Queen and son. The sentence of the late Earl of Lancaster was now reversed (March 7, 1327), because he was not tried by all his peers, and his brother Henry, Earl of Leicester, succeeded him in his honours and estates. Richard II. suffered death in Pontefract Castle. Shakespeare, with his usual propriety, justness, and elegance, describes the reflections of Richard in this castle. Fabin and Rapin inform us that, on Richard's arrival at the castle, Sir Piers Exton is related to have murdered the King in the following manner. On the King's arrival at the castle he was closely confined in the great tower; soon after, Sir Piers Exton, a domestic of Henry's, was sent down with eight ruffians to imbrue their hands in the blood of this unfortunate King. On the day of their arrival Richard perceived at dinner that the victuals were not tasted as usual. He asked the reason of the taster, and upon his telling him that Exton had brought an order against it, the King took up a knife and struck him on the face, saying, "The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee." Exton with his eight attendants entered his chamber at that instant, and, shutting the door, attempted to lay hold of Richard. He immediately perceived their fatal errand and knew he was a lost man. With a noble resolution, he snatched a halbert, or pole-axe, from the foremost of them, and defended himself so bravely that he slew four of his assailants. Whilst combating with the rest of the murderers, Exton got on a chair behind him and with a pole-axe discharged such a blow on his head as laid him dead at his feet, where the miserable King ended his calamities on February 14, 1399. Before he expired, he faintly uttered the following words: "My great grandfather, King Edward II., was in this manner deposed, imprisoned, and murdered by which means my grandfather, King Edward III., obtained sion of the crown, and now is the punishment of that

upon his next successor. Well, this is right for me to suffer, but not for you to do. Your King for a time may joy at my death and enjoy his desire, but let him qualify his pleasure with the expectation of the like justice; for God, Who measureth all our actions by the malice of our minds, will not suffer this violence unavenged."

The above account is most credited, though Stow and other historians say that the most probable opinion is that he was starved to death by order of King Henry IV., suffering the most unheard of cruelties, keeping him for fifteen days together in hunger, thirst, and cold before he reached the end of his miseries. Polydore Virgil says "that at all times his victuals were served in and set before him in the same princely manner as usual, but that he was not suffered to taste any one thing." This account is certainly more consistent with the story, which says that King Henry caused his dead body to be brought to London and exposed in public, both on the road and at St. Paul's Church, with his face uncovered, and that no marks of violence were observed upon it. After being exposed three days in St. Paul's, he was interred at King's Langley, in Hertfordshire, but afterwards removed to Westminster Abbey by order of King Henry V., where his tomb now remains.

The account of his being starved to death has, moreover, the advantage of being confirmed by the declarations of the Earls of Northumberland and Worcester, and Lord Piercy. These were the likeliest persons to know the truth of the fact, it having been perpetrated in their neighbourhood. To decide in what manner Richard died, whether by the hand of Exton or by want of support, his tomb in Westminster Abbey was opened in the presence of a respectable body of the members of the Antiquarian and Royal Societies, but as the royal corpse was not disturbed, nor the bandage on the head removed so that the skull might be examined, the subject continues yet uncertain.

Henry IV., from his accession to the throne, and during the whole of his reign, honoured the Castle of Pontefract, the paternal inheritance of his family, by his frequent residence, and signed at the fortress important State documents. In the year 1415, Henry V. obtained one of the most splendid victories recorded in the annals of history, over the French at Agincourt, where the Duke of Orleans and several other persons of the highest rank were taken and by his order sent prisoners to Pontefract Castle. The Earl of Salisbury, after the battle of Wakefield, which was fought on December 21, 1460, was dangerously wounded, and in a very bleeding condition sent to Pontefract Castle, where he was beheaded

along with Sir Ralph Stanley, Sir Richard Limbricke, and Captain Hanson, then Mayor of Hull. On September 26 (nineteenth Ed. IV., 1478), the King made a progress into the north, accompanied by a very numerous suite of dukes, marquises, earls, barons, and a great crowd of other courtiers. He was met on his journey by all the public officers and gentry in the neighbourhood, amongst the rest by the Lord Mayor of York and many of the richest citizens, who escorted him to Pontefract Castle, where he remained a week. The Duke of Gloucester, having seized the young King Edward V. and his brother at Northampton, sent Earl Rivers, Sir R. Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, under a strong guard, prisoners to Pontefract Castle, where they were executed. Richard, having seized the crown and usurped the throne, by the title of Richard III., in the second year of his reign granted a charter to Pontefract, whereby he incorporated it, and appointed John Hill the first Mayor thereof in July 1484. In the second year of his reign Henry VII. made a tour into the northern counties and visited Pontefract, the ancient patrimony of his family, where he resided some days; and in the year 1540 King Henry VIII. visited the castle. Queen Elizabeth, some time before her death, repaired and beautified the castle, and ordered the chapel of St. Clement within it, which had gone to decay, to be rebuilt. In 1603 King James I., in the first year of his reign, visited the town on his return from Scotland, and granted the Castle and Honour of Pontefract to the Queen as part of her jointure. In the year 1625 Charles I. visited the town on his way from Scotland.

The situation of the castle contributed greatly to its strength, and rendered it almost impregnable. It was not commanded by any contiguous hills, with the exception of one called Baghill, and the only way it could be taken was by blockade.

In its perfect state, the state-rooms of the castle were large and accommodated with offices suitable for the residence of a prince. The style of this building shows it to be Norman, though it has received various additions and improvements of a later date.

The first member of this castle which merits notice is the *barbican*. This was situated on the west side of the outer yard beyond the main guard. Barbicans were watch-towers, designed to descry an enemy at a distance, and were always outworks, and frequently advanced beyond the ditch, to which they were joined by drawbridges. This barbican formed the entrance into the castle called the west-gate house. A similar tower with a drawbridge formed the entrance on the east, and was called the east-gate house. The third gate was called the south gate, and opened

into the road leading to Doncaster. This gate led to another in the centre of the wall which runs across the area from the east to the west gate, and was called the middle gate. The north side of this area was formed by the south wall of the ballium, or great castle yard, in the centre of which wall was the porter's lodge, the grand entrance into the yard of the castle. All these gates might be, and were, frequently used as watch-towers. The whole of this area was sometimes called the barbican; and within it stood the king's stables and a large barn.

Near the barbican, and close by the west entrance into the castle, was the main guard, a place of considerable magnitude and strength.

A deep moat, or ditch, was cut on the west side of the castle, extending from the west gate round the great tower to the north; and another on the east, extending from the constable's tower along to the east gate.

The wall of the ballium, or great castle yard, was high, and flanked with seven towers, called the round tower; the red tower; the treasurer's or pix tower; the Swillington tower; the queen's tower; the king's tower; the constable's tower. The walls of the ballium had a parapet, and the merlons were pierced with long chinks ending in round holes, called oilets.

Within the ballium were the lodgings and barracks for the garrison and artificers, the chapel of St. Clement, and the magazine. The magazine is cut out of a rock, the descent to which is by a passage four feet wide, and forty-three steps to the bottom. It is six yards over and three broad, with six cavities cut out of the side of the rock, and nine yards in depth from the surface of the earth. Near this place was a large dungeon, the entrance to which was at the seventeenth step of the passage, and was a yard in breadth. The wall as you descend these steps is inscribed with many names, evidently cut by the soldiers at the time of the siege of the castle, and amongst others we find the following, who were officers in the castle at that period:

16 Geo '48	1648	John Smith
Beale	John Grant	1648

So strong the zeal t' immortalise himself
Beats in the breast of man, that ev'n a few,
Few transient years won from the abyss abhorr'd
Of blank oblivion seem a glorious prize.
And even to a clown.

The entrance into the ballium was usually through a strong machicolated and embattled gate between two towers, secured by a

herse, or portcullis. Over this were the rooms intended for the porter of the castle; the towers served for the *corps de garde*.

On an eminence at the western extremity of the ballium stood the keep or dungeon, called the round tower. It was the citadel, or last retreat of the garrison. In large castles it was generally a high tower of four or five storeys, having turrets at each angle, and here we find there were six, three large and three small ones. When those turrets were round instead of square, they were called juliets, from a vulgar opinion that large round towers were first built by Julius Cæsar.

The walls of this edifice were always of an extraordinary thickness, and having in consequence withstood the united injuries of time and weather, now remain more perfect than any other part of the castle. Here, commonly on the second storey, were the state-rooms of the governor. The light was admitted by small chinks, which answered the double purpose of windows and served for embrasures whence they might shoot with long- and cross-bows. These chinks, though without they had some breadth and carried the appearance of windows, were very narrow next the chambers, diminishing considerably inward. The different storeys were frequently vaulted and divided by strong arches; on the top was generally a platform with an embattled parapet, whence the garrison could see and command the exterior works. The diameter of the keep is about 63 or 64 feet. There is also in this place a very small, wretched chamber, formed in the thickness of the wall, which had two very narrow windows next the court. Here, tradition says, Richard II. was confined and murdered; but the smallness of the room hardly agrees with what is related of the manner of his death by a blow with a battle-axe from Sir Piers Exton, as his being so murdered was a story generally received and believed.

All Saints' Church in the valley below the castle suffered much during the siege. Its tower was used as a battery, and generally the structure received such injuries as rendered it not easy to be repaired. Its fine lantern was battered down, its interior destroyed, and the whole roof considerably damaged. Although the Parliament allotted a thousand pounds out of the money arising from the sale of the materials belonging to the castle towards its recovery, little appears to have been done. The first of the sieges of the castle lasted five months, and the garrison from sheer want only surrendered to the troops of the Parliament on July 20, 1644. The castle was subsequently retaken by stratagem, and held by the Royalists stubbornly until again forced by circumstances to enter

into terms with the besiegers for its surrender. The garrison then declared "that they had provisions for a little longer, that they were not afraid to die, and would sell their lives at as dear a rate as they possibly could, rather than submit to dishonourable terms." General Lambert, receiving these hints, answered by throwing letters over the castle wall in which a stone was wrapped: "That he knew they were gallant men, and that he was desirous to preserve as many of them as he could, but that his hands were bound and he was obliged to except six of them whose lives he could not preserve, nor could he mention their names till after the treaty was signed by the governor. As to the rest, he was content to release them, that they might return to their homes secure and unmolested, and that he would do them all the good in his power by applying to Parliament for an easy composition for their delinquency."

Colonel Morrice, the governor, through whose strategy the castle had been retaken by the Royalists, consulted his comrades, and they replied to General Lambert, "that they were sensible of his kindness and civility, and would gladly have embraced his offer if they could have done so with honour, but declared that they could never be guilty of so base a thing as to deliver up their companions."

Necessity, however, soon compelled them to enter into another treaty with Lambert. They despatched commissioners to meet the general, and having concluded and signed the articles of capitulation, brought back with them the names of the six persons who were excepted from mercy, which were Colonel Morrice, Lieutenant Austwick and Cornet Blackburn, Major Ashby, Ensign Smith, and Sergeant Floyd.

The troops in the garrison were sensibly affected when they heard the names of those excepted. They again sent the commissioners to Lambert, and requested that he would allow them six days, in which time the unfortunate victims might endeavour to escape, and that it might be lawful for the rest of the garrison to assist them.

To this proposal General Lambert consented, "provided the rest would surrender at the expiration of the time, and engage never again to advise or take up arms against the Parliament," to which the commissioners agreed.

On the first day after this agreement the garrison appeared twice or thrice as if they were resolved to make a sally, but retired every time without charging.

On the second day they made a strong and vigorous sally in a different direction, and drove the enemy from their post with the loss of several men. Although the attempt was made at the time

the guards were relieving, and when the number of men was doubled, yet such was the resolution and charge of this small band of men that Colonel Morrice and Cornet Blackburn, two of the excepted persons, pushed through the troops of the enemy and made their escape. About a fortnight after the surrender of the castle, Colonel Morrice and Cornet Blackburn were taken in Lancashire, as they were inquiring for a ship, with the intention to get abroad. They were put in safe custody and conveyed to York Castle. Once more they made an attempt to obtain their liberty. Colonel Morrice had succeeded by means of a rope in sliding down the castle wall, but Blackburn, in trying the same method, had the misfortune to fall and break his leg. The generous colonel would not desert his friend, but remained with him till they were both retaken. On August 23, 1649, they were executed at Tyburn, near York, asserting their loyalty, and dying with hope and resignation. The other four excepted persons were compelled to retreat with their friends to the castle after the charge, and they now remained still for two whole days; but early on the night of the fourth day they made another attempt, and were wholly unsuccessful. They were driven back to the castle, having Ensign Smith, another of the excepted persons, killed. His friends conveyed his body into the castle, and he was interred in the chapel of St. Clement.

The buildings of the castle were large and extensive, and owing to the sieges some of them had become ruins. Among the ruins they found a place where the three excepted persons might be concealed, and from whence they might easily make their escape. Accordingly, their friends walled up the place after they had entered, leaving them apertures sufficient for the admission of air, and furnishing them with provisions for a month, in which time it was not doubted but they would be able to make their escape.

The next morning the garrison pretended to rejoice, and sent the general word that, as their six friends had made their escape, they would surrender the next day. At the hour appointed the garrison marched out of the castle. Lambert narrowly inspected each individual, not believing that any of the excepted persons had escaped, but being satisfied that they were not amongst those who now surrendered, he treated them with great civility and punctually performed all his promises, nor did he seem displeased "that the brave soldiers had happily escaped." Lambert did not pay any attention to the castle, so that the three excepted persons, the night after, threw down their enclosure and securely decamped. Austwick and Floyd lived till after the Restoration.

It was ordered that Pontefract Castle, *being the last garrison in England* that held out against the Parliament, should be dismantled and rendered wholly untenable for the future. In compliance with this order Lambert soon rendered this stately and princely fortress a heap of ruins. The buildings were unroofed and all the valuable material sold.

Thus fell the Castle of Pontefract, which had successively been the stronghold of the brave and warlike Saxons; the residence of a proud and imperious Norman Conqueror; the turreted seat of the high and aspiring Dukes of Lancaster; the palace of princes and of kings; at some periods a nest of treachery and rebellion, and at others the last hope of vanquished loyalty. Here the Lacies, attended by their knights, esquires, and vassals, lived in splendour and dignity scarcely inferior to the king upon the throne, and enjoyed the absolute property of all the lands included within the Honour of Pontefract, an extent of territory equal to many of our modern counties. When this castle and its dependent territory passed into the House of Lancaster, impelled by ambition, or urged by the more generous motive of redressing grievances of an oppressed country, the dukes often called forth their vassals, put on their armour, unsheathed the sword, and bade defiance to kings. In these unhappy times what lives were destroyed! and doubtless the apartments of the castle have often been stained with the blood of many an innocent victim. When the wars of the barons and the contests of the Houses of York and Lancaster were happily ended, then commenced religious animosities which led to the destructive civil war, in which the castle of Pontefract holds a distinguished place. Cromwell himself arrived before the castle and vainly adopted every measure to restrain the excursions of the garrison and to induce them to surrender. The place has been visited by poets, historians, and statesmen from many lands. Sir Walter Scott visited it in 1829, when he doubtless wove in his brain the web of the battles between the indomitable Lacies and Front de Bœuf, of Conisborough Castle, who was thrice put *hors de combat* before its legendary towers. Before the massy walls of Pontefract Castle thousands have fallen. It is now in ruins, and a few years ago was opened by the Duke of Cambridge as a place of public resort, and to be looked upon as a memento of fallen grandeur and an ornament of antiquity.

EDWIN WELLINGTON KIDD.

CUMBRIAN ETYMOLOGY.

THE speech of Cumberland is in the main of Anglian origin. The Angles, or Engles, who were near akin to the Saxon invaders of South Britain, came from Schleswig in the fifth century, and took possession of our eastern coasts. In course of time they spread over the low-lying plains of Cumberland, which are thickly studded with villages whose names, ending in *-ton*, betray the fact that they were originally settlements established by these Teutonic conquerors. The word *tûn* in their language meant-literally, the hedge surrounding a farm or collection of farms, and hence the farm or "town" itself. We seem to trace the advance of the Angles along the road which flanked the Roman Wall to Denton, Brampton, Walton, Hayton, Irthington, and Houghton, and westward again to Wigton, Waverton, Brayton, Broughton, Workington, and so forth; while the extensive forest of Inglewood, or the Angle's wood, which covered all the country between Carlisle and Penrith, was full of their homesteads.

Some centuries later the Danes, a people whose language shows both Scandinavian and Teutonic characteristics, entered Cumberland, apparently by the same route as their predecessors; for their settlements, distinguished by names ending in *-by* (the Danish term for a village) are interspersed amongst those of the Angles along the valleys of the Irthing and the Eden, at Boothby, Newby, Corby, Wallby, Crosby, Aglionby, Scotby, and Harraby; and upon the lowlands which fringe the western coast we find Oughterby, Gamblesby, Thursby (named of Thor, the god of war), Allonby, Ireby, Flimby, Moresby, and Ponsonby.

But it is significant that both Angle and Dane (the remark is not my own) avoided the more mountainous, and therefore less fertile, tracts of the Lake District, and there is reason to believe that those sparsely-populated regions, after remaining for a time in the occupation of their original Celtic inhabitants, were finally (as we noticed in a previous paper [1]) taken possession of by colonies of Norsemen from the Isle of Man.

[1] "The Cumberland Dialect," *Gentleman's Magazine*, May 1895.

The termination *-scale* in local names has been held to be an indication of this Norse occupation, for *skali* in the old Norwegian language meant a wooden hut erected for the use of those who tend cattle or sheep. It occurs in Seascale, Priorscale, Winscales, and Deanscales, near the sea-coast, and in Bowscale fell, Lonscale fell, and Portingscales in the Lake District. It is peculiar to the western side of the county. The Danes had a corresponding word, *skial*, which throughout East Cumberland has been corrupted into shield, as in Jockeyshield and Wetheralshield. But Scaleby is obviously Danish, and derived, not from the Norse skali, but from the Danish skial. So, too, the termination *wreay* or *wray*, pronounced *rëa*, may be either the old Norse *vrâ* or the Danish *vraa*, a nook or corner.

Many localities retain the names originally bestowed upon them by the Celtic Britons, those, for example, which have the prefix cum, which is the Welsh *cwm*, a valley. Anderson, the local poet, enumerates them :

> There's Cumwhitton, Cumwhinton, Cumranton,
> Cumrangan, Cumrew, and Cumcatch,
> And mony mair cums in the county,
> But nin wi' Cumdivock can match.

Some of the above names, it will be observed, have the Anglo-Saxon "-ton" superadded to them.

The familiar Celtic prefixes, *Pen*, a hill-top, and *Caer*, a fortress, appear in Penrith and Penruddock (which both signify "red hill"), Cardurnock, and Carlisle, or Caer-Leol. Durnock may be the Gaelic *dwr-cnoc*, "water hill," or else a proper name. Leol is merely a contraction of *Luguvallium*, the Roman name of Carlisle, and the Latinised form of some unpronounceable appellation by which the Britons designated the site of that city.

In Talkin we recognise the Celtic word *talcen*, a brow, and in Castle Carrock we may trace the Gaelic *carragh* (which means a large stone set on end), or the Welsh *careg*, a rock.

The river-names of the county are for the most part of Celtic origin. Thus the Irthing, wandering over the alluvial plain, is believed to derive its name from the Welsh *gwryddu*, to writhe or turn, and the Gelt, dashing over its bed of red sandstone, from the Celtic *galt*, a rock.

Of mountain-names Helvellyn, the yellow mountain, Rivelyn, the red mountain, and Blencathra, the seat mountain (the ancient name of Saddleback), are Celtic. The Gaelic word *cathair* and Welsh *cader* means a chair, and *Blaen* is a Welsh term for a hill-top, occurring in other local names, such as Blencow and Blennerhasset.

Before leaving the subject of the nomenclature of the county, we may take occasion to notice some of the "field-names." This class is especially interesting, as many of them contain terms which are either obsolete or are rapidly becoming so, while others have reference to the former condition and aspect of the country. For example, "Lingy close," "Whinny hills," "Broom riggs," and "Breckony know," indicate plots of ground recently enclosed and still overgrown with the wild plants which clothed the neighbouring commons, while "Brock-holes" tells us of the whilom haunt of the now extinct brock or badger. The following selection is taken from the maps of the Edmond Castle Estate, and is fairly representative of North Cumberland:

Barras-dyke.—An ancient rampart of earth, forming the western boundary of the great group of manors known as the Barony of Gilsland. Barras Bridge is the name of a locality at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The old French word *bârres* meant barriers, or lists erected for combatants, and the Scotch apply the term barras-door to a door formed of wooden bars set at equal distances apart. Barras-dyke, therefore, means the "boundary fence."

Butt-riggs, a ridge formed by an outcrop of rock, at Talkin. Butt is defined in Jamieson's Scotch dictionary as "a piece of ground which in ploughing does not form a proper ridge, but is excluded as an angle." Butt-riggs seems, therefore, to mean the short ridges abutting on the corner of a ploughed field, and hence the corner itself. We may compare with this name the Cumbrian word butt, meaning the trunk of a tree, derived from the Norse *but-r*, a stump, and also the French *bout*, an extremity.

Carr-boggs.—The old Norse word *Kjarr* and the Danish *Kær* mean marshy ground, hence the Cumbrian word *carr*, a bog.

Clay-hurleys, "the clay whirls."—A place near Little Corby where the river Irthing *hurls* or whirls suddenly in its course around the foot of a steep clay bank. There is an old Swedish verb *hvorla*, meaning to whirl.

Cowran.—The spot where the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway passes through what is believed to be the deepest cutting in England. The name of the place is derived from the Celtic *cwrn*, a pile or cairn.

Dead dimples.—So named from the dipples or hollows in the field which were found unfertile.

Faugh (pronounced Faff) is an old word meaning a fallow, derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Fealg*. The pronunciation of "gh" final as "f" is of common occurrence in the Cumberland dialect. Thus the

names Hough, Waugh, and Burgh are pronounced Hoff, Woff, and Bruff.

The standard English pronunciation adopts the same sound in the words cough, trough, and enough.

Forth-gate.—Forth is an old mode of spelling and pronouncing ford, and gate (derived from the Old Norse *gata*) is a Cumbrian term for a road. The field in question must have derived its name from the road leading through it to a ford across the river.

Guldy-flat.—Guldy is a form of gully, meaning a small stream, and flat was once a common term for a field in Cumberland.

High Leases.—Leases or Leasows does not mean leaseholds, but is the Anglo-Saxon *læsuw*, a pasture, represented in Old French by *Leswes* or *Lesues*.[1]

Old Hag, from the Anglo-Saxon *haga*, a hedge or field.

Haver-close.—Haver is an Old English name for oats. It survives in the term haversack, and is represented in the Old Norse by *haf-r*, and in the Dutch language by *haver*.

Ink-foot, means meadowfoot, *ing* being Anglo-Saxon for a meadow.

Keel Pool in the Irthing at Newby. This name is probably derived from the Old Norse *kelda*, used in Iceland to signify a deep still pool in a river. There is a corresponding word in Anglo-Saxon, *keld*, which means a well or spring of water.

Longsike-riggs.—The very common termination sike means a wet ditch or very small stream. It comes from the Old Norse *siki*, a drain, or Anglo-Saxon *sich*, a furrow.

Marr.—A large pool of water at Talkin, is called the "Marr." It may be derived from the Anglo-Saxon *mere*, a pool, or the Mediæval Latin *mara*, a marsh.

Nitchel Hill.—Nitchel or knitchell means a small bundle or truss of hay. It is derived from the Old Swedish *knyta*, or the Anglo-Saxon *cnytan*, to tie.

Peck o' big hole means "peck of barley hole," a reference to the small productive power of the land. Bigg (Danish *bygg*) was formerly a common term for barley in the north.

Pickle.—The Old English word picle or pickle signified a croft or small enclosure of land.

Pigeon clint.—Clint means a crevice in the rock, and is the same as the Danish word *klint*, a rock.

Pottle-ford.—At this spot the Brampton and Warwick Bridge road crosses a piece of swampy ground that has long had the

[1] Cf. the Lewses or Leawses at Cirencester, *Archæologia*, vii. 406.

reputation of being haunted. Pottle is probably the Old English word *podel*, a bog.

The *Scar.*—Old Norse *skor*, a precipice.

The *Scroggs.*—This name means stunted bushes, and is derived from the Gaelic word *sgrogag*, a scraggy tree.

The *Shaws.*—A shaw is an old term for a shady wood. It occurs in the Friar's Tale—"Whider ridestow under this grene schaw?"

The *Skellion.*—This word is the same as skelling or shieling, a shed. The curious termination occurs in two other local names—viz. Aglion-by and Mill-ion house. They are respectively pronounced Skellin, Aglinby, and Millin house. The last name is evidently *miln*, that is, mill house.

Tootop or *Tow-top* is a contraction of "the how-top." The Cumberland word *how*, meaning a hill, is derived from the Old Norse *haugr*.

Weygill Hill.—From whey (Old Norse *quiga*, Danish *quie*), a heifer, and gill (Old Norse *gil*), a gully.

Yoking.—This field takes its name from an obsolete land-measure. By a deed of 1686 John Graham, the elder, of Edmond Castle, conveys to John Graham, the younger, of the same place, "a piece of land being three *yoaken*, at a place called Pickell on both sides of the watter of Irding." In a later deed the word is spelt *yoking*. It is, of course, connected with the yoke used in ploughing.

But to return to the current speech. It is by no means an easy task to collect dialectic words, for the people are not inclined to be communicative, and have a way of dropping provincial expressions when speaking to strangers. Children, too, at school are taught the Queen's English, and revert to the local dialect only when engaged in conversation amongst themselves. We will pay a visit to a farm-house, and there we may perhaps be able to hear some further peculiarities of expression. The occupier is a "statesman," that is to say, he owns a small freehold property which has belonged to his family for generations. He rents in addition some ninety acres of land, and the work of the farm is carried on by himself and his family, with the assistance of one farm labourer. "Mistress" Bell welcomes us, and seats us near the fire in the red-flagged kitchen, while she busies herself in preparing tea for us. Presently the "lad" shambles in, and, seating himself in the farthest corner of the kitchen, proceeds to demolish a pile of apple pastry cakes, which he washes down with weak tea. The farm servants, male and female, are engaged, for a period of six months, at the half-yearly "hirings" which take place in the streets of Carlisle. It is the custom on such occasions for those

who have not found a situation to stick a piece of straw, called a "brob," in their mouth or hat, as a sign that they are disengaged. We regard with some apprehension a large china rolling-pin inscribed with the text "Prepare to meet thy God," an allusion possibly to the fact that the pastry which it assists in preparing is occasionally of a "sad," *i.e.* heavy, nature; but that is not the case, as we presently discover, with the good things which the hospitable Mistress Bell has got ready for us in the parlour. The parlour is a stuffy, carpeted room, adorned with German prints, silhouettes of fore-elders, an enlarged photograph of the present head of the family, some stuffed birds with "pace eggs," *i.e.* coloured Easter eggs, at their feet, and a few books of a religious nature. Our tea consists of girdle-cakes, baked on a circular iron plate called a "girdle," hot scons, cobs (rolls), "Cumberland cakes," apple cakes, plum-loaf, honey-comb, and boiled eggs. Cakes are a speciality of the county. On the occasion of a death in the family the cakes prepared are termed "burial bread," and the funeral party are "bidden" to partake of them.

As our hostess clatters in and out of the room in her clogs she rattles off the following monologue:

Just sit ye doon on the squab (sofa-cushion) and have a crack; that twilt (quilt) makes saft sittin'. Aye, yon's ma son's bairn. Come away, hinny! Eh, he's old-fashioned (artful), and he's away to his dadda gif he wants to be made on (petted). He's put him up a bit sway (swing) in the garth. Ma marrit dowt-ther has been fashed wi' sciatics, but she just wrought on. There's a difference in days, sometimes she's quite better, and sometimes she's waur. The doct-ther said he'd come in Monday first and see whatlike she is. She has twa lads braw, twa lassies graw, and babby a quat-ther (a quarter grown). She used to live wi' me, but there was too many breaths, so we was forced to get shot of her, peer silly thing, and she lives at the lonnin-foot (lane-end) wi' her mother-in-law noo. She's a queer body, and just goes clackin' (gossiping) up and doon, and hugger-muggerin' aboot. It's not *that* far to the lonnin-foot, there's a trod (footpath) across the fields. Some of them tinkler and pedder fowk was in the intack fornenst (opposite) the moss, where the crane busses (bushes) graw, a fortnith syne. They're on the cadgin' lay (hawking line of business) and are fearfu' snatchers (thieves). They're gettin' that pawky (impudent) that there's been a good few fowk speerin' aboot (inquiring) afther 'em. They'd takked (taken) some auld hëams and a hack (pickaxe) frav oot the byre (cowshed) at the backside, and we was forced to bar in the poulthry. Well, last week-end ma man slips doon by with the pollisman—how do they call him? Hullock, and twa o' them chaps was sittin on a stool (stump of a tree) in yonder plump (clump of trees) stovin' oot (smoking out) a robbut, and they'd got a ferret in a poke (bag), and when ma man goes up till 'em, and axes 'em what they were afther, yen on 'em clicked up a coarse dump (rough lump of wood), an gi'ed him a bat on the heed, and dinged (dented) his hat for him and felt (felled) him. Well, ma man he up with his neif (fist) and gie'd him yen on the neb (nose) and blacked his een. Eh! he got a trownsin'! And the chap run reet through the moss, and when he

cummed oot tother side like a flay-boggle (scarecrow) he'd left his twa shoon in **the clart** (mud), and just went in his stockin' fit and louped the dike. He's **kenspeckle** (a marked man) I doubt. And the pollisman he tried to kep (catch) **tother, but** he hanked his fit in a briar-buss and got canny weel legged up. He **smëast** brok his haunch-bone and lamed the cup of his knee, and he was just **hitchin' (hopping)** along. So they cotched nowther yen nor tother on 'em, but **they's losen** both atween 'em. They was too kittle (quick) for 'em, but they will **be flayed** (afraid) o' the pollis, and durstn't gan that gate awhile. They left the **ferret, and** a swill (basket) full of long moss. They ties the moss with a clew **(string) and** puts a shank (handle) till 't, and sells it for a brush. And there was **some fuz**-balls—them's a kind o' paddock-stool that they uses to stop bleedin'. **And when** ma man cummed hëam, with his coat and trowserses all torn and **covered** with clart, I gave him a hecklin', ma word! I did gie him a blackin'. **He's away** the day to see his brother, that lives atween Peerith and Kirkooselt. **The trees** is tar'ble rank down by, and the bad (dead) leaves keeps blowin' aboot **all wayses**. I'm toiled wi' swipin' 'em up, so we just let's 'em bide agen (against) **the spring** o' the year, and then they are dry. The leaves is awful corpsy **and bad** to lift when they're wet. Eh! the losses we've been havin'! Ma man **was fullin'** up the racks (ruts) in the car-road last week, for it's a coarse spot for **fowks wi'** slender shoon, and he was castin' off the sides of the road, cause he **wanted a** few flacks (sods) for the new took that he has putten in the watter side, **and the rain** cummed on, and he was forced to lay off, and when he cummed in, I **could see** by his feace somethin' awfu' had happened. "Eh! Yemman," he says, **"the great** hog's deed." I felt fit to dee forby! And then the cuddy's gone **too. The** veterinary consithered it was jaw-lock. We've got foer skeps (straw **hives) of** bees in the orchit but the weather's been sare hindersome to 'em. And **we're *that*** bothered with flees aboot the size of a cleg (horse-fly). The riggin' of our dairy is casten (warped), and there's a brenth (breadth) of the roof to fettle up (repair) so I's stooden the milk-pans in the cock-loft (garret). It's a bit foisty (fusty) wi' the damp. I joggled ma arm comin' doon the steps and jabbled (spilt) the cream. Noo then yer tea's ready, just reach to and help yersel's.

The above monologue may serve as a peg whereon to hang a few more remarks regarding the etymology of the dialect. The origin of the euphonious Cumbrian term for a padded sofa-cushion has been traced to the word *skvabb*, meaning fat and flabby, which is found in the language of Sweden. The same harsh pronunciation, characteristic of the Scandinavian tongue, appears in other Cumbrian words, notably in skift to shift, carf chaff, snack to snatch, and scar a *sheer* precipice.

Garth is a word common to many languages—Anglo-Saxon *geard*, a yard or garden; Old Norse *gardr*, Danish *gaard*, Welsh *gardd*. It is a common custom amongst the farmers of Cumberland for the daughter to continue to reside with her father and mother after marriage, while her husband remains with his own parents. It is not a mere temporary shift, but an arrangement that sometimes continues until the husband succeeds his father as tenant of the farm. The system is not without its advantages to all concerned, inasmuch as the

expense of furnishing a new residence, or stocking a new farm, is avoided; the domestic economy of the two households is not upset, for the services of son and daughter are retained at their respective homes, and everything goes on exactly as before. When, as it sometimes happens, the marriage is a clandestine one—not a runaway match, for there is no running away—even greater economy is effected, for the cost of wedding festivities is thereby saved. The children are brought up by the wife's family.

Hugger-mugger means to "poke about," or to do things in a "hole and corner manner." It occurs in "Hamlet":

> We have done grenely
> In hugger-mugger to inter him.

Trod a footpath is pure Anglo-Saxon, so are *ax* to ask, *clew* a string, *neb* a nose, *owther* and *nowther* either and neither, *pund* a pound, *settle* a sofa, and *thunner* thunder.

We speak of tinkers and pedlars, while Cumbrians say tinklers and pedders. The tinker or tinkler derives his name from the *sound* of his trade; the pedlar is one who peddles or deals in petty wares, but pedder seems an independent form derived from the verb *pad*, to travel on foot. The latter word is not descended from the Latin *pedes*, but from a cognate Teutonic form *pad*, a foot, which appears in our words paddle and foot-pad.

Hëames, or hames, are bands of wood or metal passing round a horse's collar to which the traces are attached. The pronunciation of *a* as ëa is also characteristic of the Saxon dialect of Sussex. So is that reduplication of the sound of long O by which post becomes pö-ust and stove stö-uv. The final V which is added to the preposition *fra*, when it precedes a vowel, exactly reproduces the sound of the Old Norse *frâ*, which is still pronounced *frav* in Iceland. A similar euphonic V is added by the Cumbrians to the verb *di*, to do, and the preposition *ti*, to, which become respectively div and tiv. An intack or intake is a corner enclosed from the neighbouring common.

A "good few" is the Cumbrian equivalent for a "good many." Terms expressive of greater quantity are "a vast of folk, a lash of rabbits, a lump of ground, a smash of land," and of less quantity "a bit sleep, a sup milk, a snack of bread, a lock of flour, a little matter of rain, and a few poddish." Porridge is termed poddish in Cumberland and poddash in the Isle of Man. Both seem to be forms of the word pottage. Crowdie, the name given to a similar article of diet much in vogue throughout the district, is derived from the Old Norse word *graut-r*, meaning a mixture of meal and water.

Plump is a quaint old form of clump or lump. The idea contained in all these words is the sound which a heavy body makes in falling. The same remark applies to the local term dump, a log of wood, and dump, of an animal, to butt, both derived from the Old Norse *dumpa*, to thump.

Bat is another of those words derived from sound that seem the common property of nations. In Cumberland it is used in the sense of a blow (Gaelic *bat*, to beat); in Sussex in the sense of a stick for walking or driving cattle (Anglo-Saxon *bat*, a thick stick). The expression trownse, meaning to beat, occurs in the Old English Bible of 1511—"the Lord trownsed Sisera." Our word truncheon is a chip from the same stock. Kenspeckle signifies literally something that has a mark (A.S. *specce*), by which we may ken it again. The word will be familiar to readers of Sir Walter Scott's novels. The fuz-ball is so called because it is fozy or spongy. The expression paddock-stool corresponds to our "toad-stool," but, at the same time, paddock does *not* mean a toad, but a frog, and the two terms are used in contradistinction to one another—"Ni, min! yon's na a paddock, twill be a tëad." Double plurals such as trowserses, double comparatives as more bolder, and double superlatives as most fearfullest, are not uncommon. Heckle is derived from the Teutonic word *hekelen*, to comb flax, and hence its well-known figurative meaning. Penrith is called "Peerith," and Kirkoswald "Kirkooselt," or "Kirkwhistlet," in common parlance. Coarse, as used in Cumberland, has many shades of meaning, which may all be reduced to the same general idea of roughness. Thus a miry piece of ground, a heavy piece of timber, a fierce dog, and a wet and windy day, are all designated "coarse." A flack is a sod or flat square of turf. The Danish word *flag* has the same meaning, while in English the term is applied to a flat paving-stone. A took is a V-shaped projection in the weiring of a river-bank, intended to deflect the course of the current. The Cumbrians prefix a y to some words which begin with a vowel or a w (the phonetic equivalent of oo). Thus ale, acre, one, woman, are pronounced yale, yacre, yen, yemman.

The pig's progress towards his ultimate apotheosis, as bacon or ham, is regarded by the family circle with a loving eye, and the untimely death of the great hog is considered as little short of a domestic bereavement. The word hog is also applied in Cumberland to a yearling wether or lamb up to the first shearing. When used in the latter sense it is said to be connected with the Welsh *hogyn* and *hogen*, boy and girl. Cuddy, the common name for a donkey, is a contraction of Cuthbert, and so corresponds to the term

"Neddy," which we apply to the same humble quadruped. Jamieson compares the Persian word *gudda* and Hindostanee *ghudda*, both meaning a donkey; but the coincidence of the sound is probably accidental. The Cumbrians pronounce flies *flees*, and fleas *flies*, a circumstance that gives rise to much amusing misapprehension. It is another example of that "rule of contrary" in the local pronunciation to which I have on a previous occasion referred. Casten or kesten is the past participle of the verb cast, to warp. The expression, "a cast in the eye," preserves the old meaning of the word. A cock-loft is the Welsh *coeg-loffi*, an "empty" garret over the dwelling-house.

It will be seen, on reference to a map of Cumberland, that the shape of the county has a most remarkable resemblance to the figure of a bear rampant, and the district to which the remarks contained in this and the preceding paper chiefly apply, is that which forms the neck and shoulder of the animal, and includes the city of Carlisle and its neighbourhood. This meeting-place of dialects—Norwegian, Danish, Anglo-Saxon, and Celtic—is the last refuge of many old-world expressions and quaint terms, and affords a happy hunting-ground for those who wish to study the evolution and structure of our modern English language.

THOMAS H. B. GRAHAM.

PITY THE POOR PRISONERS.

A ROMAN telegram to the Milanese *Secolo* lies before me, and calls up a long history, intensely painful for the most part, but with some comic sides. Tears and laughter lie very near to each other.

The telegram is headed, "News of the Deputy de Felice," and it reads: "As you know, the Deputy Giuseppe de Felice Giuffrida's family is at present in Rome, on the way to Volterra, in the hope of there seeing the beloved prisoner. I have been speaking to the sorrowing Signorina Maria, who told me that the officers of the prison only permit her father to write to his family once in three months. The last letter gave far from reassuring accounts of him. It is easy to conclude that, having so little opportunity of writing, the prisoner would not have wasted words on his state unless he were far from well. His young daughter still keeps up her hope of a speedy meeting between her mother, her little sister, herself, and the prisoner at Volterra. The family places confidence, too, in the reports that have been lately circulated in reference to a probable amnesty next 14th of March. However, while they hope, they also tremble lest there be a fresh disappointment."

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In a recent issue of the *Secolo Illustrato* there is a little notice of Pasquale Guarino's new book, from which I cull some particulars.

Pasquale Guarino, a sweet and gentle spirit, was imprisoned at the time of last year's troubles in Sicily. He was transferred from Naples to Palermo, where every effort was made to establish his connection with the party following De Felice; and he was sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Last Sunday, the Fourth Electoral District of Naples elected him to the Italian Parliament by a majority of over one thousand.

Guarino wrote a book lately, dedicating it "To those who suffer anguish of mind, languishing in Italian dungeons." He calls his book, "Sunshine through the Iron Gratings." His pages recount—simply, without rhetoric or emphasis—the life he led in his Palermo days of durance.

The prisons were full to overflowing, "on account of those who were condemned as belonging to the *Fasci*," those who, says the Milanese *Secolo*, dared "to tell the truth about Crispi's methods for the *saving* of Italy."

Guarino says that some of the prisoners came from Partinico, Marineo, Piana dei Greci, Misilmeri, Monreale—the homes, in all times, of strong characters. The men of these places used to call Palermitans, braggarts. Every soul had a dolorous history. We were glad to hear another tell his tale, but it was heart-breaking to tell our own. Our sentences, added together, mounted up to hundreds of years. One family party, consisting of four brothers, two brothers-in-law, a niece, and a sister, were condemned amongst them to ninety years' imprisonment.

"Will it go on always like this?" someone asked. *They* answered, in full certitude: "*We* shall never 'do' our terms!"

There was one poor fellow who had been sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment—a strong, handsome, bronzed youth from Partinico. At the trial he looked on quite calmly, as if the matter had nothing to do with him. But when he heard his sentence he flung himself, head foremost, against the iron bars of the prisoner's dock, as if to split his skull or break his neck. He was dragged out of the dock, foaming at the mouth.

"Better to be shot!" he cried. "I'm young. I have a young wife. The girl would marry again if there were an end of me. As it is, she's a widow—a widow, with a husband! And she'll have to be a *good* widow, else, when I'm free again, I'll kill her!" He added: "Quite impossible! I'll never get through the twelve years!" Under this firm impression (which is that of all these Fascisti) the youth turned again to prison labour.

Another was arrested under peculiar circumstances. In the disturbed districts special trains arrived by night, bringing numbers of carbineers, guards, and soldiers, who went from house to house demanding admission, and, when necessary, forcing an entrance. When the arrests had been made, the same train set off with prisoners and warders for Palermo. The prisoner of whom Guarino speaks was entertaining his wedding guests. The door had just closed on the last merry-maker, when there was a knock. The host imagined that some of his friends had come back to him. He opened the door, was seized by the soldiers, and the bride, standing on the threshold, saw him hurried off to the fatal train.

"A beardless boy," says Guarino, "sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, had a brother in the next ward sentenced to ten

years, and his old father (who is over seventy) is condemned to fifteen. . . .

"A gentleman from Misilmeri, beloved and distinguished in his own circle, had fought in all Garibaldi's battles. He was taken up because he had not surrendered a disused and useless revolver when the order to deliver up all firearms was promulgated. The revolver was a thing for a museum—not a weapon of offence or defence." But it had its value in its owner's eyes as a remembrance of a struggle undertaken from patriotic motives. He kept it back, and would rather have had his hand cut off than give up the old token. Then, someone laid an information against him. The next step, of course, was through the door of the prison.

"The people went up to be tried half dazed, and to the sound of drums," says Guarino. "An official, whom they generally did not know, was told off to defend them." Often, they innocently inculpated themselves; they took the least politic line of defence; they blundered, as men hurried into an unfamiliar position will generally blunder. And they were condemned wholesale! Guarino says many came away from hearing their own sentences "breathing fire." One fellow swore dolorously. "To think of my being condemned by a *Donkey-Doctor!*" he cried, the indignity adding great poignancy to his grief. His case had been heard before a Veterinary Surgeon-Major!

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Let me take a backward glance, telling my story with some attempt at sequence.

After the troubles in Sicily, De Felice, Varro, Molinari, Montalti, and others—in all, about four hundred unfortunate persons—were sent to prison because they took part in what was distinctly a constitutional agitation of exactly the same sort that O'Connell initiated, and taught the English to follow, when seeking political reform.

It is well known and universally admitted that the earliest steps in the movement in Sicily arose directly out of the terribly oppressive town dues—*dazii comunali.* Sicilians, like other members of the human family, disincline to see their nearest and dearest, their little children, their dependent old folk, their weaklings, in a word—pining and dying of want. The *dazii* spelt starvation.

Not but that there were other great grievances. The incidence of general taxation is oppressive, for one thing. And again, false returns are often sent in, whereby poor men—carriers, for example—are entered as possessing four, five, or six mules (being taxed according to number), when they perhaps own but two beasts of

burden. The carriage horses of comparatively rich men, on the other, are assessed at half the actual number. "Certain [Sicilian] persons of importance" have learnt the parable of the unjust steward to some purpose, for they imitate the wise child of this world to the letter. In that unfortunate island, moreover, it is matter of common notoriety that, in regard to judicial sentences, there is "one law for the rich, another for the poor." But it was none of these grievances, nor other sore points not even touched upon here, that caused the agitation: *that* was due to the enormous taxes levied on provisions.

Reform was sought by the holding of public meetings at which were set forth the grievances of the wretched peasants (whose produce was mulcted so as almost to enhance its cost to a prohibitory price before it reached the market); and those of the consumers in towns who suffer most heavily from the *dazii*. To draw the attention of the authorities to the movement, processions were arranged and memorials drawn up, signed, and presented to the *Sindachi*—urban and rural mayors, chief magistrates in their districts.

The simple peasant women who, in the processions, carried portraits of their beloved King and Queen (as they would have carried statuettes, banners, or pictures of saints in religious processions), were condemned for their part in the agitation to ten years of the galleys—not prisons alone, pray remember! They are sentenced to *il lavoro forzato.*

They carried the pictures as an appeal to the Crown (in which they still have confidence), against the terrible exactions of local officials "dressed in a little brief authority."

It is quite true that, after the serious, but entirely pacific, beginnings of the constitutional agitation, tumults broke out, and that municipal archives were sometimes ransacked, public documents being in one case burnt. Well, it takes an O'Connell to discipline and handle an islandful of "hereditary bondsmen." Sicilians were half mad with despair and hunger; and the leaders could not be everywhere. There are always some lawless spirits who cast in their lot with the party of reform.

An appropriate retort from the Sicilian side here tells of the maddening influence of the soldiery firing upon unarmed crowds. This trumpeting and counter-trumpeting is, however, a mere interlude.

Before the agitation, De Felice was practising as an *avvocato*, and making a large income, although not very much over thirty. Sicilians of position have generally a false pride about work. To be of any use is considered derogatory. De Fel

choose between his (considerable) share in the family inheritance and his democratic opinions, elected to forego his patrimony, for "the convictions," he said, "could not be changed." He led the agitation because he felt that *that* way lay the best hope for the all but famishing peasants.

For his part in the constitutional movement he has been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment—two of them to be spent in solitary confinement, and eighteen in hard labour. His lot is like that of the other leaders. They all fare the same.

He has a cell measuring three metres by five; a little bread and a bowl of broth, per day, for his diet; two pipkins of water for washing and drinking; no books or writing materials. For change, a glimpse of his gaolers, the officials of the prison.

His wife and child, some months ago, rented a dwelling within the shadow of his prison—the Dungeon of the Mastio, at Volterra. When they had been near those melancholy walls for many weeks, in response to their applications they learnt that, a whole year hence, they might possibly be accorded an interview with the beloved prisoner. The telegram I quoted just now gives hope that that "year" has been shortened. While the late leaders have utter solitude, the peasants who followed them have the company of criminals. The worthy countrywomen are shut up with the scum of humanity.

Would Chopin's Dead March, that bitterly cries "Despair! Despair!" in every bar, be too grim an accompaniment for the Sicilians' journey to gaol? No; though it be the most hopeless, heart-broken music that ever was composed!

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Many of the four hundred were the bread-winners of their families. Sicily must perforce continue restless and miserable till those prisoners are released—or dead.

For the leaders, who were men of great mental activity snatched from a life full to the brim of interest and effort, the sudden plunge into enforced silence and inaction may well lead to madness. These heroes, surely (unless made of strongest fibre), would be better "dead and done with!"

The amnesty granted on the occasion of the King's *festa* remits a third of the sentences of short duration only.

The amnesty of the "XXII. Settembre" does no more than that. It does not affect the leaders.

De Felice was returned as Deputy to the Italian Parliament, in May, by an important constituency, as a protest against his unjust

imprisonment. For this to have happened in Italy is proof of tremendous popular feeling, for the country is new to the ways of representative government.

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A most important point is this: Many of the unfortunate prisoners were condemned by *courts-martial for acts committed before the date of the creation of these courts.*

A judicial inquiry has affirmed the oft-impugned legality of the military sentences, playing, thereby, a game of bluff of the most outrageous sort.

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L'Italie, a Roman paper written in French, raises a gentle—some would say, a timid—voice to plead for the poor prisoners. The anti-Crispian Italian press shouts in chorus in their behalf. But Italian papers are not influential in high quarters.

"Young Italy" struts and peacocks in the warmth of friendly foreign opinion; or, still youthfully vain, fumes and frets under foreign censure. The affairs of the Sicilian prisoners might have taken a happier turn had English newspapers spoken out in protest against the fate of those who were simply following English (originally Irish) methods to get their wrongs redressed.

But, no! All honour to *Truth*, which allowed "Ouida" to plead for De Felice and the others; and all honour to the *Contemporary Review*, which did likewise. Else, English periodicals have been dumb. Lately Mr. Labouchere recorded a fresh appeal regarding De Felice, and passed it on to Mr. Gladstone.

And at this point, alas! my history descends to the humble efforts of private persons. In the constant and long-continued search for means to help the prisoners, these persevering individuals met plenty of sympathy, but few practical suggestions. At length a Scotch admirer of constitutional methods and a Genoese working-man said, almost in the same breath: "Why not erect the prisoners into a Test Question for the General Election?" Why not, indeed! Here was an outlet for pent-up activity! Here was no mere ray of hope, but a broad beam of that sunshine of the soul!

What can be easier than to draw up an appeal to the electorate, recapitulating the Sicilian story in a more diplomatic version than that set forth above; dwelling on Sicilian loyalty to the royal house; omitting or softening contentious points; introducing any little touches likely to commend the matter to various worthy classes of the community? The Genoese is certain his club will circulate thousands of copies. The foreign colony in Rome will do something.

Various other helpful channels are declared to be open. But behold! No one will even set up the broadsheet. Two Turinese printing offices declare that the official mind would describe as Socialism such an appeal to the electors. The presses would be seized. The raided premises would suffer no end of injury; in short, the heavens would fall (for the printers). One great *stamperia* is consolingly kind. But all are equally firm in refusing to have anything to do with the poster.

Lawyers are consulted. They defend the printers' position. The most gloomy of these men of the long robe says that even the humble, necessary bill-sticker would not go unpunished in such an enterprise, and that those primarily responsible for the appeal would be conducted to the frontier and forbidden Italian soil, after suffering varied pains, penalties, and inconveniences.

Our Genoese, meantime, has made inquiries, and comes back a much sadder, if a wiser, man. How his tune has changed! His "Society" refuses to touch the appeal—even with tongs. Poor Carlo only dares to confer on the dangerous subject in discreet undertones. In presence of an alien ear he barely whispers that now we have in Italy the *coatto domicilio*, inaugurating a spy-system worthy to be employed in filling Siberian mines with convicts. His club warns members to run no risks, except for certain objects—such as the clearing-up of the bank scandals. What the club says is: "Don't meddle; don't complicate things!"—*da capo, e crescendo.* What his friends say is: "Roman constituencies have already nominated De Felice for election to Parliament. *Perhaps, if elected, he will be released from prison.*" What his newspaper tells him is: "Concentrate the voting strength upon the Giolitti business. Down with Crispi!"

In vain the foreign contingent sings "Never despair."

> "Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
> And hope without an object cannot live."

It is to a lingering death that poor Speranza now seems condemned. The story would have come to a full stop here, were it not for the outbreak of the little pleasantry or harlequinade—how should *scherzo* be translated?

After efforts, numerous but unavailing, to help the prisoners, one of their sympathisers discovered that prison-made goods are sold, a percentage on the prices being set to the credit of the workers; and that almost every prisoner learns a trade in gaol. One acquaintance had bought his tables, another his socks, in the prison courtyard.

Pallanza happened to be the nearest prison in which Sicilian patriots were confined. The sympathiser, on further inquiry, found that sales are no longer held in the gaol; but "there were *dépôts*," said Rumour.

It certainly was a great descent—from the attempt to obtain the patriots' release, by putting pressure on Parliament, to the mere spending of money in articles of furniture and clothing in order to help to fill prisoners' purses when the good day of their discharge should dawn! Truly, it was as if a mountain in labour should bring forth a characteristically Italian mouse. Still, better a mouse than nothing.

Kindly acquaintances warned the foreigner that all who displayed concern for "young Sicily" became thereby "suspect." The *coatto domicilio* was trotted out again (in a solemn whisper). The *least* penalty that threatened the patriots' friends was being "shadowed." "It does not *hurt* you, but it is wearisome—never to go out without an *agent* dogging your footsteps," said one fatherly Italian.

But the sympathisers clung to their mouse!

Once arrived at Pallanza, an obliging coachman declared: "*Ah, si*, I can show you the Queen Carmen Silva's villa" (part of the inquiry to the driver was a diplomatic veil—the sympathiser's concession to prudence; a tribute to the *coatto!*), "but her Majesty does not live there now; and I can take you to the prison; but nothing is sold there. We can pass by the *local* prison" (slight offences), he explained, "and the hospital, too. Or we can go for a *nice* drive in the country."

"But the work of the prisoners *is* sold," said the sympathiser, harping on the old string, after the Queen's villa had been twice passed in review.

"Oh, assuredly; but *in dépôts*," said he.

"Then, drive to a *dépôt*."

"You would not like the things. They're only rough goods—for the poor."

"I can give them to the poor."

Like the polite Italian that he is, the coachman tried in every way to please—even to humour—his fare; and he showed a most remarkable gift for conversational fencing. He went, despite protests, as far as Intra, chatting and pointing out objects of interest. He proposed a lengthy *giro*, and strongly advised driving over to Mergozzo and Stresa (towards the close of a November day!). It was a long time before he said, stepping from the box-seat into a shoemaker's workshop: "This," with a great wave of his whip-hand, "this is a *dépôt* for the sale of the work of the prisoners."

The sympathiser, first withdrawing cab-hire, emptied a purse in buying a heavy casefal of fishing-boots, carpet slippers, bootkins, leather shoon, &c., and breathed a contented "Let us hope, now, there's something done to help those unfortunate prisoners."

"Indeed, Excellency, *that* there is!" cried John, his eyes twinkling with what seemed like benevolent delight. "The prisoners make coats, too. *And* hats," he added.

"But I have not a *soldo* left," said his fare; and that made him laugh heartily like a good-humoured child.

The very next day another sympathiser—a German this time—with a charitable fifty *lire* to spend in prison-made cloth, steamed along the shores of the lovely Lago Maggiore to Pallanza; found a less adroit cabman, who said there were none of the desired *depôts* nearer than Milan; and had an interview with the German contractor, who takes all the marketable work of the prison. This foreign "undertaker" (*impresario*) showed his compatriot piles of cornices, door-frames, and so forth, saying, "Not even one stick of all that you see will be sold here. The boots go to one town, and the woodwork and the clothing to others."

The sympathisers laughed till they cried over this episodic *sclerta*. John No. 1 finding nothing but a "depôt" would content his traveller, had simply invented one, and found the whole thing good fun!

What a commentary on Constitutionalism in Italy is this sorrowful Sicilian story! How retrograde is Italy's march! How little have the prophecies of coming Italian freedom been realised! Political agitation is now *punished* in the fair kingdom.

Were Italians more oppressed when Austria held Lombardy and Venice?

In the sixties walls had ears in Ireland; but speakers—in my experience, certainly—were not in such terror of the sound of their own voices—in the Green Isle—in those days as were my poor friends in Italy last spring. There was, in the incomparable peninsula, a political atmosphere as of another Russian Poland.

Meantime, the fine flower of classic Sicily lies withering in San Gemigiano, Volterra, Pallanza, in prisons that cry aloud for another Howard, another Mrs. Fry. Why shall the best people of the nation endure the very worst fate? Are there no old friends of "young Italy" still alive? No friends, even, *of those friends?*

Another question: Will not the partition of Turkey, or even international consultations about the fate of the Ottoman Empire, open up ways of approaching Italy on questions of her internal

policy? Might not foreign diplomats promise to be obliging about Tripoli—and more besides—in return for amnesty for these persecuted Sicilians? And if Italy were inspired to retort with a request for the amnesty of Irish political prisoners, might we not say, *Tanto meglio*?

CLARE SOREL STRONG.

GOD IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

"'Of all counties in England,' says quaint Fuller, 'Gloucester was most pestered with monks, having four mitred abbots, whence grew a topical wicked proverb, "As sure as God's in Gloucestershire."' Fuller had more wit than power of historical research. He might not have talked about 'pestered with monks' if he had lived now. One of the mitred abbeys was Cirencester."

So wrote "Peter Lombard," otherwise Canon Benham, in his interesting "Varia" column of the *Church Times* of 1 November, 1895. But it is at least very doubtful whether the "topical wicked proverb" arose from the plenteous supply of mitred abbots in Gloucestershire. Old Nathan Bailey says "this proverb is said to have its rise on account that there were more rich and mitred Abbies (*sic*) in Gloucestershire than in any two shires in England besides; but some, from William of Malmesbury, refer it to the fruitfulness of it in Religion, in that it is said to have returned the seed of the Gospel with the increase of an hundredfold."

It seems at least as likely that the quaint proverb arose from the once very celebrated Holy Blood, preserved and venerated at the Abbey of Hailes, or Hales, near Winchcomb, in East Gloucestershire, the birthplace of Alexander of Hales, the "Irrefragable Doctor," who died in 1245.

This abbey, very few fragments of which remain, was founded in 1246, by Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother to King Henry III. Earl Richard's son, Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, is said to have brought a portion of the Holy Blood "out of Germanie," a third part of which he gave to Hales Abbey, and the remaining two-thirds to the College of Bons Hommes, of his own foundation, at Ashridge, near the Berkhampsteads, in the extreme western corner of Hertfordshire.

The Ashridge relique is said to have been exhibited at Paul's Cross in 1538, by the Bishop of Rochester, and proved to be honey coloured with saffron. Hales Abbey was a very rich foundation; among other possessions it held the large parish of Haughley in Mid-Suffolk, and we find that, at a manor court held in 1475, the Abbot

of Hales was ordered to erect a new gallows in Luberlow field at Haughley, it being at the same time decided that William Baxteyn should hold his lands by the service of finding a ladder for the lord's gallows. To this day the church of St. Mary at Haughley has, in one of the south aisle windows, the arms of Hales Abbey.

Froude, in his "History of England" (1875, vol. iii. p. 100), refers, with what some would call his usual carelessness, to the phial of Holy Blood at Hales, in *Worcestershire.* It was, he says, as famous for its powers and properties as the blood of St. Januarius at Naples. The phial was opened by King Henry's visitors in the presence of an awe-struck multitude. No miracle punished the impiety. The mysterious substance was handled by profane fingers, and was found to be a mere innocent gum, and not blood at all, adequate to work no miracle either to assist its worshippers or avenge its violation.

Here is Bishop Latimer's report to Cromwell: "We have viewed a certain supposed relic, called the Blood of Hales, which was enclosed within a round beryll, garnished and bound on every side with silver, which we caused to be opened in the presence of a great multitude of people. And the said supposed relic we caused to be taken out of the said beryl, and have viewed the same, being within a little glass, and also tried the same according to our power by all means; and, by force of the view and other trials, we judge the substance and matters of the said supposed relic to be an unctuous gum, coloured, which being in the glass, appeared to be a glistening red, resembling partly the colour of blood. And after, we did take out part of the said substance out of the glass, and then it was apparent yellow colour, like amber or base gold, and doth cleave as gum or bird-lime."

Chaucer's Pardoner enlarges on the outrageous swearing of the debauchees of his day:

> Her othes been so greet and so dampnable,
> That it is grisly for to hiere hem swere.
> Our blisful Lorde's body thay to-tere;
> Hem thoughte Jewes rent him nought y-nough,
> And ech of hem at otheres synne lough.

Later on in the poem we have this specimen of a riotous gambler swearing:

> By Goddes precious hert and by His nayles,
> And by the blood of Crist, that is in Hayles—
> Seven is my chaunce, and also cink and tray!
> By Goddes armes, and thou falsly play,
> This daggere schal thurgh thin herte goo!

There are many other examples; for instance, Gerveys, in the Miller's Tale, swears by "Cristes fote."

It would be an over-long story to tell of the various shrines where portions of the Holy Blood were deposited. Mantua had the most celebrated relique of this kind, and there was a phial containing some drops kept behind the Confessor's shrine at Westminster Abbey, along with a tooth of St. Athanasius, and a stone showing the footprint of the ascending Saviour.

This phial, which he received from the Master of the Templars, was presented to the monks of Westminster by King Henry III. in 1247, and it was the custom for the reigning King to carry it himself in state from St. Paul's to the Abbey.

There is a church at Bruges, dedicated to the *Saint Sang*, where there is still shown a vessel containing what is there called "the precious blood." But, perhaps, the strangest legend of all those dealing with *God's blood*, as old authors bluntly write, is that which tells how the precious blood came to Fécamp. As it is not generally known, and is germane to our subject, we will give it here. According to the legend (formally drawn up, in all probability, at the end of the eleventh century, but doubtless floating about from mouth to mouth in the abbey ever since its foundation), Joseph of Arimathea, who had scraped this blood from around "the print of the nails" in the Lord's hands and feet, and had carefully preserved it, bequeathed it on his death to his nephew Isaac. Isaac stole away to Sidon with the sacred treasure, and secreted it (together with the knife that had been used in collecting it) in the hollowed trunk of a fig-tree which grew on the border of the sea, the bark of which closed up again miraculously as soon as the relics were enclosed in it. The sea seeming to woo the fig-tree by lovingly washing its roots, Isaac cut down the trunk and committed it to the waves. It sank into the waters and disappeared, but in the course of ages was washed into a bay of France, where the waters withdrew from it, and left it stranded amid sand and seaweed. Here it put forth branches, and the fig-tree being unknown in those parts, it drew attention, and was removed on a waggon drawn by oxen. At a certain spot the trunk became so heavy that the waggon broke underneath it. It fell to the earth, and resisted all attempts to move it farther. Thus was indicated the place where the great abbey church of Fécamp (a name meaning the "Plain of the Fig-tree," *Fici Campus*) should be founded. Duke Richard the Fearless, of Normandy, in the latter part of the tenth century, minded to reconstruct the church in close neighbourhood to his palace, and in prospect of the sea, and having found the above

history in the archives of the former abbey, made search for and discovered the miraculous trunk, and having drawn forth the sacred relic, placed it beneath a pillar of the new edifice, near the altar of St. Saviour.[1] Here it soon received a miraculous accession; for, in a village church about a league from the abbey, the bread and wine with which the parish priest was celebrating the Eucharist at St. Maclou's altar were changed into actual Flesh and Blood. Duke Richard, having ascertained the truth of the miracle, added the Flesh and Blood to the former relic; and both together became the great centre round which all the worship of the abbey revolved. The Mass of the Precious Blood was said there, the passage of St. Peter about our not being redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the Precious Blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot, forming the Epistle; while the Gospel was the account of the Agony and Bloody Sweat, as recorded by St. Luke.

Such is the story of the founding of Fécamp Abbey, as given in the "Life of Losinga, First Bishop of Norwich," by Dean Goulburn and the Rev. H. Symonds (1878, vol. i. pp. 56–58).

When Christianity was undergoing the throes and segmentation caused by the religious cataclysm which rocked and rent the theology of the western world in the sixteenth century, the men of the "New Religion," as it was called, had no words too scathing to brand, and, if it might be, banish the old legends which had so long solaced and amused the faithful. "Great pardons," cries Bale, "hath the anti-Christ of Rome given to the worshipping of idols and of old rotten bones, threatening most terrible death unto them that would not at his commandment do the same. At Geneva was honourably worshipped an ass's tail, and at Tholosa a young boy's shoe, great indulgences granted unto both." But the ex-Carmelite of Norwich was very rough-tongued: *de jeune hermite vieil diable, dist frère Iean.*

About a century later, however, grim old Weever, in his "Ancient Funerall Monuments," gives a quaint list of some of the reliques at the great Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds: "Drops of St. Stephen's blood which sprung from him at such time as he was stoned, and some of the coles with which St. Laurence was broiled.

"They had certaine parings of the flesh of divers holy Virgins, and a sinew of St. Edmund, laid up in boxes.

"They had some Skuls of ancient Saints and Martyrs, amongst which was one of St. Petronill, or Pernell, which the country people

[1] More correctly, of the Holy Saviour, but the corruption is like that in the cases of St. Crowche, St. Sepulchre &c.

were taught to lay to their heads, thereby to be cured of all kinds of agues.

"They had the bootes of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and the sword of St. Edmund.

"It was in use here amongst the Monkes, as often as they desired raine, to carry with them on their Processions a coffin wherein the bones of St. Botolph were inclosed, hoping thereby the sooner to have pleasant showers to refresh the drie parched earth."

This does not exhaust the list, and Weever feels compelled to scornfully write "*aniles fabulæ*" in the margin.

A more impartial writer than Bale or Weever, Dean Stanley, forcibly calls attention to the vast importance attached to relics from the fifth to the fifteenth century, exaggerated beyond all bounds by the peculiar reverence attached to the corporeal elements and particles (so to speak) of religious objects. Hence, says the Dean, the strange practice of dismembering the bodies of saints, a bone here, a heart there, a head here, which painfully neutralises the religious and historical effect of even the most authentic and the most sacred graves in Christendom; the still stranger practice of the invention and sale of relics, which throws such doubt on the genuineness of all. Hence rivalry, thefts, and commerce in these articles of sacred merchandise. A very notable plundering expedition was that of the monks of Ely, who raided the quiet town of East Dereham, in Norfolk, and by *force majeure* carried off the precious body of St. Withburga, the darling treasure of the place. In Dereham Churchyard there is to this day the holy well of St. Withburga, and an inscription there sets forth that it was the saint's burial-place, but that "the Abbot and Monks of Ely stole this precious Relique, and translated it to Ely Cathedral, where it was interred near her three Royal Sisters, A.D. 974." In 1106, at a grand function, the illustrious Withburga was transported to a new tomb in Ely Cathedral, but in the process her sarcophagus was broken, and her body was found in most perfect preservation. "Fair for the Lord (and for Him only)," as the old chronicler says in the *Liber Eliensis*, "was her face, animated with the breath of life, the rose still sitting on her cheeks; her breasts were full and perfect as in the springtide of her age, her chaste limbs were fresh and supple as with the beauty of Paradise." It would appear that the saint was, in the old sense, buxom to her captors—but the transaction was distinctly hard on the devotees of Dereham.

But we must stay no longer in this strange, misty world of Christian legends, a queer land filled with quaint shadows, dim crepuscular figures, grotesque, saintly, ethereal and goblinesque.

That the Holy Blood of Hales was of far more than local celebrity is testified by the fact that Pynson printed a little volume, now most rare, containing an account of how Christ's blood was brought to Hales, the pardons granted by the Pope in connection with it, and the Reliques there. The work is in metre, and the full title is "A Little Treatise of Divers Miracles showed for the portion of Christ's Blood in Hayles."

Considering, therefore, the fame of this celebrated relic, may we not credibly surmise that it gave rise to the strange topical proverb, "As sure as God's in Gloucestershire"?

JAMES HOOPER.

TABLE TALK.

A Commonwealth Hero.

MR. C. H. FIRTH, to whom students of history are indebted for some of the clearest light that has been cast upon the period of the Commonwealth, has brought to general ken a Cromwellian hero, concerning whom history and record have been practically silent. Close, indeed, must have been the research that up to now could trace any mention of Joachim Hane. The journal of this worthy, "containing his escapes and sufferings during his employment by Oliver Cromwell in France from November 1653 to February 1654,"[1] has been edited by Mr. Firth from the MS. in Worcester College, Oxford. It abundantly repays perusal, having a Bunyan-like simplicity, faith, and piety, and at the same time narrating some of the most painful and infelicitous adventures that ever befell mortal. Hane's story, though stamped with the obvious impress of sincerity, is almost as romantic, though in a miserable fashion, as are the experiences narrated concerning Erasmus by Charles Reade in "The Cloister and the Hearth." Except as the land of his adoption, England, I am sorry to say, cannot claim Joachim Hane. He was of German extraction, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and was a German engineer in the service of the Commonwealth. He appeared in England first in 1649, and "was employed by the Council of State to report on the fortifications of Weymouth, with a view to the building of a citadel." After a like occupation at Yarmouth he went, presumably with Cromwell, to Scotland, and remained there with Monk, rendering with his "mortar-pieces" great service at the sieges of Stirling and Dundee, and reporting concerning fortifications at Inverness. These and other services commended him to Cromwell, by whom, October 11, 1653, he was sent to France to play a part in what Mr. Firth calls "one of the obscurest and least known episodes of Cromwell's foreign policy."

[1] Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. London: Fisher Unwin.

A Spy of Cromwell in France.

WITH Mr. Firth's knowledge or conjecture as to the duties Hane had to discharge I have not space to deal. He had instructions, probably, to learn all he could concerning the leaders of the Protestant party in the south of France, with a view, in the contingency of a war between England and France, to the formation of an alliance with them, and to report on the state of the defences on or near the Garonne. His duties seem, in fact, to have been not easily distinguishable from those of a spy. Concerning his mission he himself is silent, asserting that he was only a gentleman travelling for his pleasure. This statement seems to have taken in nobody, and he himself naïvely records that "to speak the truth in all things did not consist with my safety at that time." At the outset his journey was prosperous. Tending "upon some private occations . . . towards Rie," he took ship to Rouen; thence by Paris, Orleans, down the Loyre, by way of the cities of Bloys, Amboys, Toures, Saumeur, and Angiers to Nantes, and so on to Rochell. The spelling of the names of places, I may observe, is Hane's. At Rochell a "scott" claimed to have seen him at Edinburgh or with the English army. Hane's denials attracted the suspicions of a Frenchman of a "meane quallity," and in the judgment of his "further experience, a man of hungry conditions." Hane's footsteps were subsequently dogged. When, accordingly, he arrived at Blaye, he was arrested, and was sent in custody, together with his accuser, to Bordeaux. Ruefully he tells how all the way up the river his captors "contryved, as it were, a comidy, or rather a tragedie," of his future sufferings, "introducing severall persons, whereof some acted the hangman's part, some the condemned prisoner's . . . making the mast of the boat for a payre of gallows." They called, moreover, upon all the people they met upon the river, telling them that "if they had a mind to see an English saint hanging on the gallowes," they should go to Bordeaux.

Unparalleled Sufferings.

"COMEDY" or "tragedie" as this might be, it could scarcely be called a burlesque. Hane's sufferings were scarcely less than his guardians intimated. In Bordeaux the real hangman by whom he was to be tortured in order to wring a confession out of him, became his companion instead of the mock hangman. Torture, meantime, in those days, and under such circumstances, meant the worst of deaths. Hane contrived, accordingly, to avoid the attention of his

guardians and escape. Now began the most terrible life that a fugitive ever led. He managed unaided to drop from the city walls, and, crossing the moat, got into the country. Better almost had it been for him had he been killed. Constantly rearrested and as often escaping, his life seems never worth an hour's purchase. Not a friend did he meet, not a woman or a child took pity upon him. The least ill turn that was done him was to strip him, and send him to hide all but naked in the winter's cold. Yet, though his feet were cut, mangled, and all but useless, he struggled on. Now on one bank of the river, now on another, he hid himself, cold and starving in barns and beneath hedges. So well had the hue and cry spread that his appearance brought immediate pursuit. Those who want to peruse thrilling adventures, of which Defoe could scarcely have dreamed, must read the volume. Hane's constant escapes brought upon him strong suspicions of diabolical possession without rendering worse his position. Escape he did at length, and by a series of miracles got back to England, arriving in the *Downes* on March 23, and the same day coming to London. Here I will leave him, intoning a song of praise for his release, the sincerity of which none will question.

The Pursuit and Rewards of Literature.

SPECIAL interest always attends the observations of literary men and thinkers concerning the advantages of reading and the rewards of literature. Most commonplace books are full of such sayings, and the best of them have frequently been reprinted as mottoes to books or series of books, or sometimes to the bookseller's catalogue. The following, extracted from a letter dated June 21, 1772 or 1773, written to Condorcet by Turgot, the celebrated economist and statesman, is new to me, and will, I suppose, be so to most of my readers: "Whatever you may say, I believe that the satisfaction resulting from literary studies is deeper than any other satisfaction. I am quite convinced that by literature we may be a thousand times more useful to mankind than we can be in any official position in which we strain ourselves, and often without succeeding, to effect some small benefits, while we are made the unwilling instruments of very great evils. All these small benefits are transient, but the light that a man of letters can shed must, sooner or later, destroy all the artificial evils of mankind, and enable men to enjoy all the good offered them by Nature. I know well that, in spite of this, there will still remain physical evils and moral disappointments which must be endured by bowing the head under the yoke of necessity. But

enduring and fighting against these, the human race is strengthened in moral character."

The Philosophers and Turgot.

THESE worthy, albeit sanguine words, I have taken from the just published memoir of Turgot, by Mr. W. Walker Stephens,[1] a brilliant and capable study on the lines of the Right Hon. John Morley, to whom the book is dedicated. Concerning Turgot himself, who, according to the famous saying of Malesherbes, had the mind of Bacon and the heart of L'Hôpital, Mr. Stephens waxes eloquent in eulogy. Turgot is, indeed, one of the best, noblest, wisest, and most upright and feeling of beings that humanity can boast. Had Louis XVI. dared to face the opposition of his Court and the domestic persistence of his frivolous queen, he would have saved his life and perhaps his crown, and the whole history of the French Revolution would have been different. No man was ever dearer to his friends, and none has extracted warmer or more merited tributes of admiration. As a proof of the estimation in which he was held, I am tempted to extract from Mr. Stephens's volume the utterance of Voltaire to La Harpe when the news was given him that Turgot had been dismissed from power: "Ah, mon Dieu, what sad news I hear! France would have been too fortunate . . . I am overwhelmed in despair . . . I see only death before me since Turgot is out of place. I cannot conceive how he could have been dismissed. A thunderbolt has fallen on my head and on my heart." Again, later, he writes to D'Argental: "You believe that I am not dead, because I write to you by my own feeble hand; but I am really dead since Turgot has been deprived of power." Condorcet wrote to Voltaire a letter ending with the words, "Adieu! we have had a beautiful dream." Is it not pleasant to hear this tribute from the philosophers to the noblest and most practical of their number, the man who sought to carry into effect the dreams they dreamt? Confirmed cynic as he is, Horace Walpole spares a word of admiration for Turgot the Frenchman, says that he is every day "planning and attempting acts for public happiness" (Letters, vol. vi. p. 248). He even taxes his dear friends with triviality and ingratitude in plotting to upset him.

The Most Disinterested of French Statesmen.

I CANNOT dwell at any length upon Turgot, with whom I am compelled to suppose my readers acquainted. On one or two things concerning him, drawn from other sources besides M

[1] London: Longmans and Co.

Stephens's life, I will, however, venture. Brought up in a period when past beliefs and superstitions were placed upon their trial, it is not to be wondered at that he found himself incapable of adopting the ecclesiastical career to which he had been dedicated from his birth. In his Memoirs of the life and works of Turgot, Dupont (de Nemours) says that it was impossible to him to pass through life wearing on his face a mask [of priesthood]. The outset of his career has been held prophetic of its entire duration. His only pre-occupation was to submit all things to the test of reason, and he refused submission to the intellectual repression of the Church, not through hatred of her, but through his passion for reason and knowledge. After his retirement, fatal in a sense to France, from the conduct of affairs, he interfered once, in a characteristic spirit of generosity and insight, urging on his successors that, when war with England was imminent through the support given by France to the revolting American colonies, Captain Cook and his vessel should be declared exempt from injury and capture. After dealing with the services of Cook to knowledge and science, Turgot speaks of his being now on his return from his third voyage for the purpose of exploring the coasts, islands, and seas north of Japan and of California. He urges, accordingly, that Cook's expedition having only for its purpose the enlargement of man's knowledge of the world he inhabits, it would "well accord with the king's magnanimity that the success of the expedition should not be compromised by the hazards of war." In the case of a rupture, which was then imminent, between France and England, it would be well that instructions should be issued to all the officers of the royal navy, and to all owners of privateers, "to abstain from hostility towards him and his ship, to allow him freely to continue his navigation, and to treat him in every respect as it is customary to treat the officers and vessels of nations neutral and friendly." It is pleasant to think that this suggestion of a minister, suffering, in disgrace, and finally banished from power, was favourably received and carried into effect. Are we in this country capable of like generosity? I hope so; but am not so sure as I should like to be. The whole recalls the period when war between France and England was fierce and cruel, but loyal and chivalrous, and when our own Sidney, also a Turgot and a L'Hôpital, could write of "that sweet enemy France."

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MACINTYRE'S BARANTA.

BY LOUIS W. MONTAGNON.

THE men who guard their country's honour from an arm-chair were nobly mad: was not Russia thundering at the gates of India; and where the . . . gazetteer was Penjdeh?

In these circumstances the *Daily Herald* had to keep up its reputation; so the chief sent for Macintyre, and the two men took counsel.

"What we want," said the little man to the big one, "is definite information about the Pamir country; whether there is any serious movement along the Russo-Chinese frontier; the truth about the Askabad railway and Merv. When can you start?"

Macintyre threw back his head and settled his shoulders.

"To-morrow morning, sir; as soon as I can get my letters of credit and my papers."

And so, on a sweltering June day, Macintyre landed from the steamer *Irtish* at the slovenly wooden stage, just below the ferry at Semipalatinsk, having made the journey from London without a hitch, in less than a month.

Then his troubles began. His avowed purpose was to shoot argali in the Ala Tau; but the Russian governor, Colonel Borisovitch, either doubted his errand, or else was minded to make him pay for his whistle; at any rate everything went tangled. Never were horses so hard to come by; there were a few wretched Kirghiz brutes, but as for The

for love or money. Then came a hitch about papers; the official mail from Tobolsk was unaccountably delayed, and so on and so on.

The governor, of course, was disgustingly polite, and Macintyre, not to be outdone, kept as cheery as though he had no desire in the world except to be bandied about from secretary to clerk, and to be the patient prey of fleas and mosquitos.

A week passed. Macintyre had done nothing but procure a guide. He was a treasure, no doubt, for he appeared to know every route and almost every village between Semipalatinsk and Ak Tepe. Beauty was not his strong point; his face was like the top crust of a square loaf, with two oblique slits for eyes, and a nose set in the hollow in the middle; but he could ride and fight and be true to his salt, for Yermak was a Kara Kirghiz.

The week grew to a month, and the town became unbearable. The long straight streets of houses gleaming white in the pitiless sun; the strings of vicious camels with their filthy drivers; the awful sight of relays of prisoners with pasty faces and eyes wolfish for liberty denied; the horrible effluvium which steamed from their unwashed bodies and their loathsome rags; above all, the stink of the prisons—these things made life a ghastly nightmare.

Food was a secondary consideration, but a very real one. Macintyre lived upon successive dishes of mutton, varied only by an occasional relief of fish; while he grew to loathe the sight of cranberries, and his gorge rose at the sour rye bread.

Of course he had not attempted to do more than send an occasional telegram to Fleet Street, and these of the most non-committal character. Nevertheless, he seemed as bright as if editors were unknown. He visited the markets, and chaffered with the merchants, who, in return, kept his tongue limber to the Turki, and gave him valuable hints about the country and his intended route.

His tall spare figure, clad in a light grey suit of Afghan cloth, and crowned by a pith helmet, as he swung along the streets with that long, tireless tramp of his, grew to be as well known in Semipalatinsk as the *obraz* of St. Nicholas outside the church, and looked as cool, no matter how hot and dusty everybody else might be.

At last, one day, when the noontide sun was blazing his fiercest; when the dust was in everything—eyes, ears, and teeth; when the reek from the river and the fœtid smell of the prisons had driven everybody else to the shelter of the houses and loose-limbed sleep—Macintyre, looking as if he had just come out of a frigidarium, without a wrinkle on his lean, brown face, though the ghost of a

smile kept flitting in his keen grey eye, strolled down to the official residence of the governor, a bare brick barrack frizzling in the sun.

There he proceeded, with the utmost good temper, to awaken everybody from the siesta : the porter at the gateway, the clerks in the chancelleries, the secretary in his sanctum.

"He was tremendously sorry to be such a bore, but time was getting on, and the argali would be unapproachable ; so he had come to inquire about those papers of his. Nothing heard as yet? Beastly nuisance ! Well, he would look in to-morrow about the same time ; perhaps by then they would have something for him." And he nodded to the sweating, cursing clerks, and lounged happily away.

Then the governor lost his temper, and invitations poured in upon the luckless Englishman from all quarters—breakfast, lunch, reception—he was never alone for a moment. Of course, thus occupied, he was always in sight, and could not get into mischief.

But the governor had forgotten his daughter Marie. This young lady had been to school in England, and much preferred Macintyre's frank courtesy to the sensuous brutality with which even the educated Russian treats his womankind. So she and Macintyre flirted outrageously. There was not a thought of harm in it, but the governor was furious, and so was a certain lieutenant of Cossacks.

Naturally, it was the barishna who gave Macintyre his chance.

Governor Colonel Borisovitch held a grand reception, to which Macintyre was duly invited. For the two days before the function, however, the town had been tormented by the bouran—a hot, dry wind, which is one of the charms of Siberia ; the sun had been a ball of fire and the town an uneasy dustheap.

As a consequence the salons became unbearable, and so the governor converted the ample flat of his roof into a bit of fairyland ; the Russian loves Chinese lanterns and coloured lamps.

Here, when the evening was well advanced, Macintyre found himself, for the moment, alone. Around him was the pleasant susurrus of light chatter and the rustle of woman, sharpened by the tinkle of careless laughter and the musical clink of ice in the goblet ; below him stretched the grey mystery of the formless plain and—liberty. Into the cloudless sky the young moon began to swim, and by her light Macintyre could trace the broad caravan road which led to Ulugulski and freedom.

A light touch fell upon his arm, and the voice of Marie Borisovitch said :

"How sweet the moonlight sle-"

bank, but only music, moonlight and——" She paused and dropped a mocking courtesy.

Macintyre faced her with the smile of a comrade: "And I am so dull, barishna, that I have to be reminded of the invitation."

She raised her pretty shoulders with a little shrug. "You are not complimentary. The fact is, Mr. Macintyre," looking down that he might not see the laughter in her eyes, "you are suffering from the bouran. A morning gallop would do you all the good in the world."

He understood the laughing mischief, but answered her quite seriously:

"You think so? But I have no horses, and, what is worse, no one else would seem to have any—for sale."

"Bozhe moï, how unfortunate." She began opening and shutting her fan as if that had been the one thing important. "Then I suppose we shall not have the pleasure of your company next week?"

"Next week, barishna?"

"Yes; haven't you heard of the mighty question of the pigmies which has been keeping us all agog for a month past?"

"Oh, you mean the quarrel between the Kirghiz khans, which the governor has been trying to appease."

"Which he has appeased, thank goodness! All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this house of the Kirghiz odour."

"And yet, how happy could I be under one of their flapping tents. I was dreaming of it when you came to reprove me. Look," and he drew her nearer to the silken rope which ran waist high above the coping of the roof; "look, what a charming contrast."

"Charming, indeed," she answered, with the contempt of knowledge; "and you could prefer that to—this?" And she put her hands behind her. "What a pity you cannot examine those yourts a little closer. If you could only go to this—what do your Anglo-Indians call a meeting where there are races and——?"

"Gymkhana, do you mean?"

"Yes, that is it. Next week, the reconciliation between the khans is to be celebrated by a sort of Tartar gymkhana. I shall be there, and the Kirghiz are splendid horsemen."

"And to the making of a horseman go two things, a man and——"

She nodded. Macintyre looked at her hard, for a further hint; but her dancing eyes and smiling lips defied inquiry. The Russian, girl as well as boy, is a born diplomat.

Next day Macintyre provided himself with a complete Kirghiz

outfit, from the long woollen shirt to the *kalal*, a coat like a dressing-gown; a *tibetka*, like a polo cap, and a sheep-skin hat, like a guard's busby. His plan was very simple. He meant to go to this show, to which, of course, he had been invited, and then to slip away from the party, rig himself out in his Kirghiz costume, join the Tengri, and, papers or no papers, carry out his mission.

Accordingly Yermak, who had been going and coming between the town and the yourts for three days, did not return upon the night before the show; he was to lie *perdu* with his master's disguise in a clump of shrub-geranium, about midway between the town and the yourts.

Early on the morning of the fateful day, the governor and his suite, with a guard of Cossacks, a brilliant cavalcade, set out; the whole jingling, flashing, laughing in the bright, cool air. Macintyre, to the surprise of everybody—almost, had a capital mount, and so was honoured with a place among the staff; he was well surrounded there.

They reached the yourts about nine, drank koumiss, lounged, and smoked the cigarette of peace.

At three came the grand event of the day. Within a rude enclosure of bushes and camel-hair ropes, two lines of mounted Kirghiz, each twenty strong, ranged themselves opposite to one another. Behind each rank was a post, smeared black in one case, red in the other. The spectators were all outside: the governor and his party, the two khans, who glowered at one another in the most promising way, and then a vast circle of men, women, and children, every flat Tartar face aglow with excitement.

Between the two mounted lines within the ring sat a solitary rider, holding a kid before him. He lifted the struggling creature once, twice, thrice, and at every lift it bleated. At the third the two lines of horsemen shot forward and, in a moment, the ground was occupied by a galloping, tearing, screaming, mass of mounted devils, each of whom was trying to get possession of the poor little kid, and touch with it the black post or the red.

For an hour the bounds of Pandemonium seemed broken; one was choked with the cloud of dust which rose from riders and on-lookers alike, was deafened by their shouts and screams, and poisoned by the reek of their steaming bodies.

At last one of the Tengri touched the black post with the horrible remnants of what had once been a kid. The Russian governor had had enough and so had his companions. They moved off to wash the dust from their throats, and then somebody—missed Macintyre.

During the shindy of the "kid game" he had caught Marie's eye for a moment, and had nodded farewell to her; she had smiled back at him "Good luck," rather wistfully, and then he had edged off behind the yourts, struck into the scrub, and, by the time he was missed, was safe in the tree geranium with Yermak.

There he donned the Kirghiz dress, from the woollen shirt, which made him itch all over, to the baggy trousers and boots; the kalal and tibetka he laid ready, but it was too hot to put them on yet. Then Yermak produced some venison cut up into pieces about the size of a domino, and looking as eatable, which he roasted over the ashes. With these and some corn brandy flavoured with cranberries the two men made a meal; so did the mosquitos. After that the fugitives lay and sweltered, Macintyre doing his best to forget his troubles in a pipe. The only sounds were the buzz of the mosquitos and the champ of the horses; except now and then for a sharp slap, when one of the "Russians" became too intimate with Macintyre, or for the quick jingle of buckle and bit, when one of the horses flicked his tail and shook himself to be rid of the flies.

At last, when the sun began to decline and the long shadows to creep over the plain, Macintyre got up into a willow that grew near a moist patch, and from thence kept a bright look-out for the Russians.

Presently, out of the red haze, he caught the flash of the low sun upon burnished steel, and soon made out the whole party: the governor and his staff, and then, at an interval of perhaps a hundred yards, a gay group of ladies and officers. Macintyre could almost fancy that he heard the ripple of the laughter and the jingle of the accoutrements. The Cossack guard was not to be seen; possibly it was hunting about for him.

Horses and men grew larger as they came on, till the cavalcade was about a quarter of a mile from Macintyre's hiding-place.

Suddenly, like a pack of grey wolves, there dashed out of the scrub a party of Kirghiz some fifty strong. With a rush they rode down the little party of ladies and officers, unhorsing several and scattering the rest right and left. Then two of them seized the horse upon which the barishna was riding, and the whole troop, swerving to the right, galloped madly back in the direction of the yourts.

For several minutes the wildest confusion prevailed among the Russians, men and horses driven hither and thither, some never to rise again; one poor fellow lay, hand under head, as if asleep—with his neck broken.

But the habit of discipline constrained. Two of the freshest men galloped ahead to call out the guard; the injured, with the ladies, moved slowly onwards; the rest of the party drew in belts, looked to girth and stirrup-leather, and then dashed after the flying Kirghiz.

Meantime these last, leaving the track, began to bear towards some low hills, behind which the sun was fast declining in a glory of cloudy colour. But whereas the Tartars, knowing the ground, made rapid way, the Russians became hopelessly embarrassed in the scrub.

It was all the work of a few minutes, and looked like a scene in some realistic drama. Macintyre was a man of action; Yermak had had all his wild blood fired by the sudden rush, and the thunder of the galloping horses.

"Karen Issyk," he shouted in his gross voice, and waved his hand towards the Kirghiz. Macintyre recognised the name of the clan which had been defeated in the "kid game." Almost at a moment the two men sprang to the saddle, and, Yermak leading, rode as hard as the nature of the ground would permit, after the flying baranta. The scrub seemed alive with men; Macintyre's one desire was to come up with the two who had the lady, and he felt under his kalal for his revolver.

Presently the scrub began to thin, luckily, for riding in the heavy Kirghiz dress was hot work. A minute or two more, and Macintyre saw three figures break into the open; they were Marie Borisovitch and her captors.

Forgetting his dress, he shouted: "Courage, barishna, we are coming."

She turned, recognising the voice, but, seeing only Kirghiz as she thought, sank together again upon her saddle, and made no effort.

The cry was, however, fatal to Macintyre. In a moment he was surrounded by yelling tribesmen, and borne onward in their rush, a prisoner. He looked round; resistance was hopeless, Yermak had disappeared.

For an hour they rode madly on, always towards the low hills and the setting sun. The air was full of the bitter-sweet perfume of crushed bracken; the white birch shivered ghostly in the half light; the cheriomka shed her snowy petals upon them; still they swept on, deeper and more deeply, into the shadow of the hills.

At last Macintyre saw the red twinkling of many fires; then came the yelping of dogs, and in a few minutes the party rode into the midst of a clamouring crowd of men, women, and children. Marie

Borisovitch was lifted from her horse, half dead with fatigue and terror. Macintyre was dragged to the ground, his kalal stripped off, and his arms pinioned. Then the two were led before the khan, who sat framed in the dark opening of his yourt, and blinking in the firelight, half stupid with naliphka.

The courage of both man and girl rose, as they felt the firm ground beneath their feet and knew something of their danger.

"We are to see the yourts a little closer, together, barishna," said Macintyre with a smile.

She nodded with something of her old brightness, while the firelight reddened the gold of her hair and flickered in her shining eyes.

For a minute or two they stood thus—he and the girl, with their captors by the fire, the blinking khan at their feet—Macintyre, with the instinct of the journalist, thinking what splendid copy the scene would make.

Before them, at irregular intervals, stood the yourts, the grey felt looming wan in the dying light, the loose cloths flapping in the evening breeze. Beyond lay the purple shadow of the hills, crowned here and there by a mass of cloud, its edges touched by the sinking sun with lingering fire.

Around them, in a wide semicircle, squatted the Kirghiz, the men listening to the talk of the returned raiders, the women gazing at the high-bred Russian girl as at a vision from another world, and holding their children between their knees to remind them of this—the flat faces, the glistening eyes, springing into sight or falling into shadow as the firelight leaped or sank.

From the far left came the many sounds of the herd; the air was full of the moist sweetness of the coming night, mingled with the acrid smell of the dung fires.

A hush fell upon all as one of the Kirghiz, having prostrated himself before the khan, told the story of the baranta. It was a drowsy business, but the end made up for all.

"Behold now, O Khan, give order that we may obey; give order, O Son of Ghenghiz, whose wisdom is boundless as the steppe, whose anger terrible as the bouran."

And the khan blinked in the firelight. "Who had poisoned his naliphka, so that he could not think?"

Macintyre saw how it was, and hope revived. While the Kirghiz was droning out his oration, the Englishman muttered to the girl at his side: "Have you a knife or a pair of scissors?"

She sidled a little closer to him. The next moment his arms

were free, and he felt her bare hand brush over his. Every nerve in his body tingled. Of course they were only comrades in danger, but—well, he was man and she was woman. The Kirghiz droned on, trying to pierce the muddled wits of the khan, who sat blinking in the fire flicker.

Presently the brute's head nodded and his sheep-skin cap was tilted over his eyes. A child laughed.

Then the rage of the savage and the fire of the naliphka blazed out together. The khan leaped to his feet and glared around him, his eyes rolling in the fire play. He flung his arm towards the prisoners, and shouted a guttural order.

Three women started forward, but Macintyre was nearest and free. He leaped upon the khan, gripped him by the throat of his kalal and clapped a revolver to his ear. Then he aired his Turki :

"Hear, men of the Issyk ; the daughter of the Great White Presence will go into the yourt of the khan : he and I have much to say. Let no man presume to draw near, or I will slay this one where he stands."

For a heart-throb the lives of the prisoners hung upon a thread. Then Macintyre nodded to the girl, who slipped into the yourt and dropped the flaps behind her.

The khan stood passive ; to feel that rim of cold iron was wonderfully sobering. But when the girl had disappeared, he shook himself together and laughed a thick laugh.

"Ha," he cried, "surely this also is a mighty khan. Let us treat him as a brother. Set the cauldron and bring forth the sheep. Hasten, men of the Issyk, lest reproach fall upon our hospitality."

Macintyre never loosened his hold; he watched with his soul in his eyes.

Four men set up a great cauldron and filled it from their water-skins. Two others heaped brushwood, dried fern, and camel argols around it, and fired the heap. Another man dashed away towards the herd. Silence reigned in the great circle of watchers—they might have been statues but for their eyeballs rolling in the firelight.

The scene fascinated Macintyre, and for a moment he relaxed his vigilance. That was fatal. In a heart-beat the pistol was dashed from his hand, he was hurled to the ground, thrust head to knees and hands to feet, and so bound. Then two men carried him like a sheep towards the cauldron and dropped him down by the fire. The water was already beginning to hiss as the great pot heated.

The crowd pressed in ; they had often heard of a khan, when

he came to power, thrusting a brother or an uncle into the boiling cauldron; now they were going to see it done, and they fought for a good place. The khan urged the men to pile on more fuel, and cursed the slowness of the fire.

Macintyre lay in torment: the cords cut into him, and the heat made them bite the deeper. The fire was eating into his flesh where the clothes were drawn tight by his doubled body. In the throb of his agony he caught himself wishing that burning wool did not stink so. The steam began to curl above the cauldron, and he almost welcomed the idea that it suggested; anything must be better than this dry torture.

Suddenly a woman screamed. He could not turn his head, but he knew the voice; it was Marie Borisovitch, who, drawn by the rumour of the crowd, had slipped from the yourt; she saw and understood.

With a supreme effort Macintyre dominated his body, and, though his voice was hoarse with agony, shouted out:

"Marie, the revolver dropped inside the yourt. The horses are to the left. Fly!"

The khan did not understand English, but the tone was unmistakable; he roared an order. Two men stooped to raise Macintyre and thrust him into the boiling cauldron; there was a sharp crack, and he on the right threw up his arms and fell forward, tearing at the fire with his hands.

Then it seemed to Macintyre that the shot was echoed with a thousand reverberations; the roar of thunder was in his ears; the earth shook, and he knew no more.

. . . . . .

When he came to himself, Marie was laying cool bandages to his burns, and Yermak was holding a water-skin.

A week later Macintyre got his papers and set out to "shoot argali" in the Ala Tau. His last public appearance in Semipalatinsk was at the wedding of Marie Borisovitch and the lieutenant of Cossacks. But everybody knows what a *furore* his letters made when they appeared in the *Daily Herald*.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND REGIMENTS.

EUROPEAN history is generally much better known and more appreciated than the records of the struggles and conquests of the New World, for the study of which, indeed, there seems to be a decided distaste. For one who has read the history of India, a hundred are acquainted with that of France or Spain ; and the strife of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, for instance, is a subject much more familiar to the general reader than Pizarro's conquest of Peru or the many wars of North America.

And it is not altogether unnatural that it should be so, for in the New World there has usually been an entire absence of the pomp and circumstance of war, which to many is so attractive.

In Europe you have large masses of men and glittering squadrons of cavalry, led by men of ancient name and royal blood, and a background of historic towns and frowning castles. Very different is the picture which transatlantic warfare presents. Pizarro's army consisted of but a handful of adventurers and half a dozen horses. Instead of brightly-clad troops advancing to the sound of martial music, you have ragged desperadoes scrambling through the undergrowth of primeval forests ; the object of their attack no castle of the Rhine, but a collection of squalid huts ; the enemy half-naked savages armed with bow and tomahawk. There is an absence of pageantry, of the picturesque and the chivalrous—there is no "Gentlemen, fire first ! "

Nevertheless, the importance of an event is not always to be judged from the dimensions of the instruments employed; a penknife may cause death, and so may a bomb or a guillotine. The significance of a battle rather depends on the questions which it decides than upon the number of troops engaged, and in America matters affecting vastly the course of the world's history have been settled by very insignificant forces.

It is very much to be regretted that colonial history and colonial

affairs receive so little attention from the English people and from English statesmen.

I do not wish to imply that the colonies are, or that on the whole they have been hardly used, but that they have been neglected—they have been allowed to turn every one to their own way, and their importance as part of a great Empire has been sadly overlooked. Our colonies are very loosely knit together, and have but little connection either between themselves or with the mother country. In commercial matters they treat each other and England almost as foreign countries. There has been in the past no unity of purpose, no adequate appreciation of a common interest, no general scheme of defence, no conception of an Imperial policy.

Happily this state of things is changing; and, though the idea of Imperial Federation has not as yet taken definite form, sympathy and interest and the desire for closer connection is growing stronger, year by year, in the minds of the subjects of the Queen in all parts of the world.

Newfoundland is the oldest of our colonies, and from its geographical position is one of the first importance, for it lies across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and in time of war controls the trade of Canada. That it should be undefended is a striking instance of the carelessness of the Imperial authorities in colonial matters. This has not always been the case; St. John's was once fortified and garrisoned. It is of the troops which formed the principal part of its garrison that I wish to tell the story.

A careful study of the history and condition of Newfoundland will, I think, make two matters clear: first, that this island, which is the key to Canada, should not be left undefended; secondly, that the government of this colony should no longer be entrusted to the local politicians, whose incompetence is beyond the possibility of question, as their transactions during the last two years have shown, by no means for the first time.

Either this colony should revert to the Government of the Crown or it should be incorporated in the Dominion of Canada.

The history of Newfoundland is long and complicated, and it is not a happy one. In the beginning the island was simply a fishing station frequented by seafaring people of most of the maritime countries of Europe; but after a time only by the English and French, who continued to dispute its possession until the early part of this century. In the course of time, notwithstanding many restrictions and discouragements, a population gradually grew up, and steadily, though slowly, increased. Newfoundlanders ascribe the

unhappiness of their country to the brutality of the English Government, and to the difficulties constantly recurring with the French on the subject of the fisheries. No doubt many of the ordinances of the Home Government were harsh and sometimes unjust; no doubt the French fishery rights are and have been a very great nuisance, but the main cause of the misery of the ancient colony in the past, the entire cause of its present deplorable condition, is to be found in the people themselves. They have ever been a discontented people—at the present time they are also corrupt—and in past times, before self-government had created corruption, they were turbulent; of this the history of the local regiments is evidence.

Many of the emigrants sent out by patentees in the times of Charles I. were utterly idle and worthless, and later many men who were "broken" at home settled here. Then came large numbers of peasants from Ireland, and after the rebellion of 1798 crowds of rebels found a home in Newfoundland. Doubtless they left their country for their country's good, but it was sadly to the prejudice of the new land they chose.

The mutinous spirit which pervaded America and Europe towards the close of last century was not absent in Newfoundland. When the American colonies revolted, Newfoundland stood loyal, though not unanimously loyal—its people chose to remain under the old flag; but I am inclined to think that it was something of Hobson's choice.

When war broke out between England and the French Republic, the Royal Newfoundland Regiment was raised for the defence of this important colony. It was recruited entirely in the island, but the officers were of the regular army.

Newfoundland has always been quite distinct from Canada, and the Governors, who during the whole of last century were almost invariably naval officers, were quite independent of the Canadian authorities both in civil and military matters. In 1797, Admiral Sir William Waldegrave, afterwards Lord Radstock, was appointed Governor. A controversy arose between him and the Duke of Kent, then commanding the land forces in North America. His Royal Highness had issued orders concerning the troops in Newfoundland, but the Governor maintained that he alone had the direction of all forces within the colony. After considerable correspondence the question was decided by the King in the Admiral's favour.

Waldegrave entertained a very poor opinion of the lower classes in his colony, and from the first placed but little reliance on the Newfoundland Regiment.

At the time of the terrible mutiny at the Nore very serious trouble arose in Newfoundland. The crew of the *Latona*, a man-of-war stationed at St. John's, broke into open mutiny, but the admirable promptitude with which the Governor acted quickly restored order. He was a good specimen of the English gentleman of a hundred years ago. He believed in the monarchy, and his religion was not sicklied o'er with any philosophic doubt. He did his duty fearlessly and expressed his opinions without the least ambiguity. When the first danger was over, he had the crew brought ashore, and surrounding them with companies of the Newfoundland Regiment, the Artillery, and Marines, he pointed out to them in forcible language the enormity of their offence, and, after informing them of the execution of their brother-conspirators at the Nore, he concluded with the pious injunction, "Now go to church" (it was Sunday morning), "and pray God to inspire you with such sentiments as may acquire you the respect and love of your countrymen in this world and eternal happiness in the next."

The loyalty of the Newfoundland Regiment was just then questionable, and the very eagerness with which the non-commissioned officers and men offered a reward of twenty guineas for the exposure of those who had spread a rumour of their disaffection seems to have strengthened the suspicions which the Governor entertained concerning them. In 1798 he wrote to the Duke of Portland: "Your grace is well acquainted that nearly nine-tenths of the inhabitants of this island are either natives of Ireland or immediate descendants from them, and that the whole of these are of the Roman Catholic persuasion. As the Royal Newfoundland Regiment has been raised in the island it is needless for me to endeavour to point out the small proportion that the native English bear to the Irish in this body of men. I think it is necessary to mention this circumstance in order to show to your grace how little dependence could be placed on the military in case of any civil commotion in St. John's."

In the following year, Major-General Skerrett, an officer who had been employed in the suppression of the Irish Rebellion, and who, in command of the Durham Fencibles, had served with distinction at Arklow and Vinegar Hill, was appointed to the command of the forces in Newfoundland. It seems probable that this officer may have been selected in consequence of Sir William Waldegrave's misgivings, on account of his experience in the late troubles at home. At any rate, the selection was a happy one, and doubtless his experience was useful in the difficulties with which he was soon confronted.

The great majority of the population of St. John's consisted then as now of Irish Roman Catholics, and, as has been said, many who fled from Ireland after the '98 settled in Newfoundland. A secret society was formed under the name of "United Irishmen," which embraced a very large proportion of the population, and of which, as was found, nearly all the men of the Newfoundland Regiment were members. The oath taken on joining this society was in the following terms :

"By the Almighty Powers above I do persevere to join the Irishmen in this place.

"I do persevere never to divulge the secrets made known to me.

"I do persevere to aid and assist the heads of the same of any religion."

In the winter of 1799–1800 the united Irishmen in this place conspired to shake the pillars of domestic peace in a manner which neither the Almighty Powers above, nor people of any religion, could be expected to approve.

The plan was that on a certain Sunday morning, when the officers and those of the regiment who were Protestants were at Divine Service, the soldiers belonging to the secret society should attack and blow up the church, and massacre their officers, and the merchants, and every one of any importance, and, having made themselves masters of St. John's, should continue their bloodshed and pillage in the out-ports.

But, happily, notwithstanding his promise to persevere, someone must have divulged the secrets made known to him, for Dr. O'Donnel, the Roman Catholic bishop, became aware of the plot, and promptly informed General Skerrett. Accordingly on the Sunday morning fixed for the massacre, the officers did not go to church, but the regiment was turned out on parade, and several arrests were made. Skerrett and his officers acted with great caution, and refrained from taking any very decided steps, owing, no doubt, to their knowledge of the wide extent of the disaffection in the colony. Bishop O'Donnel deserves to be remembered for his loyalty, and for the energy of his praiseworthy efforts to bring his people to a better state of mind. The Governor was at this time in England, and General Skerrett acted for him. All went on quietly for a time, but the disaffection continued, and before long another plot was formed, which seems to have been confined to the regiment, though no doubt the townspeople would have been very ready to join the mutineers had they been successful. Fort Townshend lies at the west, Fort William at the east end of the town, a mile or more apart. The conspirators

from both places arranged to meet behind the powder-shed at Fort Townshend an hour before midnight, and their programme was to overpower their officers and the civil authorities, and then, having robbed the merchants, to seize some vessels in the harbour, and make their escape to the United States.

But it happened, that on the evening they had selected, Colonel Skinner had a supper-party at Fort Townshend, and being unable to leave the barracks unobserved, those at Fort Townshend did not meet their friends from Fort William at the hour appointed. Thus left to themselves, those who had assembled became alarmed, and fled to the woods. The plot was discovered, they were followed up and arrested, and tried by court-martial. Five were hanged, and seven shot, and many transported. Shortly afterwards, by order of the Duke of Kent, the regiment was removed to headquarters, and relieved by the 66th.

Two years later, when the Treaty of Amiens brought about a temporary cessation of hostilities, the Royal Newfoundland Regiment was disbanded.

But with the almost immediate renewal of the war another regiment was raised, styled the Royal Newfoundland Fencibles. It was a thousand strong, and the command was given to Colonel Skinner, who was shortly succeeded by the Hon. William Molesworth.

This regiment had one major, nine captains, ten lieutenants, and seven ensigns, but four of the captains and four of the lieutenants had only temporary rank.

The history of this regiment was uneventful. It was never engaged on active service, but remained in St. John's until the Waterloo Campaign brought the long war to a close. In 1816 the officers were placed on half-pay.

In 1824, another force was raised, under the name of the Royal Newfoundland Veteran Companies, and Major Thomas Kirwin Burke, C.B., an officer who had served at Waterloo, was appointed to the command. There were two captains, six lieutenants, three ensigns, and an assistant surgeon. They were mostly old-service officers, and the majority of the men were natives of Newfoundland.

Lieut.-Colonel Sir Richard Bonnycastle, R.E., who published an account of the island in 1842, gives the following information on military matters:

"The military stationed in Newfoundland consists of the personal staff of His Excellency the Major-General commanding at present, limited to an aide-de-camp, who transacts all the duties connected with his office as well as those of the Adjutant and Quartermaster-

General's departments. There is also a fort-major to regulate the guards and interior garrison duties, with a town sergeant; and a full company of the Royal Artillery is always stationed at St. John's, being relieved at stated intervals from England. The fortifications of the island are under the control of a Lieut.-Colonel of Engineers, who has a subaltern officer and a civil department for the construction and repair of barracks, &c.

"This officer, with the commanding officer of artillery and ordnance storekeeper, form a board of respective officers for the check and control of ordnance expenditure and barracks and examination of accounts. In short, the system of military departments is such, that at a very short notice they are capable of energetic action and extension. In addition to the company of artillery, which is always complete in officers and men, there is a very efficient regiment, named somewhat singularly 'The Royal Newfoundland Veteran Companies,' under the command of a major, with the usual staff of adjutant, quartermaster, paymaster, surgeon and assistant-surgeon, the surgeon being also the principal medical officer on the station.

"We have said that this corps has been somewhat singularly named, as nothing strikes a military observer more than to see this veteran regiment on parade, when, instead of decrepit and worn-out soldiers —men whose best years have been spent in siege and battle—a fine healthy-looking regiment of comparatively young men turns out, in clothing supplied by the Ordnance, which regiment might take its place in line with some of the best troops of Britain. The officers, it is true, are many of them old soldiers, but there is not one who could not still do his share of fighting.

"It is said this corps is to be augmented, as the duty is severe, owing to the scattered ports and increased importance of the station. There is no militia, but the Governor can at any time create a force of that kind. The fishermen and settlers of Newfoundland have already distinguished themselves when so embodied, and perhaps a finer race, for the combined operations of sea and land service, could not be found."

In 1842 "Veteran" was omitted from the title of the regiment.

It is sad to relate that the Royal Newfoundland Companies did not show themselves, some years later, worthy of the praise which Sir Richard Bonnycastle bestowed upon them. Indeed, that officer appears to have been neither an altogether reliable historian, nor a very acute observer, for, speaking of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment which was disbanded in 1802 owing to its disloyalty and insubordination, after two disgraceful attempts to overthrow the

Government and disturb the peace of the colony, he says that that regiment had been very efficient.

Colonel McRea, who was quartered in St. John's in 1865, is a better authority, and a book which he published, entitled "Lost Amid the Fogs," is very interesting. According to him, many of the men of the Newfoundland Companies were very indifferent characters, and they were nearly all married, and had their families in the town. Incorrigible offenders from the forces in Canada were drafted to the Newfoundland Regiment.

In 1860, some six years after complete Responsible Government had been accorded to Newfoundland, very unhappy political difficulties arose, due chiefly to the bitter feeling existing between conflicting religious parties, and to the lack of rectitude and ability on the part of the popular representatives. In the House of Assembly the Attorney-General grossly insulted the Governor, Sir Alexander Bannerman, and the Government was dismissed. The consequent elections were contested with a violence and license which might be expected in a community divided in race and religion, and of a people of very little education and entirely unaccustomed to the franchise. At the meeting of the House of Assembly a furious riot took place. The populace, enraged and excited, attempted to force an entry to the House, but being resisted at the point of the bayonet, they rushed down to Water Street, where they broke into the shops, and looted the stores, and made free use of the public-houses. The Royal Newfoundland Companies were ordered out, and Colonel Grant, with the greatest moderation, endeavoured to disperse the mob. He was an officer of ability and experience, having served through the Crimean Campaign, and was present at Balaklava, Inkerman, and the siege and fall of Sebastopol, receiving the brevet rank of major in 1854.

For hours he and his men, unable without recourse to firearms to make any way against the overwhelming numbers, endured insult and rough treatment, being pelted with stones. At length someone in the crowd fired on the soldiers. Then the order to fire was given, and several of the insurgents were killed. Almost simultaneously the bells of the Roman Catholic Cathedral rang out, calling the angry Irishmen to the presence of their bishop; they obeyed—probably the discharge of musketry did not make them less ready to respond to the episcopal summons—and the streets were quickly cleared.

This was the first time the Royal Newfoundland Companies ever fired a shot, and the last—the last because the event discovered a

most unsatisfactory state of discipline. It was found that when the order to load was given many of the men had dropped their cartridges on the ground. Whether or not they sympathised with the rioters, at all events they were unwilling to fire on their friends, many of whom were doubtless their relatives, for, as has been said, most of them, even those who were not natives, were connected by marriage with the townspeople. The regiment was relieved by another from Canada, and the inquiry which took place led to the disbanding of the Royal Newfoundland Companies. After 1862 they disappear from the Army List.

The Newfoundlanders are physically a very fine race, and having for generations occupied their business in great waters they are second to none as seamen. There can also be little doubt that they would make good soldiers, but the experience of the Newfoundland Regiments goes to show what indeed hardly needs emphasising, that it is not good to keep a regiment continually in the place where it is raised, for the intimate relations which naturally exist with the people of the place are apt to interfere with the proper discharge of their duty in case of civil commotion.

A few years later the troops were withdrawn from nearly all of the self-governing colonies, and for the last quarter of a century Newfoundland has been without any armed force with the exception of the constabulary, which, though a very efficient body of men, is not 150 strong, and is distributed all over the island, the force in St. John's numbering only about forty men.

There is not a single gun in St. John's, though the entrance to the harbour might easily at no great cost be made as impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar.

It is only necessary to glance at the map of North America to see the immense importance of Newfoundland. Whoever holds St. John's in time of war commands the trade of Canada, and it should be remembered that all our cables land there, so that should the island be seized by a foreign power we should lose telegraphic communication with North America. The two last Governors, Sir Henry Blake and Colonel Sir Terence O'Brien, endeavoured to raise a volunteer force, but unsuccessfully, and the latter wished to have St. John's fortified. The Imperial Government offered to supply guns and to send half a battery of the Royal Artillery if the colony would pay the men, but the Colonial Government refused.

The theory of the Home Government seems to be that those colonies which enjoy responsible government should provide for their own defence. This seems to be perfectly reasonable, but it

does not follow that because the expense is to be borne by a Colonial Government that it should be permitted to leave undefended that portion of the Empire over which it rules, more particularly if, as in the case of Newfoundland, the safety of another and greater colony greatly depends upon its secure possession.

It is possible to suppose that the long peace which England has enjoyed may some day be broken, and it is also possible that in the event of a conflict with a great European power or powers, the Navy might not be sufficient to defend the whole of our vast and scattered Empire, so that the maintenance of land forces and the erection of fortifications in the colonies would not seem to be an unnecessary precaution.

Whatever confidence may be felt in the volunteer forces of the Australasian colonies, in Newfoundland there is no such force on which to rely, and the history of the local regiments would not lead us to expect great things, should the Newfoundlanders in a spirit of patriotism, of which there is at present no manifestation, raise a volunteer corps.

Were Newfoundland a desolate rock incapable of supporting human life, void of the vast mineral wealth which it is said to contain, and shorn of its exhaustless fisheries, its geographical position would yet make it worth the expenditure necessary to insure its continued possession to the British Crown.

J. F. MORRIS FAWCETT.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SAGA.

IF ever there was an opportune time for magnifying the reputation of Tobias Smollett, it is surely the present. His merits, until now, have been steadily depreciated on the score of an overwhelming coarseness, but a generation which glorifies the author of "Jude the Obscure" ought not to find "Peregrine Pickle" too rank for its taste. Though Smollett's heroes have the disadvantage in point of language and bearing, in their sentiments and character they are no such ruffians as some recent popular heroes. The day of triumphant realism, perhaps, begins already to wane, and it is only fair that, before it is too late, Smollett should have some share in its brilliance. By virtue alike of energy and knowledge, he is a very king among the realists. He has, of course, none of the scientific instinct which marks the best novelists of to-day. His is the pure zest of story-telling, and he makes up in breadth of sympathy and experience what he lacks in precision. To him all kinds of human nature were familiar, not as specimens to be classified, phenomena to be explained, but with the homely and less curious familiarity of frequent contact. He knew the Marshalsea and the Fleet, Wapping and St. Giles', the gaming-houses of Covent Garden, and the bagnios of Long Acre, with a knowledge that only a turnkey, a seaman, a cully, or a pimp, each in his own sphere, could better. But his experience was not bounded by these unsavoury purlieus. His was a bold and adventurous spirit, and of adventure, one would think, he must have taken his fill. In the cock-pit of a man-of-war, under the walls of Carthagena, in English wayside inns frequented of highwaymen, in Jamaica, in the Highlands, among the banditti on the bleak hills of Piedmont, Smollett must have seen and done and suffered strange things indeed, when it was as easy to come by an adventure in any English lane as nowadays in the thick of an Indian jungle.

"Roderick Random," Smollett's first and freshest novel, may be equally well described as a piece of realism or a latter-day S "What is a Saga?" asks Mr. Andrew Lang, and his answer is

"it is neither quite a piece of history, nor wholly a romance." It has to offer "true pictures of life and character, which are always the same at bottom, and true pictures of manners, which are always changing. . . . Tales of enterprise, of fighting by land and sea, fighting with men and beasts, with storms, and ghosts, and fiends." Smollett is the contemporary of Voltaire and Hume, and his ghosts and fiends are not likely to be very terrible or very real; but the fighting, and the storms, and the hair-breadth escapes are all genuinely moving. His picture of manners—the manners of an England which seems not much less strange to us than Julius Cæsar's Britain might have been—is not merely accurate and detailed, but so forcibly true that those who have once looked on it can never wholly shake off the impression. He has chosen to present us with an aspect that must always have its significance, even in the most enervate and ease-loving times. Smollett did not always pick his matter out of the kennel. "Roderick Random" is as certainly the most complete embodiment of the spirit of enterprise of the eighteenth century as the whole of Smollett's novels are the best documents for the study of the century's social life.

It is to Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," to Chapman and Marston's "Eastward Ho," to plays such as these rather than to Shakespeare, that one must go for mere "local colour." In the same way Smollett paints characters more narrowly differentiated by time and place and circumstance, than Fielding's. Fielding has sacrificed the slight perishable idiosyncrasies to bring into greater prominence the eternal fundamentals of human nature. "Roderick Random" has suffered in general estimation from having been followed so immediately by "Tom Jones." Smollett, it has long been a truism to say, was outdone both in art and wholesomeness. But that is no reason why we should take from him even that which he has. The construction of "Roderick Random" is obviously loose, to an extreme degree; by the side of "Tom Jones" the book seems to have no construction at all. There may be some compensation for this in the opportunity which Smollett gains of introducing so many more people and incidents into his book. In the pages of "Roderick Random" we are jostled by all kinds of queer folk. We might be picking our way through the surging streets of Old London, or footing it on a market-day along the most crowded of the ancient coaching-roads.

If it has been truly said of "Tom Jones" that "the winds of heaven blow along the pages," it is also true of no small part of the "Adventures of Roderick Random" that they are freshened by the sea-breezes. This is an inestimable service our author has done his

country and its literature, in the earliest and most authentic revelation of the nature of those half-devils, half-heroes, who fought England's battles under Benbow and Rodney and Hawke. The popular taste puts a spick-and-span "turn-out" before real grit, and a respectable swagger of sentiment before everything. No wonder that the Jack-tar of popular legend is tame and spiritless beside Jack Rattlin and Bowling and Hatchway. Yet we can never sufficiently admire at the unconquerable love of roving and excitement which made life seem more than tolerable on floating hells like the *Thunder*.

Smollett relies on the interest of pure action; he scorns the meretricious charms of the romantic and picturesque. The truth is that his material is so picturesque, so romantic in the sense of being both strange and terrible, that it gains, rather than loses, by a prosaic handling. If hard living involves keen sensation, which is doubtful, the hero Roderick must have enjoyed enough of sensation to furnish forth a whole school of modern Hedonists. It asks a little reflection before one can believe it possible that one life, or even a dozen lives, would suffice for the exploits achieved by this young man before he is twenty-five. Yet a great part of these adventures, one must suppose, was reported from Smollett's own experience. No melodramatic accessories are needed to heighten the thrill when Strap and Random wake up to find themselves in the rendezvous of a gang of highwaymen, with one of the fraternity, armed to the teeth and colloguing with his paramour, the landlord's daughter, separated from them only by a cracked wall of lath. There is no varnish of art over the description of Random's usage at the hands of a lawless crew and the brutal Crampley on the inhospitable Sussex shore. The scenes on board the *Thunder* are all set before us with a bald simplicity that is a hundred times more effective than the most careful elaboration of horrors. The half-insane autocrat, with all those human beings in his power, for life or death; the fawning Macshane, the choleric, garlic-scented Morgan; the noisome cockpit, the crowded forecastle, the bustle and noises and smoke and sudden flashes of an engagement; the dare-devil sailors, with their childish simplicity, their strange recklessness of human life. Here, if nowhere else, Smollett is supreme. Here, at least, he shows the truest instinct of art, which permits, nay, forces, him to say exactly what he means with a precious artlessness. But Smollett can do other things than this. He cannot, it is plain, be summed up as a word-painting Verestchagin. This is not the place to speak of his rich humour, though "Roderick Random" is full of a humour more vigorous, perhaps, though less charming, than that of "Humphrey Clinker."

Something may well be said, however, of the more peaceful descriptions, yet so full of movement and colour, which drop from his pen whenever he has not been seduced into the dangerous methods of social satire. How we enjoy our peep at that Scotch parish school—although the master is such a brute—and the fearful conspiracy of the boys, aided and abetted by Lieutenant Bowling! We can afford to laugh heartily at that other dominie's roguery, the English hedge-schoolmaster, who has added the more lucrative occupation of inn-keeping to his learned profession. We can smack our lips over his *quadrimum*, his double ale, and heartily relish his Latin-tagged gossip over a pipe by the open hearth of the black-raftered kitchen. *We* have not to settle the bill in the morning. What fun will not fall to our share on the road, whether we trudge along, knapsack aback, or take the kindly shelter and queer company of Joey's wagon? Or perhaps we travel in not quite so plebeian a style. It may be that we have taken coach to Bath along with our friend Rory, who is bound thither with the praiseworthy intention of carrying off an heiress. Good luck go with him! if only because he has persuaded us to take so pleasant a journey. We never enjoyed so famous an appetite as at the halts of this expedition of ours. We develop a wonderful interest in boxing encounters which cost us neither blood nor bruises. In these rollicking novels the gentlemen are always ready to lug out, and the bumpkins to fall to fisticuffs. Dumas himself has no greater variety of duels, nor does he recount them in a more thorough-going, circumstantial, connoisseur-like manner. Fielding's men have, most of them, an aversion to "Frenchified blades." The Middlesex Justice of Peace could not quite see his way to openly countenance duelling. A boxing-match was more to his mind; but even at a boxing-match he could not drop "the scholar and the gentleman." He was thinking all the while, "What a splendid opportunity for Homeric parody!" Smollett was "conveniently learned" (harsh critics say "inconveniently pedantic"), but when he comes to a fight he can think of nothing else. There is no playing with so serious a subject.

Hogarth and Smollett must be studied side by side. No other two men have so preserved for us the features of Old England. A whole book, a large and most fascinating book, might be written on Smollett's London. As we read him, how can we fail to conjure up the streets of tall, dark-browed houses, the noisy, dirty, good-humoured, violent mob; the strutting beau, and the lumbering Alderman's coach which splashes him with mud? Perhaps we escort a reigning toast to and from the Opera, and sit into the small hours,

losing all our ready money to her. In the morning it may be that a jealous Irish fortune-hunter will challenge us to a meeting behind Montague House. If we are so fortunate as to survive that, we shall spend the rest of the day, at the coffee-house and elsewhere, with a party of wits and bloods, with whom we shall sally forth at night to scour the hundreds, sweat the constable, and break all the windows in our quarter of the town. Unless we should be overpowered and carried to the round-house, which is extremely unlikely, it may be our luck, as we saunter homewards at last, to look in at some gin-shop still open, and find the respectable Mr. Medlar dancing bare-headed in the midst of ten or a dozen ragged bunters.

There are critics who find no pleasure in "Roderick Random" because they are so scandalised at the character of the hero. Critics always will be wiser than their author. The most careless reader can see that Rory is not intended for a "plaster saint." The severest critic can scarcely deny that he is almost all that Smollett intended to represent. A brave, haughty, fairly-accomplished lad, with an inflexible but very limited code of honour, and a temper not unnaturally soured by the consciousness of having been denied every ordinary chance in life. The wonder is, when we reflect on what he had to undergo, not that Rory sank so low as he undoubtedly did at times, but that he did not make utter shipwreck of his life; with his temptations and opportunities, that he never did anything to bring his neck into danger—even that alone is no small merit. He is taunted with his ungenerous behaviour to Strap; but that could not but arise from the false position, intolerable to any man of Mr. Random's pride, into which the two had fallen. Rory is always generous to those who, he feels, are beneath him, as his conduct to Rourk O'Regan proves; but he could not endure patronage, however delicate, from an inferior. His blunt confessions, so constantly used against him, are themselves a sign of penitence. To be appreciated, they should be compared with the hypocritical glosings of a really selfish man, which Thackeray has admirably reproduced in "Barry Lyndon." The Chevalier Barry, we may be sure, never pleads guilty to an ungenerous act.

It is said that the foulness of this book is revolting to all but well-seasoned readers. Of that I cannot well speak, for I suppose I grew seasoned unawares. My first reading came very early in my teens, and I have renewed my acquaintance at short intervals ever since, and never without delight. Of one thing I am sure. He who would walk much in our English lanes, in all weathers, must not be afraid of miry places. Smollett is not always over-clean, but his dirt is of

the farmyard, not of the sewer. In a very prosaic age, he clearly apprehended one kind of poetry—the poetry of action, and he made it apparent to every one, and glorified it, not by throwing over it a false and extraneous glamour, but by presenting it, with severe precision, as it actually was. With such an intention, and such a method, he deserves to find partisans in the camps of Realism and Romance alike.

J. A. NICKLIN.

A BISHOP IN PARTIBUS.

I.

DR. GEORGE SMITH, of Edinburgh, in his "Life of Henry Martyn," published in 1892, has the following passage: "Like Marshman and the Serampore missionaries, Henry Martyn kept up a Latin correspondence with the missionaries sent from Rome by the Propaganda to the stations founded by Xavier, and those afterwards established by that saint's nephew in the days of the tolerant Akbar. At the beginning of this century, Anglican, Baptist, and Romanist missionaries all over the East co-operated with each other in translation work and social intercourse. More than once Martyn protected the priest at Patna from the persecution of the military authorities. He planned a visit to their station at Bettia, to the far north, at the foot of the Himalayas. In hospital, his ministrations were always offered to the Irish soldiers in the absence of their own priest, and always without any controversial reference." The consequence of this state of feeling was that when Martyn was appointed Chaplain at Dinapore in 1807, and when his desire to become acquainted with the principal Mohammedan religionists led him to the neighbouring city of Patna, it was quite natural that he should call on the Italian padre. The clergyman who, though then unrecognised by the Government, offered his services to the Catholic soldiers at the military cantonment, was a Capuchin from Milan whose secular names were Giulio Cesare Scotti, and who, in the common parlance of the barracks, was termed Father Julius Cæsar. Martyn saw much of this monk, and his habits of inquiry and courteous interest in the views of his friend led Martyn to dream of his conversion to Protestant views. The subsequent career, however, of the Italian renders it unlikely that he was at any time disposed to question the security of his position. When, in 1809, Martyn was moved up to Cawnpore, Padre Giulio appeared there also; and as he fell at that place under the ken of the authoress[1]

[1] It is a curious instance of how a little leaven of genius leavens the whole lump, that Mrs. Sherwood's writings, though handicapped with forgotten didactics, are still to some extent alive. In 1891 Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. published a selection from her stories as an illustrated Christmas book.

Mrs. Sherwood, who was not unskilful at portraits executed with the pen, we become acquainted with his personality. There was a small religious society at that time in Cawnpore consisting of Daniel Corrie, his sister, Henry Martyn, Mrs. Sherwood, and her husband, who was paymaster of the 53rd Foot (now the 1st Shropshire), and a few military and other adherents; and great cordiality existed in the circle. Martyn was hard at work on his Persian Testament, and he used to summon an informal committee to consider the question of equivalent terminology. Mrs. Sherwood has described it as the strangest conclave to be imagined. The scene of this meeting was a garden gloomy with palm-trees and aloes, and the time usually sundown. There was an Arab and a monk, a missionary, a Bengalee gentleman, a local Moonshee, and doubtless a few catechists and students in the background. Seven languages were employed, they were employed all together, and in an energetic key. By far the loudest was the tumultuous Arab, Sabát, then a Christian, and tyrannical dragoman to Martyn. Poor wretch! as he sat there, waving the locks of his Saracen's head and bawling in stentorian tones, he little thought what a future was awaiting him. Apostacy, bankruptcy, political intrigue in far Acheen, seizure, condemnation, the yawning sack, and the profound remorseless sea! The monkish member was Padre Giulio. He is thus outlined by Mrs. Sherwood: "The second of Mr. Martyn's guests, whom I must introduce as being not a whit behind Sabát in his own opinion of himself, was the padre Julius Cæsar, an Italian monk of the order of the Jesuits, a worthy disciple of Ignatius Loyola. Mr. Martyn had become acquainted with him at Patna, where the Italian priest was not less zealous and active in making proselytes than the Company's Chaplain, and probably much more wise and subtle in his movements than the latter. The Jesuit was a handsome young man and dressed in the complete costume of the monk, with his little skull-cap, his flowing robes, and his cord. The materials, however, of his dress were very rich; his robe was of the finest purple satin, his cord of twisted silk, and his rosary of costly stones, whilst his air and manner were extremely elegant. He spoke French fluently, and there Mr. Sherwood was at home with him, but his native language was Italian. His conversation with Mr. Martyn was carried on partly in Latin and partly in Italian."

The monk was a Capuchin, and not a Jesuit as Mrs. Sherwood supposed. But these distinctions were little noticed in those days, and a priest was called a Jesuit as the Neapolitan fishermen are usually called Lazzaroni. The dress described was not monastic but

clerical only. Some years afterwards, in 1824, Bishop Heber, then on that journey up country which he has rendered familiar, met Padre Giulio at Bankipore, the civil station of Patna, and thus records his impressions : "I met here a Franciscan friar, a remarkably handsome and intelligent-looking little man, whom I immediately and rightly guessed to be the Italian padre 'Giulio Cesare,' of whom so much mention is made in 'Martyn's Life.'" And again : "Underneath the walls of the Granary, I had a good deal of conversation with Padre Giulio, who speaks French, though not well, yet fluently. He is thoroughly a man of the world, smooth, insinuating, addicted to paying compliments, and from his various accomplishments an acceptable guest at all English houses where French or Italian is understood. He spoke with great affection of Martyn, who thought well of him, and almost hoped that he had converted him from Popery. He was apparently pleased with the notice which I paid him, and I certainly was much amused and interested with his conversation. I found him a great admirer of Metastasio, and of course not fond of Alfieri. He himself is, indeed, a Milanese, so that he feels for the former as fo a countryman as well as a brother ecclesiastic."

From these notices we may gather generally the sort of man Padre Giulio was. Evidently of excellent character, well versed in the usages of society—accommodating, pleasant, and accomplished ; and, from the religious side, in no way wanting in zeal. There was in him, perhaps, a streak of the well-dressed *Abbé lettré* of the last century, with the welcome absence, however, of profligacy and scepticism. But whilst he was circulating, apparently, from one Capuchin mission to another, a Catholic establishment, which had been founded many years before at Surdhana, north of Meerut, was being enlarged and endowed on a scale hitherto unwitnessed in that part of India. The princess in whose territory this work was being pushed forward was a Mohammedan convert to the Latin community, baptized Joanna, and highly pleased with the addition of "Nobilis" which her social position suggested. Her great church at Surdhana, dedicated to the Virgin, was consecrated in 1822 by Monsignor Pezzoni ; and as it was to preside over this fabric that Padre Giulio ultimately received episcopal orders, it is necessary that it should be explained, as briefly as possible, how a territory specially secured to this princess by the Great Mogul should have been held in the interests of Rome. For, as has been remarked by Mr. H. G. Keene in the *Calcutta Review*, in an article entitled *Surdhana, the seat of the Sombres* (to which this paper is much indebted), "Many

persons acquainted with the military cantonment of Meerut and its environs have, perhaps, wondered what are the facts which account for the appearance of a fine three-storeyed house and a large church in the midst of the characteristic squalor of a native village."

II.

In the old church of St. Mary's at Eastbourne there is a monument with a long inscription to one Henry Lushington. He was the son of the vicar of the place, Dr. Lushington, and the father records the virtues and misfortunes of the son in tumid language. About the misfortunes, however, there can be no doubt. For, going out to India in the Company's service in 1754, when only sixteen years of age, the young man was in 1758 involved in the fall of Calcutta, and passed that dreadful night in the Black Hole. He was one of the twenty-three who escaped suffocation out of 146 who were enclosed in the lock-up. But it was only a brief respite, for in 1763 he perished in the massacre of Patna. The Black Hole, like the earthquake of Lisbon, has taken its place amongst the terrible disasters of the world; but the Patna tragedy is far less known, though quite devoid of the element of accident, which in some degree modifies the cruelty of the dungeon story. The history of the times is complicated, and must be abstracted to yield only the facts bearing on the subject in hand. Kasim Ali was a nobleman the English had themselves raised to the Musnud of Bengal. In the course of time, certainly not without some provocation, this prince became dissatisfied with his foreign supporters and thought himself strong enough to dispense with their alliance, and so revolted. He was, however, defeated more than once, and was hanging about the neighbourhood of Patna—where he had already made the members of the factory, their soldiers, and adherents prisoners—when he heard that his capital, Monghir, had fallen. Greatly exasperated, Kasim Ali sent orders that the prisoners were to be executed. It is reported that the Armenian officer in command at Patna, Gregorius Khan, corrupted to Gurgin, refused to obey. A European adventurer named Reinhardt, in the service of the Nawab, volunteered to carry out the wishes of the frenzied man. He placed the prisoners in a court-yard, and fired volleys into them from upper rooms. Forty-eight gentlemen of the civil and military services were destroyed, and buried in a well. Reinhardt is called on the monument that has been mentioned, "one Someroo, an apostate European." There is, however, no evidence that he ever apostatised, though he was certainly not an ornament to any creed. But his story must be sketched.

His name was Walter Reinhardt, and he was a native of Trèves. He must have been born about 1720, and went out to Madras as a young man in the army of the French East India Company, and took part in the wars then going on. In 1754 peace was concluded between the English and the French, but it was broken again in 1756. When Chevalier Law was sent by Lally to reinforce Chundernagore, the General carried Reinhardt with him. In 1757, however, the French settlement was taken by Clive and Admiral Watson, but Law and Reinhardt escaped. Coming out as a private, Reinhardt had reached sergeant's rank. It may be said here that his military aptitude was great. He seems to have drilled native soldiers very successfully, and to have been a reliable man in action—cool and ready in resource. The two wanderers were ultimately engaged; Law by the fugitive Emperor Shah Alam, and Reinhardt by Kasim Ali. The latter distinguished himself in the battle fought at Giriah, when the skilful resistance made by him could scarcely have been overcome, under the circumstances, by an officer of less conspicuous gallantry than Major Adams.

After the Patna business, Reinhardt escaped in time to Oudh, having been first present, however, at the battle of Buxar, where the Emperor and the Oudh Vizier were defeated by Munro. He afterwards took service with the Jats, the head of which tribe, the Rajah of Bhurtpore, came prominently forward in the general confusion. Reinhardt formed his troops into an organised mercenary force; the brigade being said to consist of four battalions of foot, a cavalry corps, and six field-pieces. In 1775 he shared the defeat of the Jats when they were attacked by the Persian Vizier of the restored Emperor, and, finding that for the present the imperial influence was in the ascendant, he placed his brigade at the service of Delhi. For the support of these mercenaries a district surrounding the village of Surdhana was assigned, and these lands supplied a revenue of about six lakhs of rupees, or sixty thousand pounds, as rates then were. The adventurer has been called Reinhardt for clearness sake, but he was known as General Sombre, changed by the natives into Somroo. The sobriquet is said to have been given by old mates, when he was a private, from his heavy or sulky look. This may or may not be correct. In 1778 Reinhardt died at Agra and was buried in the old Catholic cemetery, where his mausoleum may still be seen with its inscriptions in Persian and Portuguese. He rebuilt, it is reported, the Italian Mission Church in 1772, and the fabric is extant, though no longer devoted to sacred uses. Though never, as far as is known, a renegade, the adventurer had adopted native habits, an

was the possessor of a harem. About the year 1765 there was received into this zenana a girl of some twelve years. She was the daughter of a Mussulman of Arab origin, and had been well educated, but thrown with her mother on the world by an unfeeling step-brother. In what capacity she entered Reinhardt's family is not known; perhaps as a dancer; perhaps, since she knew Persian, to amuse the ladies with tales, or to write letters for them to their relations. However this may be, she attracted the master's notice being, though small, well-formed, with large and lively eyes. They were perhaps married by Moslem rites, and, at any rate, when Reinhardt died, she had acquired sufficient influence to be entrusted with his estates and the command of his army. In 1781 she was baptized into the Latin Church by the name of Joanna, but she figures in the history of the times as the Begum Somroo. Reinhardt had left a son, Aloysius, the offspring of a Mohammedan woman, but he was provided for with an allowance and lived at Delhi, under a native name. And the little lady remained supreme, with her troops, her subject population, and a staff of military and civil officers. The celebrated Irishman, George Thomas, entered her service about the year 1787, and it was by his skill that the Begum was enabled in 1788 to rescue the Emperor from a serious danger at Gokalgurh which he had encountered from a rebel chief. In a public durbar the Begum was thanked, and honoured with the title of "Ornament of her sex." And now follows a strange brief episode in a life already sufficiently romantic. She fell really in love. The gentleman who played Paul to her Virginia on this occasion was a well-conditioned young Frenchman named Levassoult, who had the command of her army after the departure of Thomas. To this officer she was united in Christian marriage in the year 1793. The union, for various reasons, was not popular with the troops, and a spirit of discontent arose which, fostered by Aloysius Reinhardt, led at last to conspiracy. The lovers, for such they really continued, agreed to escape or die together. They left Surdhana, Levassoult on horse-back, the Begum in her palanquin, taking with them a considerable amount of money in cash. They were pursued by the mutineers. The bearers were urged to greater exertions, but the footsteps behind grew louder. Thinking all was lost, the Begum stabbed herself with a stiletto. The fact was told Levassoult. He put a pistol to his head and fell dead on the road. The rebels captured the wounded princess, and carried her back. She had not reached a vital part, and gradually recovered, but was kept in durance and subjected to indignities. Her old friend George

Thomas came to her rescue. By his assistance the mutiny was put down, and Aloysius, who had appeared at Surdhana, was sent back to Delhi, where he shortly afterwards died. The Begum's position was now secured. When the English appeared on the scene, and Lord Lake ultimately took Delhi, the Surdhana princess at once discerned the signs of the times, and hastened to the British camp to give in her allegiance. The hearty chief, impatient of Oriental etiquette, lifted the Begum from her palanquin and gave her a good smacking kiss. This impropriety was explained by its recipient to her attendants as a parental embrace bestowed on a daughter desirous of reconciliation. For thirty years and more she continued the friend of the British, and governed her State in tranquillity and with success.

It sounds strange in these days, but in the year 1814, when the Goorkha war broke out, the Company was so short of troops that the Begum Somroo was requested to take charge of the cantonments of Meerut. Mrs. Sherwood's husband's regiment, the 53rd, was stationed there when the orders for joining the campaign arrived, and Sherwood had of course at once to march. The authoress records: "The troops left Meerut on the 12th of October, and left it wholly unprotected, with many women and babes; but the Begum Somroo sent some of her wild bands to protect the ladies. Six men were stationed at my husband's bungalow, and these men looked so like banditti that I was constantly in dread of giving them offence. The chief of them, a tall, dark man of sinister and fearful aspect, yet such a one as an artist would delight to draw as a captain of brigands, always followed me whenever I set my foot out of doors, keeping close behind me if I walked or went in a palanquin to call on a friend."

Mrs. Sherwood had previously been introduced to the Begum, and may be allowed to give her impressions.

"Early in the year 1813 the Commander-in-Chief, Sir George Nugent, with his lady, arrived at Meerut, and the Begum Somroo came from her own territory of Surdhana to pay her compliments to the great people. She sent her usual present of rose-water to the English ladies in the station, and I went with the Colonel's lady to pay my compliments to her. The Begum had engaged a bungalow in a green open plain between the cantonments and the city of Meerut, and, according to the native custom which requires all females to affect privacy, the front of the bungalow was enclosed by the canauts of a tent, made so as to resemble pillars. The old lady was sitting in the hall, on an embroidered daïs, enveloped in magnificent shawls. There was no furniture whatever in the room, except the cushions

and floorcloth of kincob. A number of women, by no means handsomely dressed, stood on each side of the throne."

Mrs. Sherwood had had a Persian Testament richly bound, and presented it to her Highness under the impression that she had never seen one before. The kindly Englishwoman would have been surprised to know that one of the Begum's Carmelites, Pezzoni, had translated the Bible into Hindee for the instruction of native Christians. When Bishop Heber was at Meerut in December 1824 he received friendly messages from the Begum, but as he does not mention Padre Giulio it seems unlikely that the monk was then at Surdhana. A Catholic authority states that the large church of Surdhana was consecrated by Monsignor Pezzoni in 1822. If this was so, perhaps it was opened for worship before it was finished, because Heber speaks of the church as in course of construction in 1824. There was always a Carmelite in attendance on the Begum, and the names are given of Deusdedit, of Pezzoni, and Cesare. The last appears to have been the favourite, and perhaps from 1825 onwards he was settled permanently at the new palace, which by that time was completed. This was the greatest success he reached, or at any rate the happiest position he occupied. The people around him, it is true, were a strange and motley crew; but he was treated with great respect, as was indeed due to his character, against which there was never a breath. Considerable state was kept up. A dinner party was given each day at which the heads of departments met, and were reinforced at times with visitors from Meerut. There was Major Regholini, commander of the troops and architect of all the new buildings, and George Dyce, who, with the easy promotion bestowed on adventurers, was called Colonel Dyce, and was general superintendent. He had married the only child of Aloysius Sombre, and their son, David Ochterlony Dyce Sombre, was recognised by the Begum as her heir. He was born in 1808, and was no relation to the princess, though great grandson of the original Reinhardt. The saloons were full of oil paintings of all sorts of soldiers of fortune and friends of the family. At these banquets there was always a place for Padre Giulio. The band played, the wines of France flowed freely, and all seemed bright.

III.

In 1834 the Begum began to feel the infirmities of age growing upon her. She, who had been plump and comely, was now wrinkled almost beyond the imitation of Balthazar Denner, withered and epicene. There seemed a necessity for a settlement of her affairs.

By deed of gift she transferred the bulk of her property to the young Dyce Sombre. And she made arrangements for bequests in support of Catholic establishments and missions. She then wrote a letter to the Pope, Gregory XVI. (Capellari), detailing what she had done, and requesting him to accept a donation of some twelve thousand pounds. This was sent through the agency of Padre Giulio, whom the Princess entreated might be made a Bishop ; and she further begged a decoration for young David, a relic for her church, and the Papal benediction on herself and her work.

In December 1835 the answer came. The Pope was, of course, much pleased ; he granted all that had been required of him. Padre Giulio was made Bishop of Amathus, in Cyprus, once the seat of the cult of Aphrodite (Schiller has, in his "Gods of Greece,"

> Sterbliche mit Göttern und Heroen
> Huldigten in Amathunt),

and also Vicar Apostolic of Surdhana.

The relic was, doubtless, not forgotten, and the young Dyce Sombre became Chevalier of the Order of Christ.

In January of the next year the Begum died, and her heir confirmed all the bequests she had made ; but the new Bishop was dissatisfied with the provisions for his see and would not remain. Before, however, the subsequent events in the monk's career, as far as can be ascertained, are related, and in order that the last facts may refer to him, the years shall be anticipated, and the fate of Surdhana concisely told. In 1837, David Dyce Sombre arrived in Europe, with a handsome income derived from his personal property, and with claims against the East India Company which he subsequently realised. The landed estate of Surdhana was resumed by the British Government, as it had been assigned for the maintenance of a Brigade no longer required. The wealthy Eurasian, being in Rome in 1839, caused a grand funeral ceremony to be performed in the Church of San Carlo in the Corso, in honour of Joanna, Princess of Surdhana ; and an oration was pronounced by Cardinal Wiseman, who was then principal of the English College. This discourse is on the table ; a new edition, printed at the Surdhana Press, and dated 1889. The style is less pure than Manning would have required or Newman employed, but the sentiments are grave and elevated, and appropriate to the occasion.

Dyce Sombre came in, naturally enough, for a good deal of notice in England. He married the Honourable Mary Anne Jervis, daughter of Lord St. Vincent, and got into Parliament. It is not

necessary to dwell on the failings of this unfortunate man. He ha been brought up as an Oriental, and was rich enough to indulge hi proclivities. Consequently his life was irregular, and, indeed, s eccentric that an attempt to have him pronounced a lunatic was i the end successful. The writer saw him at Dover in 1846—a tal dusky, heavy-shouldered, lumpish man—skimming pebbles into th sea for pastime.

He afterwards visited Paris to escape the effects of the lunac decision, and there remained. In 1850, he crept over to London and at Fenton's Hotel, in shattered health, and abandoned by hi sunshine friends, the Chevalier met the sorrowful close of a waste life. His remains were carried out to his Indian home. He wa desirous of leaving his money away from his wife, and his wil directed that all his property should be devoted to founding a schoo at Surdhana for the education of youths of mixed birth. To insur his wishes being carried out, he made the East India Company his executor, and interested that corporation in his testament by leaving the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman ten thousand pounds each. The Honourable Mary Anne Dyce Sombre afterwards married Cecil Forester, who succeeded to the barony in his family and became Lord Forester. The will was finally put aside as that of a lunatic. But the law proceedings were very protracted and expensive. The property had arisen from a grant confirmed by the Great Mogul to the odalisque of an Indian harem ; and those who had to look after their interests in it were the Holy Father, an English peeress, and the East India Company.

The money, the investments, the Surdhana palace and its contents, went to Lady Forester, who only died in the spring of 1893, leaving the property to the present Baron, an English clergyman. The Catholic institutions go on there, but without much vitality ; the palace, with its curious if not valuable gallery of portraits, takes its untended chance—a poor one—against the effects of a climate where heat and damp are alternately in excess. But to return to the Bishop.

He was dissatisfied, it is said, with the endowments for the support of himself on the death of the Begum. Colonel Sleaman saw him "looking very disappointed at the smallness of his legacy." But we must try to view the matter from a Catholic standpoint. As a Franciscan, Padre Giulio could not hold private property, and, therefore, he can have been only solicitous about the interests of his see. And if, as Dyce Sombre told the Pope in a letter after the flight of the prelate, "he was to have had three thousand rupees a

year," looking at the then salaries of the Latin church in India, the monk could scarcely have thought the sum too small. There is reason to suspect that the arrangements placed him too much under the control of the new heir ; and the padre, who must have known the life David Dyce Sombre led and the effect it was producing on his brain, may well have shrunk from a position hurtful to his self-respect. Still he should have relied on his spiritual authority, and the desertion of his post was a fatal mistake. He seems to have felt he had acted rashly, and perhaps kept out of the way on reaching Italy, for it was not till 1841 that he was made to renounce, by formal deed, the powers entrusted to him in favour of the Vicar Apostolic of Hindostan. Thus he certainly incurred the censure of his superiors, and disappears from our sight in some disgrace. But it need not be supposed that any worse fate awaited him than obscurity, or perhaps some country charge, where his ecclesiastical rank may have gained him parochial deference.

In calm moments he may have looked back with interest to his early life as a missionary. He could have recalled friendly intercourse with the amiable Daniel Corrie, afterwards Bishop of Madras. As they talked over their respective methods of appealing to the native mind, they little thought of any dignities awaiting themselves. But neither the mitre of Amathunta nor that of Madras brought any accession of happiness. Corrie was thrown into an unfamiliar scene, and brought into contact with unsympathising authority. The missionary labours he loved were restricted by new languages and new forms of creed, and he held his see little more than a solitary year. His episcopal rank led Padre Giulio directly to the commission of the irretrievable mistake of his life. Little thought the two of possible promotion in the day of small things ; indeed, Corrie thought little of his when it came. But still less, perhaps, did they expect to survive in marble, in the land of their adoption. So, however, it was to be.

The fine statue of Corrie, by Weekes, stands in the cathedral of St. George at Madras ; whilst a plaster model of the same dimensions as the original may be found in the Crystal Palace.

The striking group of statuary, by Tadolini of Rome, placed in the church of Surdhana by Dyce Sombre, in 1842, in memory of the Begum, contains five figures of life size. One, of course, represents Joanna Nobilis herself, and close beside her may be seen the form, once admired and beloved, of Giulio Cesare Scotti, who had at her request been created Episcopus in partibus Infidelium.

J. W. SHERER.

A LIGHTNING TOUR.

THE current of our life, especially in travelling, is nowadays conventional enough. Welcome, therefore, anything in the form of adventure, anything out of the common, and "out of the way," and different from the humdrum rails on which we roll along so smoothly every day. Perhaps it is not life, but ourself, that is monotonous; life is full of turns, changes, and surprises. We can find the dramatic if we look for it. It has been justly said that nowadays we do not travel, but we "arrive." In the old times the enjoyment was found in the journey itself, in the sort of panorama that greeted the traveller's eyes as he posted along. Now the aim is to obliterate or abolish the intervening space, and join the two points as speedily as we can.

And again: Our daily life has now become so crammed full of things and doings that the day seems scarcely long enough to contain them all. While the measure of things to be done is enlarging hourly, the measure of time remains the same. No Procrustean method has been discovered to stretch it. Being thus compelled to take it as it is, we must only make of it what we can, and make the most. Johnson's advice to take "short views" of things may be extended to travel, and one method of expanding the hours may be to concentrate our view. It was some reflections of this kind, over the friendly, ever-soothing pipe, that led me to take my "lightning tour," and thus prove to my fellow-creatures how much can be made of a single "difficult" day, as Alice Meynell has it.

A pleasant walk to the station in the steel-blue morning brought me to Victoria Street, with some minutes to spare. The train was to start at 5.45. Wandering down a short way, I had a glimpse of the Abbey, the first of the many cathedrals I was to see in the course of my long day.

This departing by an early morning train is always a new experience. There is a bleakness in the incidents; you have the place nearly entirely to yourself. The ticket-taker or "snipper" gazes at you with but a doubtful air. On this occasion a single porter was

my fellow-passenger. As we went along the day seemed gradually to get life and warmth. It is always dramatic and scenic to find Rochester approaching, with the passage across the silvery, open river, the noble Castle rising so sad and forlorn and abject on the other bank. For a draught of genuine old fashion, commend us to Rochester, and that first promenade up its ancient High Street. It was close on seven o'clock. Nothing as yet was open, or, indeed, stirring. A most picturesque stroll that was: all the objects were brought together within small compass—the Cathedral just behind the High Street, which, however, had little openings broken here and there; an old gate-house or two, with an arch through which could be seen the Close. Here was the richly-coloured, rubicund old Guild Hall; the fine old Clock House, the statue of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and good old framed houses in profusion, overhanging the causeway. Nothing can be imagined more piquant than this High Street, which stands "exactly as it did" a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago, all its colour faded and mellowed and harmonised. "Feelings" of any kind in these shrewd, practical days of ours are precious, and it is not an expensive thing to nourish and cultivate them. Long after they will return to us again and again, and supply renewed pleasure. Thus I shall always look back to that early morn in the Rochester High Street.

Near the entrance to the town I found myself pausing before the inn, "The Bull Inn," a long, sad-coloured building with an archway and courtyard and perhaps a mouldy tone, like an old piece of furniture. We could imagine that, in the old pre-railway days, this was a stately establishment enough, and, indeed, Boz's tone is that of respect almost reverential. What associations of another time, suggested by his name, come back on me! with the image of the bright, genial, and energetic novelist striding along the High Street, and doing the honours of the place. The spirit of Boz, indeed, pervades every corner of the place. Every building and notable spot has been quickened into life by his magic pen. It is extraordinary the vivifying and general interest this gives, for those who are deeply read in his books. A sort of "hallucination," against which you vainly struggle, seems to convey that all the incidents of the fiction have actually occurred in these places. With this feeling, then, I entered "The Bull," passing under its spacious archway, and began to think of Mr. Pickwick and his friends, and of all the quaint merry doings that occurred—it must be so—under its roof. Everything seemed in tone and in keeping—the great courtyard where the posting carriages used to lie up in ordinary—the queer little offices

see the great folk standing at the top. There was the little balcony at the bottom, some six feet above the floor; a little room or closet behind for the musicians, which Boz has taken care to note. This room is used still for dances, assemblies, dinners, &c.

It was now eight o'clock. I despatched the breakfast, paid the moderate bill, and went forth again. A day might be comfortably spent in Rochester, for there is much to see, but, like all such picturesque things, they are not to be seen within a measured period. We must live with them—grow familiar—then we begin to be interested and learn their particular charm. It is impossible to know or understand, say, a cathedral such as Canterbury or Antwerp, any more than we know any living person by a mere single visit. These monuments do not give up their charm to the first careless comer. There must be the feeling, too, that we can return and see it again and yet again. There should be the sense of residence. Rochester, it need not be said, lives again in the stories of Dickens, "Pickwick," "Great Expectations," "Edwin Drood," and "The Seven Poor Travellers." Between them all there is scarcely left a corner undescribed. He has perfectly caught the sentimental side of the place. In one of the Pickwick episodes there is a sketch of the Castle from the bridge, which leaves a sort of sad impression. The Cathedral is interesting and worthy a sight-seer's attention; but it is only after reading "Edwin Drood" that we look at it with a sort of tragic feeling and curiosity. I wandered in, finding the doors open even at that hour. It seemed bald, but was pleasing. Round it and from off it meandered away delightful little old-fashioned lanes and streets, with a charming row of cheerful little brick houses, with white sashes and carved doors, "Minor Canon Row," like its sister at Richmond, the "Maid of Honour Row."

There are various gate-houses about the Cathedral, and I make out the imposing Restoration House in the distance. Best of all, and perhaps the finest thing of the kind in the way of "wattle and daub," framed timbers, high roof and overhanging storeys, was the imposing and gloomy-looking Eastgate House in the High Street. The proper house for a story, I thought—it is so sombre, and the garden round it so dismal.

All this time I was wending along Chatham-way, through the cosy High Street, which it has been truly said "has quite an air of bag-wig and ruffles." Here at No. 47 you are told that James II., escaping from his son-in-law, was hidden, and made his way out at the back to the river, where he embarked. All the red houses are dingy enough: the pathways are raised high, here and there with

railings, the road lying far below. Here we come to "the Lines," and see, on the right, slightly swelling downs with corners of bastions, forts, &c.—in short, where was the review attended by the Pickwickians. One of these is Fort Pitt, where Mr. Winkle "met" Dr. Slammer. The whole tone of the scene seems to have been exactly caught by the novelist. Here is the row in which he lived during his hard childhood, Ordnance Row, a poorish sort of terrace, the houses small enough. But time was shortening, and I had to quicken my pace, for the morning express which I had anticipated was nearly due.

It was 8.45. Now we whirled down to good old Dover. Here we find the same "show" that is renewed morning, noon, and night *in sempiterna*; the embarkation, ever dramatic and picturesque, which has been going on for some hundreds of years.

Ten o'clock. It was a delightful travelling morning. There were not many passengers. Always fresh and novel is the Bay of Dover, with its amphitheatre and crested cliffs crowned by the Castle. It would need a Ruskin to interpret the feelings the scene inspires, which no doubt rest on a sense that here is the grand entrance-gate to old England—secure place of shelter and reception for the traveller. There is always the air of movement with one, too, of patronage and protection, different, perhaps, from the open, low-lying French ports, where you seem to intrude on some scenic gala going on, and feel you had better get out of the way.

By half-past eleven we were at Calais, that ever picturesque port, though now altered out of its old shape. I can never lose my interest in the scene at landing: the strange faces, uniforms, &c., have always a novelty. I dare swear no traveller, no matter how often he passes to and fro, gets over this first surprise. A landing in foreign parts to me is always new. With Sterne, one pities the folk that go from Dan to Beersheba, finding all things the same and monotonous. In this fashion of being pleased with little things, we not only keep from "rusting," but have a perpetual feast of entertainment. What you look for you will find. *I* found a piquancy which wiled away the moments in watching the French sailors, gay, good-looking *gaillards*, and in noticing their relation to the three or four English "salts" who were among them. The forced good-humour, the attempts to be sympathetic on the side of the "Britishers," showed that the relations were delicate enough. Thus puss and the fox terrier are sometimes compelled to be harmonious at the fireside, and nothing is more comical than their wary, distrustful looks.

At Calais I had time to see my second Cathedral: a

church which Ruskin has interpreted and almost sung. It is grimness itself, and, as he has pointed out, its old English steeple has become blanched and dried by the blasts and storms of centuries. As we wind slowly round the town in the circuit taken by the railway, the little place looks quite brilliant—with its clustered houses afar off—the ever charming and piquant steeple of the Town Hall, now hiding, now showing itself among the tiled roofs. This notion of a central object, spire, belfry, &c., belongs to the foreign town. Ours are all crowded, piled-up masses. The Cathedral turning its back to us, I noted the fine bastion-like masonry that rose from the ground, the buttresses, &c. We came at last to "Calais-Ville," the fine, new, and spacious station, which really belongs to the new semi-English town of S. Pierre, and to make which Richelieu's fine gate was levelled.

We now set off merrily—at 12.15—through the French country—the day bright, the fields "laughing." The look of those spreading fields is a sort of surprise, with the women in glazed hats standing at the level crossings, carrying their flag to "the present."

Boz's little paper, "A Flight," is one of the most perfect photographs of the journey from London to Paris. He has missed nothing. The reader feels as though he were being whirled along, and notes the changes in the day, the weary drawing on to evening, the look of the towns, &c. In about an hour's time we were passing those enormous cement factories which line the railway as we near Boulogne; the chimneys, houses, factory, and warehouses, all seemed smirched and splashed with this rich compost. We do not descend into Boulogne, and halt at the bright little Tintilleries Station far up the hill, so well known to the English. Many a pleasant dance we have looked on there, the lights sparkling among the trees. Here is my third Cathedral—the strange fantastic pile in the High Town, so extravagant and ignorant in its design and details; and yet, as Mr. Fergusson has said, so full of honesty of purpose, that it carries off these gross defects. That High Town, hackneyed as it is, is ever charming from its antique tranquillity and simplicity. It is a curious feeling, passing into such an enclosure. Once in the old days I came by a diligence from Boulogne to Calais—an ancient "ramshackle" three-horse thing. We were walking up and down hills all the time, and were the whole day on the march. We pass Wimmille and Wimereux, those curious little ragged places by the sea which are striving hard to become watering-places. They seem merely a num-

[illegible] boxes, with a few villas in' [illegible]elept, or miscalled,

chalets. About two o'clock the ground round us begins to gro leafy and luxuriant; we are drawing near to what seems an importa town. Looking up, I see rising above the gay-looking houses son cream-coloured, rich-looking cathedral towers, that seem lacewor and recognise that we are at Abbeville.

I "descend" at the busy station, which is full of modern lif from which I walk away towards the pleasantly old-fashioned tow in the distance. I wonder that people do not oftener give them selves such pleasant little treats as this. That seemed a perfect rur avenue, half a mile long, with fields and trees on each side and a fe houses. The avenue continued till it came to the entrance of th street of the town, which invited from afar off. The road was cross twice, once by one of the pretty canals of the Flemish sort, and, farth on, by the river. Houses rose at the edge of the water like those Bruges. This walk was a foretaste, for there were constant glimps of the soft, fairy-like towers inviting you on. The little town whi we now enter was a surprise—Samuel Prout all over. We do not fin such places on the beaten track. It has stood where it did, and of the old Provincial pattern, bringing back to me the French town of childhood—say, the hill over Havre, where everything was in sort of torpid, old-world condition. The entrance to the Hig Street, or "Great Street," as the French have it, is bright and part coloured, and the lines pleasantly broken, owing to the houses bein built one by one. We are led on gradually until we come to th beautiful Cathedral, which is at one side of the street, only lying little back; its charming tracery and lacework seem as thoug wrought in sugar. It is true Flamboyant, and on to the flankin towers are encrusted small corner ones. It must be an educatio for the natives to have such an object always before them—not pu away, or out of the way in a close, but actually within their touch as it were. I at once feel the truth of Ruskin's description: "The ver threads of the now thin and nervous stonework catch an ague o mingled wantonness and terror, and, Flamboyant with a fatal glow tremble in their ascent as if they were seen through troubled an heated air, over a desert horizon; and lose themselves at last in th likeness, no more as the ancient marbles, of the snows of Olympus but of the fires of condemnation."

Perhaps this is a little too troubled an image, where all seem perfect repose, but it is true and forcible, and also poetical. Enter ing, however, there is a sad shock; it seems like passing into some ruined old shanty. Only a portion, that to the front, has been com pleted, the rest has been patched up and covered in somehow. I

is, indeed, a disastrous spectacle of neglect, and the contrast to the outside is extraordinary, and even painful.

I had a pleasant three-quarters of an hour's stroll through this scenic town, which at every turn glinted with colour, and suggested the perfect truth of Prout's delightful water-colour drawing. There was the grand "Place of Arms," half filled or blocked up by a monstrous marble monument to Admiral Courbet, a worthy sailor of whom the world knows little. He is perched aloft, giving orders from his deck, on a sort of marble épergne, while below him are a number of struggling figures expressing admiration. He is out of keeping with the whole place, of which he was a native. At Calais I had found out that the honest old street in which Dessin's is situated had had its name changed violently from that of Rue Neuve to that of "Rue Admiral Courbet." I wish he were away.

There is a fine old inn here, where I should have liked to put up—the "*Tête du Bœuf*" or "Bull's Head" it was called. It had been an old mansion belonging to some great lord, and had a charming courtyard with an archway for entrance, and many handsome chambers. I lingered long before it, and could fancy the worthy natives trooping in at one or two o'clock for dinner every day, as is the custom in these primitive towns, and as I had seen it at the capital "Chapeau Rouge" in Dunkirk—the snuggest hotel I wot of, and I wot of many; the wine and fowls superlative. I remember asking the host for some of his wine to take away, which he declined in a rather suspicious fashion.

I found myself next in an old street where was a framed house with carved doorway, and covered with vines apparently; the mansion or residence of Francis the First, it was said. It was framed in black and white, tottering over the street in a decrepid way, as was natural in one of its great age. In these old French cities there are always forlorn, retired streets, rows of sound private houses with gardens behind, and quaint old doorways. These have a sort of solemn attraction, as though life were closing in for those who live in them. At the end you see the trees and rich greenery of the open country. At the bottom of one of them was an imposing old church which I had not time to explore. There is a quaint and pleasing belfry here beside the Town Hall, of the fifteenth century or thereabouts, which gives note of the Flemish origin of the place, for we are in French Flanders. The shops here have that gay, sparkling look which we often see in these old towns. I was tickled with the name "*Prudhomme*" over a shop—one which I had never

seen out of the famous novel. I noted, too, that every butche
shop was adorned with a pair of well-modelled golden bulls' hea
Had I had time I should have liked to wander, on this fre
sunny day, in the outskirts, crossing the little bridges, getting vie
of the town from the back, playing hide-and-seek with the fai
like towers of the Cathedral, but I had not many minutes to spa
so I turned back to the station.

It was now 2.47 P.M., and certainly it will be admitted I had r
been losing time. The train now came up, and we flew on our w
reaching the great cathedral city of Amiens at 3.30 p.m.

This was rather a change: here we were among the "up-to-dat
moderns. There was the Grand Avenue—an attempt at a n
boulevard—and in rather a raw condition. There was the savour, t
of the manufacturing town. The streets as I made my way
seemed rather dirty and uninteresting. Not very acceptable eith
were the new trim squares, close to the hotels, where the nativ
were sitting, trying to imitate the Parisians. The glory of the plac
our old friend the Cathedral, contrives to hide itself in the mo
successful way. In nearly every other town the towers or spires a
always deliberately asserting themselves. You cannot shut them o
Here you would not find them even on looking hard. It is,
course, a noble, overpowering thing—vain to praise and idle to co
demn. I relished much the Bishop's Palace and its fair garden
and that quaint brick building in the Close, very old-fashioned an
piquant. But within, how noble and superb! the first glance takir
in the whole interior. Something novel always strikes you on eve
fresh visit to such places, and on this occasion I was impressed b
the sense of its being richly and variedly furnished, as it were. He
there were compartments framed off with fine brass and iron *grille*
paintings, marble altars, and the rest. I once heard a Mass he
betimes of an ordinary morning, when the Cathedral was shown a
its proper function. It was a dramatic sight, the honest nativ
scattered about—the general stillness, the devout air. Some of th
violet-caped canons were in the superbly carved stalls. The richl
carved and decorated altar was put to its proper use. The Cathedra
seemed to come to life and movement. The starers or traveller
who come in at noon with their guides never *see* the Cathedral. I
is then, as it were, covered up and at rest. Who that has seen th
glorious Antwerp, or the still more glorious S. Gudule, at Brussels
at such an hour, when the richly-coloured panes, the carved columns
the oak and the shadows all fall into a sort of background for th
ceremonial, will ever forget it? Even the old Flemish-faced sacristan

—who comes and looses a rope under the tower and pulls—adds to the picturesque effect. You hear the tone of the great bell, muffled as if high up, and lost in the clouds and shadows of the tower. Outside in the town one notes the full clang.

When service is over the canons get up and go home. Some are very aged and decrepid, and totter as they lean on some younger brother. I watched some one or two enter what seemed their little poorish lodging in the Close. Their stipend, some forty or fifty pounds a year, would make our canons of York and Westminster smile.

I now wandered about for some time, not very much recreated. The Town Hall, where a "great treaty of peace was signed," is a heartless building enough, tamely modern, and dispiriting. I turned away, and sought the station. This Amiens station has a nightmare sort of existence, and never goes to bed; the buffet seems to be eternally open, trains are always coming up, and the English perpetually passing to and fro. I note a lady and her daughters getting out her boxes, and directing a porter in true Stratford-at-Bow French, which he respectfully accepts. She finishes with "*Own poo marcher?*" —that is, to the Hotel: as who should say, Can one *use* one's feet to get to the Hotel? *Aller à pied*, I presume, would be more correct, but he understood her. I liked, however, her air of perfect self-satisfaction, and fancy her saying, "*One should know French to go abroad.*" Seated in the carriage, I noted also a bluff old red-faced colonel—was it?—who was seeing off his dapper, bright son, in gay uniform, with whom he talked jovially to the last moment, and then embraced him cordially.

By 4.18 P.M. we are hurrying southwards. No longer on the "beaten track and through route," we jog along, stopping comfortably at every station in a very tedious fashion. Every station seemed the same as the last, and at every station one or two persons get in or out. Still, I like the provincial, "out of the world" tone of our progress. At one halting-place a stoutish, elderly matron, in deep black, and with strong-smelling baskets, is hoisted in, and begins almost at once, in querulous strain, to ask, "When, O *when*, sir, shall we get to Beauvais?" By-and-by she weeps to herself, and breaks out with exclamations, "Oh, the sad voyage, the sad voyage!" I begin to fancy that if there be anything "triste," it is "le vin," as our lively neighbours are fond of calling it when describing this maudlin, sorrowful stage. But I did the worthy woman wrong, for she told me her whole story, which was pathetic enough. She had been burying her daughter, beyond Paris, and

was now returning to a desolate household. As we were over tw hours together, I had every detail, and seemed to have assisted i person at the departure of the poor girl.

Not until a quarter-past eight did we reach Beauvais. It wa now the gloaming, which I did not regret, as it lends a picturesqu atmosphere for the first acquaintance with an old town. Th seemed a fine, impressive, "fat-looking" place. Between it and th station was a belt of trees and canals, which I found entirely su rounded the town, making a charming promenade. I could se perfectly where the old walls had been, the place of which had bee taken by this verdant promenade. These old cities can never quit obliterate the mark of their fortifications. Now, this was to be th most enjoyable visit of the day. It was all a novelty. I took m way up the street, "on speculation," as it were, that opened befor me, and saw that I was in a very old and picturesque place indeed The street was narrow, and wound a little, but every step was surprise. The houses were all mysterious and melancholy, broke up into shadows—most of them capped by heavy "dormers" of a odd pattern. They were in the shape of deeply-recessed hoods, an had a curious shadowy tone about them. I strolled on and on, an at last debouched in the noble, astonishing Place of Arms, a mos truly picturesque expanse, quite like the opening scene in an opera of vast size and variety, of irregular shape, and intruded on by pro jecting buildings. Here was many a striking house, with gable roofs; the Town Hall—modern it seemed—jutting out in the centre and a bronze heroine in the middle. Numerous little dark by-street led off from it in all directions. The scene, too, was full of associa tions—numbers were crossing the Place, or stopping to talk in groups a regular *va-et-vient*. The lights were beginning to glitter. I seemed the old provincial France all over. All were honest country town folk. I could not make out a single *restaurant*, and, indeed as Mr. Penley used to say in the play, "I wanted that badly." Fo during this long day I had only been able to snatch something a stray *buffets*. On lightning tours you must eat as you can.

I was delighted with this dramatic scene, and could have lingered but I followed a turning that led me straight to the literally over powering Cathedral. It was the most *astonishing* thing of the kind that I have ever seen. It is difficult to furnish an idea of this mass of stone—a mere fragment of a Cathedral, which rises like some huge cliff or crag. The effect was more astonishing and vast from its being seen through the shadows. There was something original in making its acquaintance in this fashion. Astonishing, too, were the

enormous crags that did duty as buttresses—perfect buildings, and seeming themselves to require to be buttressed—which gave it support. It was really not like a Cathedral, but more like some beetling tower or bastion—all height, and no length. It was too late to see the interior. We are told that this great monument was intended to eclipse Amiens, and was carried up so high as to overpower its supports, and fell in. It had then to be propped up with added pillars; the ambitious scheme, like other ambitions, "o'erleaped itself," and the work stopped short on the favourite church-building excuse, "lack of funds." Encrusted on to it I found a gloomy, frowning building—an ancient, stiff, and unadorned church of the eleventh century, which is called La Basse Œuvre: I have no doubt a great *curio*. Its simplicity contrasted strangely with the elaborate work beside it. I was more interested by the curious old building which rambled away to the back—a low antique structure, with vast and huge blackened eaves—a genuine antique, full of shadow and colour; it is really piquant, and is, it seems, the Town Museum.

Time was passing away rapidly in these entertainments, so I took my way down one of the winding streets, in the direction of the station, trusting that something would "turn up" on the road—and it did. I came suddenly into a large open place, and found myself confronted with a magnificent abbey church, which stretched right across from end to end. The *Place* was the Saint Stephen's, and the church that of the same saint. The variety of details—the broken lines, the towers, spires, and gables, were all in profusion. I could have liked to have lingered and gazed and walked round it; but I must push on. I came to the Promenade, which circled the town, and here were abundance of trees and flowers and grass and flowing water, all, too, lit up with lamps; behind, the shadowy old town. I passed the large building, which I was told was the great Tapestry Works. I came to the station. I had made friends with a burly ticket-taker during the process of passing in and out several times, and asking questions. He showed me about, and also the way to the restaurant, where there was a dinner at "fixed price"—wine included—neither wine, nor dinner, nor fixed price very good. At the side next the platform little tables were set out, where you could have your coffee, *chasse*, and cigar, and look on at the passengers passing and repassing—not a bad idea. As I sipped and smoked I recalled all I had seen in this busy day. Now the train was ready, and I set off on my return journey through the night.

About 9 P.M.; there was nothing eventful, and I had the

carriage to myself and my thoughts. I find them generally not bad company, and might say, as the old Dumas did at a party, "Je serais bien embêté *sans moi.*" Here, at half-past ten, was Am again, and the railway-station, with the devouring tunnel at one I paced the platform patiently until the Paris express came clatt in. Then we flew on and on in right good style, until at 1.30 good old Calais was once more reached. I always relish that hour's wait on the pier, as the trunks are being got on, the r shining, the sea calm, the electric lights competing with the n the pretty station as background.

The hotel here, brilliantly lit and comfortable, seemed to you to stay. But the word is "on and yet on, through the r away with a shriek, a rattle, and a roar," as poor Boz used to it. There was a crowd of passengers, and very welcome wa gentle doze after the long and what ought to have been fatiguing It seemed but the usual "forty winks," when with the dawn we entering Dover Harbour—the slate-coloured sky breaking with and purple. Here were the two ponderous trains waiting to wel us. It was just four o'clock. So long and leisurely was the pa into the two trains, that being unburdened with luggage I set o walk it up to the town, and a curious promenade it was.

There is, of course, a certain section of the Dover commu always awake and moving at these small hours. I passed num of living beings. Lights were everywhere. Here was Diver's "D Castle Hotel" right in the way, its door hospitably open, and a up ready to capture anyone like myself that passed. The crow vessels seemed to be slumbering in the harbour. There was a fect stillness, and the air and light were clear and inspiring. On way I had a rather bizarre encounter, and met what was perhaps last thing one would have thought of meeting at such a time young fellow on a bicycle! He stopped to ask, "*Which was road to London?*" I told him, and we fell into talk. He had c over, he told me, in the boat, had been "riding" in Belgium. had an appointment on business in town at noon. He did not k the number of miles which he would have to cover. He mounted his machine and set off cheerily. It was a curious fe to find oneself in that lonely station, where, however, the restau and other offices were all duly open, lights flaring, the tea and c getting hot, and waiting girls bustling about. They seemed t taking things leisurely down at the Pier, for it was long before well-laden trains at last came rolling in.

At half-past four o'clock or so we set off, the day being now

declared and bright. We flew through the pleasant Kentish country. I looked out for Canterbury—always inviting, and saw the elegant snowy-looking Cathedral, revealing afar off a thing of grace and pleasure. Cathedral town it is called, but it is so placed as always to seem a little village, clustered round the feet of the Cathedral. The green luxuriant country seems to come up to it quite close. This was the eighth Cathedral I had seen in the twenty-four hours: Westminster, Rochester, Calais, Boulogne, Abbeville, Amiens, Beauvais, and Canterbury! Finally, a little after six we were entering Victoria Station—only a few minutes after the train I had departed by on the day before had started; and thus my lightning tour of twenty-four hours came to an end.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

ON THE WRITING OF HISTOR

ALL men by nature are historians, for in their memory they p the tale of that small world in which they play their p And, as Carlyle has said, we, in great measure, speak but to narra our conversations are small histories. So it is with the greater w beyond. No rudest nation but can somewhere show the first be nings of a history, in keeping with itself and with the times. looks across his shoulder at the past, and everywhere sits dow Clio's feet to learn the lessons she alone can teach, that vast experie which is her own. True, he looks forward also, till it almost se that his strained eyes can dimly shadow forth one or two obj looming in the mists; but yet his province lies within the past. Bacon says, his history makes him wise—the study of that nar track which lies in partial sunshine, which all men have trod in t brief march between the two unknowns.

And yet this Clio, whom all men admire, this eldest daughte the memory, this goddess moving calmly and serene amid the bu of a jarring world, is little better than a wayward child who tel tale to suit the hearer's ear, and changes with the ever chan times. She stands apart from all her sisters, boasts of truth, and her daring falsehoods gains belief. Among the Muses she wo play the part of the unsullied puritanic maid, yet she will look full within the eyes and, without flinching, she will roundly Napoleon's bold assertion, that all history consists of fiction wh men have agreed to hold, possesses something strangely near the tr and it is not the wild, rash statement which at first it seems.

When Matthew Arnold laid his hand upon the two great falla which most of all mar our poetic judgment, he likewise exposed errors which have probably done most to turn man's mirror from level to oblique, so that the moving scenes we watch within are distorted and unnatural. For, on the one hand, we must t account of the inevitable personal and strangely subtle element each man's work, which unmistakably affects the whole. Stran says Carlyle, in his "Heroes," that "for any man the truest fact

modelled by the nature of the man," just as the colours and the forms of light are those of the cut-glass through which it shines. It is not history that we have read but some man's thoughts about it, who has viewed it from a standpoint quite peculiarly his own, which no one else can ever wholly share, and which is also utterly diverse from that of the great actors in the scene. Admitting that he starts unbiassed, which is rarely so, granting that in all earnestness he strives to gather from the facts his theory, and not to make these facts fit in with any preconceived ideas or conceptions of his own, still his whole training, his entire past life, his outlook on the world, his very rank, must bring their subtle influence to bear; his likings and antipathies creep in almost before he knows it; while he paints, *his* features and *his* portrait will appear, till in the very greatest scenes the mere historian holds a foremost place. We look on the old world through other's eyes, and everything is tinted by their hue.

The wider aspect of this personal and narrow element bears further fruit. The true historian is surely one whose prejudices have been worn away, and who is not the member of a state, rather a citizen of the whole world. Yet nothing can be more apparent to an honest mind than that the orthodox and credited account of any nation's story must, within its bounds, be subject to a censor, which is found in national hereditary bigotry and pride, which readily omits or condones all its failures and defeats, and pushes into prominence its virtues and its gains. The rank official falsehood which, it has been said, was solemnly proclaimed in China to explain the war—that inundations swept away the forts which should have checked the Japs upon the march—is after all a history of its kind. And we have little cause indeed to scoff, when every nation has a Clio of its own, and when their chorus makes complete discord. "It often seems to me," says Froude, "as if History was like a child's box of letters, with which we can spell any word we please. We have only to pick out such letters as we want, arrange them as we like, and say nothing about those which do not suit our purpose." The sluggish Saxon nature, which was recently aroused to celebrate Trafalgar, sees no ground at all for questioning with whom the triumph lay; and yet Lord Rosebery has pointed out that in the list of Spanish victories, which hangs in the Museum at Madrid, Trafalgar's name appears among the rest—which is indeed a proof of many things, but chiefly how impossible it is to hope for universal history.

There is a tale that Raleigh once looked out from the Tower windows, watching a street brawl, of which he afterwards heard three accounts, which, diverse in themselves, agreed to differ from his own

report. So is it with all history. For the authorities are men who, when they wrote, were more or less within the thick of it, and biassed towards some side, some hero, or some cause. They were too close to accurately gauge that which was passing round them; while they wrote their minds were blinded by their passions, till they only saw that which they wished to see, or little else. Their knowledge at the best was not exact, and, as it is passed on from age to age, it grows more dim, more vague and shadowy still, till the few facts are fain to hide away their slim proportions in a goodly mass of more or less exact imaginings. Time, as it passes, carries much away, and we can faintly realise the past. The standpoint has been shifted since those days, and we look out on things with other views than those of half a century ago. The world is moving forward, leaving far behind the thoughts and feelings of our ancestors, yet we would judge them by our standards and our views, moving among a peruked multitude and dreaming they look out through modern eyes. Yet it is not so, and between us lies a growing gulf, impassable and fixed, which with the years is slowly widening out. True, human nature is at heart unchanged; true, at the bottom it is still the same; yet each age has its meaning and its creed, which those who follow can but strive to spell. The spirit of an age dies with the time, and cannot be requickened into life.

"Friend," said Faust, "the times that are gone are a book with seven seals; and what you call the spirit of the past ages is but the spirit of this or that worthy gentleman, in whose mind those ages are reflected."

The second error Matthew Arnold notes is that which he has termed historic, and which has its rise in misproportion of the several parts, by bringing into notice minor things, and slurring over what is really great. In history this fault is plain enough, for, with a strange persistency, historians have hung around the palace and the throne of kings, and chronicled the gossip of the Court. Infallibly the noisy things attract them, so that no small war that ends in bloodshed, and in little else, can ever lack its due historian, while those greater things that grew in silence slowly towards the light escape their notice, or are lightly touched. It is no gross exaggeration to maintain that the chief crises have been left unsung, man's greatest benefactors lie unknown, their very names forgotten in the past. The life of Tamerlane is known to all, his conquests and his ghastly pyramids, and yet not one in twenty knows the name of a far greater man of that same age, who revolutionised the whole wide world, not by the sword, but with his magic types. And that vast genius, who

unlocked for us the mighty world that lies within the brain, the greatest of inventors, who first wrote, is known by nothing but his monument.

As Froude would have it, man must change the style in which he thinks and writes about the past. It is a drama to be watched with awe, and we must let the actors say their say, and play the parts assigned them, and not interject what *we* think as the play goes on. For we must definitely understand that these men are not merely tapestries, or "gods who sit among their perfect work," but flesh and blood, with hearts and minds like us, who sob and laugh and struggle through their life, men whom it is our business to make live as far as limitations will permit. For, like it as we may, the fact remains that history is but the record of our great men's lives. True, as Mazzini shows us, they are not alone, erratic blocks of granite in a sandstone age. In them the thoughts and feelings of the times, which dimly shimmered in all lesser minds, are focussed, concentrated, and flash forth. They are the spokesmen of the voiceless mass from whom they have come forth, from whom they draw the inspiration which still urges on. They are the signs and products of the time; could we but understand them we should have learned all. But how to do this is the question to be faced. It is impossible, says Thackeray, who argues that at best we can but guess as to the character of these great men. We start with wrong impressions and misjudge, or after years of intimacy some stray word can change our whole conception of a man. We have no perfect knowledge of ourselves—γνῶθι σεαυτόν is impossible. What hope then is there we can ever know those men, who move among the far-off mists, about whom jarring histories exist, which cannot be reduced to unison! "O venerable daughter of Mnemosyne," he cries, "I doubt every single statement you ever made since your ladyship was a Muse! For all your grave airs and high pretensions, you are not a whit more trustworthy than some of your lighter sisters on whom your parliament look down."

True, perfect knowledge is impossible. And yet it were not well to cease attempts, and shut the door between us and the past. Some vague dim outline is accessible, and it is worthy of our closest search. Clio must cease her boasting, humbly own the part her bright imagination plays. Yet she has something still upon her screen when all the fiction has been wiped away, and one can see her business is to write as nearly fiction as the facts admit. For fiction is the truest history. The manners and the customs of the time are there embedded, like some Pompeii through which we

wander with a wondering awe, like men born out of season, living in the past, amid old men, strange faces, other minds. Dip into the "Spectator," and we straightway walk the streets of the old London once again. The link-boys flash about us, fade into the dark; the chairmen slowly bear my lady home; my lord is roistering down the nearest street, his very song is carried to our ears; the wits are laughing in the coffee-house; and to admiring footmen soldiers show the scars of Blenheim or of Ramillies. If it is possible, it must be here that we can catch a glimpse of those old days.

As to the lessons history can teach, Froude has declared that there is only one—that this world has been founded, and is fixed and governed upon purely moral grounds. So that the crowd is after all proved right, who nightly clamour in the theatres that vice must be outwitted, virtue must prevail. Their only error is impatience. They must have it now—in history one sometimes has to wait. Yet as we watch the moving pageant, though right often falls, though wrong seems finally to triumph, retribution comes, it may be quickly or it may be late. "The Duke of Weimar told his friends always to be of courage; this Napoleonism was unjust, a falsehood, and could not last. It is a true doctrine. Injustice pays itself with frightful compound interest."

Another lesson history makes plain—the majesty of failure. Through the past there have been men who sowed and never reaped, reformers who have struggled for the right and saw no outcome to their lifelong toil, men who fought hard and failed. Yet they were far from useless. By their very fall they guided those who followed what path *not* to take, and made the success nearer and more sure. The history of Russia has a tale that once her soldiers filled a deep-dug moat with their own bodies that their friends might pass across the quivering and living bridge—and who shall say that they who stormed the town were more heroic than the men who died?

And, finally, all history has been one long self-revelation of our God. It is a fallacy to idly dream He left the world two thousand years ago, for those who listen closely still can hear His footsteps softly passing through the night.

ARTHUR J. GOSSIP.

OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

THERE is, or was, a notable Frenchman—and only one—who divided his holiday time with equal zest between the Parisian boulevards and the London suburbs. Living or dead, he deserves well of us, for he did unusual homage to that practical compromise between Art and Nature which is a principal, if little recognised, feature of our national healthy-mindedness.

Our vast suburbs, from which is recruited the bulk of the citizen manliness that keeps the full-blooded metropolis vigorous and sound-winded, are a characteristic institution whose significant importance is not always estimated at its pre-eminent value. Despised of the West End and unrecognised of the shire, they have not the artificial exclusiveness of the one, nor the narrow provincialism of the other, and thereby hangs the tale of their virtues. For the intellect and culture of the town radiate through them from the central sun of life, while the country is at their back doors to keep them natural.

Yet, for the credit of fashionable judgment, it must be admitted that there are two distinct species of suburb, whereof that lying immediately without the charmed circle of "Society" may justly merit the stigma of its lazy contempt. For this submural aper of chartered snobbery—this tumorous outgrowth of the town itself—the muddy "fringe upon its petticoat"—like an idiot thief escaping from its walls, bears away in its ugly cockney arms whatever of its trumpery characteristics it can lay hands on, and, in imitation of its masters, grimaces like Simon Tappertit in ruffles and garter ribbons.

The other species—originally exiguous villages situated more or less upon the outskirts of the great city—self-contained hamlets that have marched doubtingly on to meet the invading prosperity, and have at length been absorbed into it, as are rolling pellets of quicksilver into a pool of the metal—is the properer kind of suburbs, stalwart in the virtues of their race. Here the independence of the old world shakes hands with the enterprise of the new. Here are traditions and ancient buildings enough to assert a little history of

their own, and character strong to stand upon its good, broad feet without the assistance of disdainful neighbours. These are the flowering margins that take the sun outside the circle of dry rushes gathered about the populous pool of life—those shabby sedges that are for ever imitating the rustle of silk garments.

Such a suburb I love to wander about on a balmy morning; to meet the breath of its broad common wafted through wholesome streets; to loiter in and out the marketing throng that hovers like flies about the motley windows of its warm substantial shops; to happen here and there upon a venerable building, some red manor-house or stained old church, tolerant of the more ambitious architecture at its elbows in the consciousness of its own antiquity. Life is clean in such a place, and the blue hills of El Dorado are never far distant.

But most admirable is it in its manifestation of the national love of flowers. Surely we shall not cease to be a great people so long as we keep this characteristic. It impressed Washington Irving long ago, and it has grown with the growth of the population since. I swear you will never see in any land but England a coalheaver plunge his grimy nose into a rose blossom with æsthetic ecstasy. I believe in no other country do pallid, gutter children so beg and pray a bud of you when you carry a posy through the streets.

An Englishman's front garden is the measure of his character, and willy-nilly he exhibits his nature in his choice of flowers.

Turn with me down this pleasant road. It is so arboured in with a young avenue of sycamore trees, that at first sight we see little of the double row of houses flanking it. They are only cockney villas, in a mixed style of architecture that would drive culture crazy; yet they are far more suggestive than a terrace in Belgravia.

It is a happy July morning; great clouds are loitering through a holiday sky, drawn to the sun like sea birds to a lantern, and circling round it in lazy arcs. An old woman in a clean apron is crying "Lavender! sweet lavender!" in a resonant, accustomed voice from door to door. Outside a gate a bright-haired, black-stockinged little girl is nursing a blinking fat fox-terrier as if it were a baby, and singing:

> See-saw up and see-saw down!
> The sleepiest dog in London town!

The squares of front garden are nearly all in bloom with a variety of flowers. Here are hollyhocks like little curly heads in immense starched ruffs—pert Elizabethan courtiers or preposterous clowns, as your fancy chooses; evening primroses, each flower holding, as the

fading sunset holds the evening star, one luminous crystal set in the heart of its lemon gloom, with a tiny beetle to keep watch and ward over it, like the dwarf that guards at the North Pole the great slumbering diamond which is the keystone of the world: sweet peas "on tiptoe for a flight." Their owner is without doubt a fine liberal-handed fellow of broad views and pleasant disposition, a little rough and untidy, perhaps, but the sort of friend you would like to go to in an emergency.

Here are orderly rows of calceolaria, their globes swinging like little lighted Chinese lanterns; mossy lobelias blue-eyed with staring at the sky, and spicy-hot geraniums holding themselves stiffly aloof from the rabble. This householder is a bit of a parvenu, perhaps; wears a heavy watch-chain, and is inclined to turn up his nose at the social stratum he has climbed from. He is a suburban Spenlow in his insistence on orderliness, wears spatterdashes over patent-leather boots, never sheds a waistcoat button, and his affairs will be found in hopeless confusion after his death.

In this draggled patch of ground we find "thrift" flowering meagrely, and "honesty" that will never renew the green promise of its youth till the scales fall from its eyes. A hard-fisted fellow lives here, we are sure—a fellow who prides himself upon never having cheated any man, much less himself, of a spark of sentiment. He asks no credit for that, nor will he give it for anything. We can picture him—a tall, dry-jawed figure, with eyes like boot-buttons, and a nose so large that, when nipped with cold, he has perpetually the misfortune to appear a caricature of himself.

The garden next door flaunts tall baskets of scarlet and nothing else save a square patch of untrimmed lawn. But the [illegible] smell of all the summer lies in each ruddy blossom, and the owner, we know, some overworked clerk, yearns often in his heart towards that fragrant country boyhood of his before the nip of necessity drove him from the hills and orchards.

One front there is, and one only, which is barren of flowers of any kind, having been floored with cement over all its little space. The vulgar Philistine here is out of his element. He has no more right of place in this sub-rural retreat than had Sancho Panza in the duchess's drawing-room.

A little lower down the garden is a perfect arbour, so ablaze with motley jewels of blossom, so overgrown and kissed in with creepers and over-lapping shrubs, that little of the house itself is visible save in glistening glass and a crown of picturesque gables. A generous, green-hearted fellow, no doubt, but, we fear, one of

those improvident irresponsible Troys of existence who are constantly building for themselves gay palaces of sand that their next tide of caprice washes away. When an empty house is suddenly tenanted by one of these breezy, apple-cheeked gentry, and we see him exhibiting extraordinary skill and despatch in the matter of transforming its barrenness into a cunning bower of beauty, whistling to himself the while, we always expect to see the bill up again in the window of that house within a month or so. And look! here to be sure is the board half hidden in a weigela bush! The pretty tenement is to let, and Master Jack-o-dandy is blowing his bubbles elsewhere. The next-comer, if he be a solid householder, will probably trim the creepers and crop down the garden like a very barber of respectability.

We have come to the end of the road, and turning sharp to the right, the common lies before us. A hurrying groom almost dashes upon us, and stops breathless to ask if we have happened upon a truant dog that has given him the slip. We have seen many dogs, and inquire what was he like? The groom is puzzled. He sucks in his mouth and passes his hand thoughtfully across his bristling lips. Finding no inspiration there, he tilts his cloth cap, and rakes over his stubbly head with crookt finger-tips. He is an innocent-faced man, with brief, black whiskers like tags to keep a wig on.

"Like?" he says; "why—" he brightens and sets his cap straight—"like a fox terrier with a bushy tail—what they calls a colliery dog."

We have seen no animal answering to this description; nor, of course, has anyone else. The groom hurries on, and becomes breathless again in a moment. Later he passes us once more, with his recovered charge in hand. It is a lithe snap-jawed collie, and we see at once he was right about the tail.

This particular common proves, when we emerge upon it, to be nothing else than a long broad slope of grass, crowned as to its summit—from which one may enjoy a wide pictured view of a noble campagna ending in a blur of Surrey hills—with gorse bushes, a railed horse-pond, and some fine Lombardy poplars. The original village, or part of it, from which the suburb has walked townwards, lies grouped at the foot of the declivity, as if its stones had been spilled there from the upper ground in ages past, and taking root where they fell, had sprouted into a pretty disorder of little shops and cottages. Old inhabitants allude to this quarter as "the village" still, in contradistinction to the modern town which shoots from it as an oak from an acorn.

It is one o'clock, and our stroll has made us hungry. There are confectioners and publicans galore about the place; but our needs are not for such. This queer little old tavern will suit us. It adds a zest to bread and cheese and ale to have to descend one step below the street in search of it, and receive the homely deference of Mrs. Shepherd, "Licensed Dealer in Beer, Tobacco, and Cider," for appetiser. Hers is a good old-time house of call for waggoners driving their lazy teams to and fro between London and the mid-Surrey farms. Here, at primitive wooden tables—mere plank slabs laid upon trestles—do these taciturn Jehus munch their blocks of bread and cheese and gulp their swipey quarts. They are mostly respectable men of few ideas, and their clothes are redolent of muck-yards. But a fund of amusement is often to be got out of them if one goes the right way to work.

A bright little tinker's barrow is standing outside as we enter. A comfortable plump jackass, bemused with thought, is harnessed to it, and all its brass, from the stamped bosses on the good donkey's bridle to the grindstone guard and the funnel spout of its dripper, is polished to the last twinkle.

The tinker himself, a stout unclean-shaved man in a white apron smeared with kettle-black, is having his dinner in the common-room, and is the only present occupant of it, with the exception of a queer elfish boy sitting beside him, whose solemn dirty face peers out of an old crushed chimney-pot hat, as a caddis-worm looks out of its pipe. He is reading aloud from an old dog-eared volume, against which his arms are crossed on the table, but stops as we make our appearance.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," says the tinker, his knife upraised in his fist, which rests upon the board, and his cheek bulging like a monkey's pouch. "Stow it, Abimelech! You find us in the pursoot of knowledge, gentlemen."

"Praiseworthy," we say. "Don't let us interrupt you."

"This here boy," says the tinker, "is the oasers of his father's 'art, barrin' the green which he ain't got none of it."

"He looks knowing," we venture.

"Knowin' ain't the word for it, gentlemen. This here boy brings his mind to the wheel of edication, sets the sparks a-flyin', and blass me if it don't come out as sharp as a furrit's tooth."

"Wasn't he reading to you?"

"Readin' to me? he allus *is*. He rides the moke while I walks alongside and steers her, and all the time he's a-spoutin' out of some book in a way to make your mouth water. His idea, gentlemen—

for our mutial edication and enjoyment. He's heart and wittles to me, is that boy, and I dunno now as I could put a edge to so much as a pair o' scissors without his voice to take the time by. Ain't it so, Abimelech?"

"That's it," says the queer boy.

"We've got anigh through the history o' England in the last fort night, we have," says the tinker, looking admiringly at the elf; "and it's my opinion that there ain't a pint in it that one can't ask another answer."

"Not a pint," echoes the queer boy.

"Ah!" says his father, fondly; "the edication in that there little body! I'll lay there's not a—not a——" he pauses suddenly, perplexed for a word; "s'elp me if I can call to mind his name, and I've got a friend in the line, too. *Wot's* a man as stuffs?"

"Alderman?" we suggest, faintly.

"No, not that."

"Stowaway," says the queer boy, with an ingenious confusion of ideas. His father draws aside so as to regard him triumphantly.

"Who'd have thought o' that but him?" he gasps; "but, no, it ain't that neither. Blass me! him as stuffs dead animals!"

"Oh! taxidermist!"

"That's the ticket! I'll lay there ain't a taxi-what-d'yer-call-em as can fill a skin as full o' tow as his is o' larning. Why he's got the kings and queens as pat as his alphabet. Who had the head cut off of him, Abimelech?"

"Chawly Stooart," answers the shrill changeling, promptly.

"What did 'Enery one die of, Abimelech?"

"A surfeet o' palfreys," says the queer boy.

"Bless us! he must have been a hippophagite," we put in mildly.

"That's as it may be," says the tinker, looking puzzled, "but"—his countenance clearing—"we ain't set on g'ography, me and my son."

We are very much pleased, and pursue our new "edication" to the end. But the tinker has to be on the move again shortly, and gives us "Good-day" genially as he leaves the room. The queer boy follows, but we stop him as he passes.

"Are you masculine or feminine?" we whisper.

"Neither," he answers indignantly, and the crown of his crushed hat is the last thing we see as he vanishes through the door.

BEVIS CANE.

EARLY LONDON CONCERTS.

WHILE the varied fortunes of London opera can be gathered from the pages of memoirs, and other works dealing with the social life of past times, another branch of musical history has been comparatively neglected by the chroniclers. We know how society was split into factions on the question of the respective merits of Handel, and Bononcini, Cuzzoni, and La Faustina. The enthusiastic reception of singers like Farinelli is summed up in the famous ejaculation of a lady in one of the boxes, "One God and one Farinelli!" We can picture to ourselves the brilliant scene that the Opera House must have presented at a period when no sombreness had as yet invaded male attire, and when those in high position were marked off from lesser men by a distinctive dress. But no such glamour is cast over the early history of concerts. In strange contrast to the present time, when as many as fifty-six concerts of different kinds have been performed in a single week of the London season, is the obscure beginning of these entertainments. Music was a luxury beyond the reach of all but a favoured few in the days when John Evelyn was invited by Mr. Roger L'Estrange to hear Baltzar, the "incomparable Lubicer," on the violin, or dined at Arundel House, to listen to "excellent musiq perform'd by the ablest masters, both French and English, on the orbos, viols, organs, and voices"—composed purposely for the Queen's Chapel. But the general public had little opportunity of listening to music of a high class. "Half a dozen of fiddlers," says Sir John Hawkins, in his "History of Music," "would scrape 'Sellenger's Round,' or 'John Come Kisse Me,' or 'Old Sir Simon the King,' with divisions, till themselves and their audience were tired; after which as many players on the hautboy would in most harsh and discordant tones grate forth 'Green Sleeves,' 'Yellow Stockings,' 'Gillian of Croydon,' or some such common dance tune, and the people thought it fair music." At a much later period we are assured that one of these songs—"Old Sir Simon the King"—with others such as "Bobbing Joan," and "Sir George, He was for

England," amused Squire Western in his cups—for he never relished any music but what was light and airy. The numerous foreign musicians who visited this country at the Restoration, though they may have hindered the development of a school of genuine British music, undoubtedly did much to raise the tone of the performances then thought good enough for the public. Years, however, were to elapse before the art freed itself from the associations of the tavern, and vocal and instrumental music could be heard without the fumes of tobacco smoke, or an accompanying clatter of pewter-pots. John Banister, a son of one of the "waits" of the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, was probably the first to set on foot concerts to which the public were admitted on payment. King Charles II., following the example of the French Court, possessed a band composed of twenty-four violins, led by Baltzar, a native of Lübeck, who settled in England about the year 1656. Banister, who had been sent by the King to further his musical education in France, was, on his return, appointed leader of the Royal band at a salary of £40 per annum. This post, however, he eventually lost for some remark adverse to the appointment of French musicians, and to his dismissal we no doubt owe the idea of starting public concerts, which he then conceived. The rumour of Banister's ill-humour had reached the ready ears of Mr. Pepys, and an entry in his Diary informs us that "the Kings viallin, Banister, is mad that the King hath a Frenchman come to be chief of some part of the Kings musique." The journals of the time contain various notices of the concerts which Banister now proceeded to hold at his house "over against the George Tavern in White Fryers." The first of these was announced for December 30, 1672, to commence at four o'clock—"and every afternoon for the future precisely at the same hour," so runs the *London Gazette*. Some years later we hear of him still giving musical entertainments at "The Academy in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields." An interesting account of the arrangements at his concerts was gathered by Dr. Burney from North's "Manuscript Memoirs of Music." "Banister having procured a large room in White Fryers, near the Temple back gate, and erected an elevated box or gallery for the musicians, whose modesty required curtains, the rest of the room was filled with seats and small tables, alehouse fashion. One shilling, which was the price of admission, entitled the audience to call for what they pleased. There was very good music, for Banister found means to procure the best bands in London, and some voices to assist him. And there wanted no variety, for Banister, besides playing on the violin, did wonders on the flageolet to a thro' base, and several

other masters also played solos." About this period that eccentric individual, Thomas Britton, the "small-coal" man, did much good service to the cause of music. Coming up as a boy from Northamptonshire to London, he became apprenticed to a vendor of small coal in St. John Street, Clerkenwell. Some years later we find him still living in the neighbourhood once sacred to the Knights Hospitallers —at the north-east corner of Jerusalem Passage, in a house upon the site of which the "Bull's Head" Inn was afterwards erected. In the stable attached to this dwelling he established in 1678 a musical club, which was not long in gaining celebrity. Access to this unpromising abode of the Muses was gained by a ladder-like staircase on the outside. The scurrilous Ned Ward, his neighbour, made sarcastic allusions to it: "His hut, wherein he dwells, which has long been honoured with such good company, looks withoutside as if some of his ancestors had happened to be executors to old snorling Diogenes, and that they had carefully transplanted the Athenian Tub into Clerkenwell, for his house is not much higher than a canary pipe, and the window of his state room but very little bigger than the bunghole of a cask." But enthusiasts were nothing daunted by the odd surroundings of the place, and cheerfully climbed to the little room where Banister played the first violin, and Dr. Pepusch the harpsichord—"a Rucker's virginal thought the best in Europe"—and, above all, where Handel might occasionally be heard at the organ. Much interest was aroused in the individuality of this coal-vendor, who, besides his passion for music, was something of a bibliophile. Prior has recorded his praise in verse—

> In Greece or Rome sure never did appear
> So bright a genius in so dark a sphere—

and his likeness is preserved to us on the canvas of Woolaston. Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," says that the opinions concerning him were various. "Some thought his musical assembly only a cover for seditious meetings; others, for magical purposes. He was taken for an atheist, a presbyterian, a jesuit." This club continued to meet on Thursdays for nearly forty years. Admission was for some time free, but eventually, as Walpole records, "the subscription was ten shillings a year. Britton found the instruments, and they had coffee at a penny the dish."

Thoresby, writing in the year 1712, informs us that on his way home one day, he "called at Mr. Britton's, the noted small-coal man," and there heard "a noble concert of music, vocal and instrumental —the best in town, to which most foreigners of distinction for the fancy of it occasionally resort."

Music-lovers, however, at this period were not entirely dependent on the enterprise of Britton. The concerts set on foot by Talbot Young, at the sign of the "Dolphin and Crown," in St. Paul's Churchyard—then a celebrated haunt of musicians—soon attained a considerable popularity. Later on they were held at the "Castle Inn," Paternoster Row—once an ordinary kept by Tarlton, the celebrated comedian of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The house was destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt on a larger scale, when its great room, handsomely decorated, was used for concerts. Here, as Sir John Hawkins tells us, "auditors as well as performers were admitted subscribers, and tickets were delivered out to the members in rotation for the admission of ladies." At times they hired second-rate singers from the operas—this form of entertainment having slowly but surely gained a footing in this country.

Concerts given by Italians were fairly frequent at the close of the seventeenth century, the newspapers of the period containing many advertisements relating to them. Thus, in 1692, the *London Gazette* informs the public that "the Italian lady (that is lately come over that is so famous for her singing), though it has been repeated that she will sing no more in the consort at York Buildings, yet this is to give notice that next Tuesday, January 10th, she will sing there, and so continue during the season." York Buildings, in the Strand, was a favourite spot for the holding of concerts, and was only rivalled by Hickford's Dancing School, in James Street, Haymarket, an establishment largely patronised by the fashionable world. The following year we find Signor Tosi calling attention to his "consort of musick in Charles Street, in Covent Garden, about eight of the clock in the evening."

The year 1710 is a famous one in the history of English music, for it not only saw the founding of the "Academy of Ancient Music," but witnessed the arrival of Handel, the forerunner of the many famous foreign composers and performers who have nowhere found a warmer welcome than in this country. "Rinaldo," his earliest opera, was produced during the following year. The Academy, which grew out of an association formed at the "Crown and Anchor" Tavern, in the Strand, was for some time under the direction of Dr. Pepusch, who was engaged in the orchestra at Drury Lane, and later on married the celebrated singer, Margarita de l'Epine. It is not surprising, when we remember that most of the best music of the period was Church music, or produced under the auspices of the Church, to find the members of the Academy recruited from the ranks of the gentlemen and boys of St. Paul's Cathedral and of the Chapel Royal. For eighty years or so this institution pursued its

somewhat chequered existence. Handel's "Esther," which had been composed for the Duke of Chandos's Chapel at Cannons, was performed by this society during Lent, and its success led to the custom of performing oratorios regularly during that season. The author of the "Messiah" was the first to introduce organ concerts into England, and in many ways gave a much-needed stimulus to the taste for sacred music. The programme of a concert given at Drury Lane, in May, 1722, for the benefit of Signor Carbonelli, a celebrated violin player brought over to this country by the Duke of Rutland, gives us a glimpse of the kind of performances in vogue in the days of the First George. The programme was divided into three acts, or parts as we should now call them, the first of which consisted of "a new concerto for two trumpets, composed and performed by Greno and others, and a concerto by Signor Carbonelli." In the second act was to be found "a concerto with two hautbois and two flutes," as well as "a concerto on the base violin, by Pippo." The third part included "a solo on the arch-lute," by Signor Vebar, and "a new concerto on the little flute," together with "a concerto on two trumpets, by Grano and others" in conclusion. Each act also contained, by way of variety, a song by Mrs. Barbier. Carbonelli, it may be said in passing, was a favourite pupil of Corelli.

Besides formal concerts a feast of music during the summer months was provided at the various open-air resorts. As far back as the days of Mr. Pepys, Vauxhall was known to fame, and mighty diverting it seemed to him to hear the nightingale and other birds mingling their strains with those of the fiddlers and harpists, while the fine folk laughed and strolled about. Among the numerous associations of this spot, which seemed an earthly paradise to our forefathers, those connected with music and song are not the least interesting. For these gardens Dr. Arne, the author of "Rule Britannia" and "Where the Bee Sucks," composed many a song, some excellently interpreted by his wife, the celebrated singer, Miss Young. Others were first heard from the lips of Thomas Lowe, who rendered "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind," better than even Beard. While Handel was producing his numerous operas and oratorios, Vauxhall—or Spring Gardens, as it was then styled—was at the height of its fame, and was often reached by water from Whitehall Stairs. Marylebone Gardens were also popular, while in May, 1742, Ranelagh was opened for evening concerts with Festing as leader of the band. Here appeared one of the finest singers of the day, in the person of John Beard, [illegible] the tenor parts in the "Messiah,"

"Israel in Egypt," and other works. Dibdin considered him, taken altogether, as the best English singer. On the stage his fame equalled that won on the concert platform, the character in which he appeared to the greatest advantage being Macheath in the "Beggars' Opera." The principal lady vocalist, who also excelled in oratorio, was Guilia Frasi, whose portrait is sketched by Dr. Burney: "Young and interesting in person, with a sweet clear voice and a smooth chaste style of singing." Her application and diligence, however, seem to have left something to desire, for the story goes that Handel, on hearing that she intended to study hard, and learn thorough-bass, exclaimed, "Ah! vaat may we not expect?" Meanwhile, Mrs. Cornelys drew the world of fashion to her Assembly Rooms in Soho Square. In February, 1764, we find her announcing "a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music." Many others were subsequently held here, in addition to balls and other entertainments. Two years later she secured two excellent musicians, Bach and Abel, to direct her concerts, and it is not surprising to hear that her society nights were so well attended that she was obliged to make a new door in Soho Square. This period is one of considerable interest in the annals of London music, as witnessing the arrival of the future composer of "Don Giovanni." Four years had elapsed from the death of Handel, when the Infant prodigies, Wolfgang and Marianne, accompanied by their father Leopold, arrived in the capital and took up their abode in Cecil Court, St. Martin's Lane. The king's birthday, June 5, 1764, was considered an auspicious occasion for the first introduction of the young composer and his sister to the public—their previous appearances having been made at Court. The notice in the *Public Advertiser* informs us that "at the Great Room in Spring Garden, near St. James's Park, Tuesday, June 5, will be performed, a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music for the benefit of Miss Mozart of eleven, and Master Mozart of seven years of age, Prodigies of Nature." This venture was attended with success, and in the same month Wolfgang played pieces of his own composition for the benefit of a "Public useful charity," at a concert given at Ranelagh.

The times, however, were not propitious for artistic enterprises. In January of the new year the king was seized with an alarming illness which lasted to the beginning of April, in addition to which the Spitalfields weavers were discontented, with the result that, for three days during May, London was in the hands of a riotous mob. Owing to these unpropitious circumstances, a concert given by the Mozarts at Hickford's Great Room, in Brewer Street, met with little

encouragement. From this time the father invited the public to test the youthful prodigies in private every day from one to three o'clock at his lodgings, in Thrift (that is the present Frith) Street, Soho. The result of this appeal, however, not being entirely satisfactory, they turned to the City and tried the "Swan and Hoop" Tavern, in Cornhill, the price of admission being reduced to half a crown each person. Before leaving the capital, the Mozarts visited the British Museum, to which Wolfgang presented his six published sonatas and a manuscript madrigal, entitled "God is our Refuge." For these six sonatas, written for the harpsichord with accompaniment for the violin or German flute, and dedicated to Queen Charlotte, the young composer had received a sum of fifty guineas. In July, 1765, the family left London *en route* for The Hague, their visit having produced little effect save that of interesting musical amateurs such as Daines Barrington. The young Wolfgang had been a nine days' wonder, and many years were to lapse before his music appeared almost as a revelation to musicians in this country. A fashionable singer of this period was Tenducci, a friend of the Mozart family. At Ranelagh no one was more popular, one of his chief successes being gained in Dr. Arne's "Artaxerxes." In company with that composer he travelled to Scotland and Ireland, and while in London received enormous sums for his performances. Some years later it had become the fashion, according to Walpole, to go to Ranelagh two hours after everything was over. "You may not believe this," he writes, "but it is literal. The music ends at ten and the company go at twelve." This practice induced the authorities to fix the commencement of the concert at a later hour than before. At this time the more serious side of music was by no means neglected, as we gather from the establishment of the "Concerts of Ancient Music" on the lines originally suggested by the Earl of Sandwich. Until the close of the century its concerts were held in rooms in Tottenham Street, on the site of the future Prince of Wales's Theatre. For several years they were held in the concert-room of the Opera House, and were finally regularly given at the Hanover Square Rooms. For some time this establishment—now a club—had been managed by Sir John Gallini, the Court dancing-master, in a similar fashion to that of Mrs. Cornelys. Masquerades, "festinos" assemblies, and so forth alternated with more serious musical productions. The opening of these rooms, which were in after years to gather round them so many musical associations, was inaugurated by a concert given by Charles Abel and John Christian Bach, a son of the great master of counterpoint. Abel was chamber-musici[illegible]d

Gainsborough has painted him playing on his favourite instrument, the viol-da-gamba. King George III. was often present in Hanover Square and extended the royal patronage to the ancient concerts, writing out the programmes of the performances occasionally with his own hand. The Queen is said to have had a chamber added to the side of the Great Saloon, which was given the name of the Queen's Tea Room, its large gilt looking-glass being a royal gift. The pieces performed at these concerts were obliged to be at least five-and-twenty years old, all modern music being thus rigorously excluded. Out of the efforts of this society the famous Handel Commemoration of the year 1789 was successfully started. Many favourite singers appeared at these performances, such as Mrs. Billington, whose mother, Mrs. Weichsel, had been one of the most popular vocalists at Vauxhall, and Madame Mara, who sang Handel's music as no other of that day. During this period, James Hook (the father of Theodore the Wit) was organist at Vauxhall, and in his time, which lasted far into the present century, a wonderful succession of singers appeared at the gardens, including Mrs. Dickons, who, as Miss Poole, when only six years of age, had played Handel's concertos, and Mrs. Bland, unrivalled in her rendering of ballads. Then there was Charles Incledon, the ex-man-of-war's man, who excelled in "Black-eye'd Susan" and "The Storm," which he sang in character as a sailor. He appears to have been somewhat awkward in manner and not free from vulgarity, according to H. Crabb Robinson, who, after meeting him one day on a coach, wrote: "Just the man I should have expected—seven rings on his fingers, five seals on his watch-chain, and a gold snuff-box." The interest of the history of London music now centres to a great extent in the visit of Haydn.

The recently-established professional concerts were in need of a conductor of note, and Wilhelm Cramer, the violinist, who had attained considerable fame in this country as head of the king's band and leader of the opera, bethought him of Haydn, and wrote to engage him at any cost. After various abortive efforts to win the composer from the comfortable retreat of Esterház, he was at length pursuaded by the musician Salomon to visit London. On his arrival he first took up his abode at Bland's, the music publisher, at No. 45 Holborn, but soon afterwards removed to rooms prepared for him at No. 18 Great Pulteney Street, the residence of Salomon. Near here, at Messrs. Broadwood's, is shown a room in which Haydn used to retire to compose. At Salomon's he would appear to have appreciated the arrangements made for his comfort, especially with regard to the *cuisine*, which was under the direction of a foreign chef. We find him,

however, complaining of the late hour at which Londoners dined, though to us six o'clock might seem uncomfortably early. In March, 1791, he conducted the first of Salomon's concerts at the rooms in Hanover Square, and in this and the following year he brought out the first six of his Grand Symphonies. For many years Salomon was among the foremost musicians in the metropolis. During Mara's first season in London he conducted and played solos at all her concerts. The *Morning Chronicle* called him a genius, and asked whose violin playing approached nearer the human voice? When an old man he was still full of enterprise, and took great interest in the foundation of the Philharmonic Society. Great enthusiasm prevailed on the occasion of the first of the Salomon-Haydn series of concerts. Madame Storace sang, while Salomon led the orchestra as first violin and Haydn presided at the pianoforte. From Great Pulteney Street, which perhaps was too noisy for one of his quiet loving disposition, the great composer removed to a house in Lisson Grove, then, true to its name, a country spot not too near to the town and yet not quite beyond it. Here he kept up an intimate association with his many friends, among whom were Dr. Burney, who had greeted his arrival with a poem, and the young J. B. Cramer, who in after years assisted in establishing the Philharmonic Society. Space would not permit to speak of the numerous festivities attended by Haydn, the most important of which was the Handel Festival, when a thousand or more persons were present. Seated near the Royal Box, he enjoyed to the full the singing of Mara and Storace, and as the Hallelujah Chorus from the "Messiah" burst forth, he is reported to have wept as a child, exclaiming "He is Master of us all." Full state was observed on this occasion, and the *Gazetteer* announced that ladies would not be admitted in hats, and were particularly requested to come without feathers and with very small hoops, if any. We next hear of flying visits paid to the country, and a stay at Oxford during the Commemoration, when the honorary degree of Doctor of Music was conferred on him at the instance of his ever-faithful friend Burney. In November he attended two Guildhall banquets given by the departing and incoming Lord Mayors, and has left in his diary an account of his impression of them—the heat, the smell of the lamps, and the conviviality of the male guests, who sat about in the ball-room drinking, singing, waving their glasses, and shouting "Hurrah!" without intermission all through the night. At this time he also witnessed a performance of marionettes at the small, but elegant, Fantoccini Theatre, belonging to Lord Barrymore, in Savile Row.

[illegible] Prince Esterházy,

he was no doubt interested in this species of entertainment, with which he was familiar at home. We next find him visiting the Duke of York at Oatlands, and bearing away with him a favourable impression of the young Duchess, who before her marriage had been a Princess of Prussia. During his stay Hoppner painted the portrait of him which is now at Hampton Court. On his return from a subsequent visit to Cambridge, his services were in frequent demand at concerts. Among others he conducted some given by Barthelemon, who had some years previously led the band at Marylebone Gardens, when Miss Catley was delighting her auditors with her rendering of ballads. During this period much attention had been paid to Haydn in royal circles; he attended several Court balls, and the Prince of Wales had been present at the second concert of the Salomon series. His more intimate friends included the Bartolozzi family and John Hunter, the surgeon. The wife of the latter had musical tastes, and at her receptions in Leicester Fields the German composer must have met the most prominent figures in the world of letters and of art. To this lady he dedicated a series of canzonets, for which she had written the words. The younger Bartolozzi was devoted to music, and this was a strong bond of union between the composer and the father of the lady who was destined to charm the town for long as the wife of Armand Vestris, the dancer and ballet-master of the King's Theatre. To the wife of the elder Bartolozzi, the celebrated engraver, Haydn dedicated some of his compositions. In June, 1792, with the end of the London season, Haydn brought his first visit to this country to a close, and returned to Vienna. A little more than eighteen months were to elapse before his return for the last time to our shores. Meanwhile, the attempt of the directors of the professional concerts to create a rivalry between Haydn and his favourite pupil Pleyel missed its mark, the author of the "Creation" being present at the first of his pupil's concerts, when the programme included one of his own symphonies as well as one by his pupil. At this time the Academy of Ancient Music, which was somewhat of a survival from the past, closed its career, while a series of vocal concerts were set on foot by Samuel Harrison and Charles Knyvett. On Haydn's return to London, Salomon's concerts were still being held, but under a new name—the National School of Music—in the King's Concert Room, recently added to the King's Theatre. Here Haydn conducted his own symphonies, the "Surprise" being a special favourite. He was once again frequently at the Queen's concerts at Buckingham House, and attended at Carlton House as many as twenty-six times. The Prince of Wales often took part in

the orchestra on these occasions, while the Duke of Cumberland played the viola and the Duke of Gloucester the violin.

Though no hard and fast line can well be drawn, the earlier period of the history of concerts in the metropolis may be said to have already come to a close. Good music was no longer a luxury for the rich alone. With the increase of population, wealth had become more widely diffused, and a large middle class had grown up. In subsequent years the composers and musicians, who flocked to this country in ever-increasing numbers, found no audiences more appreciative than those of London, and in no capital were their efforts more handsomely rewarded. As Haydn remarked with regard to a concert given for his benefit during his second visit, "It is only in England that one can make 4,000 gulden (£400) in one evening." And in later years, Mendelssohn, even amid the genial surroundings of Naples, could write of his "smoky nest" in Great Portland Street with affection, "fated to be now and ever my favourite residence—my heart swells when I think of it." The love of concerted music had become as firmly established as had that of oratorio, and with the broadening of artistic sympathies this form of entertainment, started so tentatively by Banister, has been destined to win an ever greater measure of popular favour.

GERALD P. GORDON.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

Es giebt problematische Naturen, die keiner Lage gewachsen sind in der sie sich befinden, und denen keine genug thut. Daraus ensteht der ungeheure Widerstreit, der das Leben ohne Genuss verzehrt.—GOETHE.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF, like that wild horse which gave Mazeppa so rough a ride, was a "Tartar of the Ukraine breed." She was a thorough Russian, but upon her strong inborn and inherited qualities were superimposed French culture and intensely modern feeling. Born at Poltava, November 11, 1860, she died in Paris, October 31, 1884. Her father was a married Lothario a connubial Ranger. Her mother was beautiful, lazy, affectionate, kind; but had to separate from an unendurable husband, and to take refuge with her father, the grandfather of little Marie, who, all through her childhood and her youth—she had no more of life than youth—was spoiled and petted by grandparents, by mother, and by aunt. The child, softly beautiful and rarely gifted, grew up as a little despot over loving relations, who were her inferiors in talent, in charm, in force of will, and strength of character. That strange, complex character of hers unfolded itself in weakness and in force, and forms a subject well worthy of study and of analysis. From a very early age Marie commenced a diary, which contains, perhaps, more *Dichtung* than *Wahrheit*, but which, as it is possible to attain to a perception of the truth through conscious and unconscious perversion of fact, presents us with a strange *bizarre* record of a short, sad, many-sided life of singular complexity and of morbid interest. Her character is not admirable, or even lovable; but it is, nevertheless, highly interesting. The one key-note which dominates all the harmony and all the discord is a strain of diseased egotism and esurient vanity. Her whole life is overshadowed by a colossal dæmonic *Ego*, which prompts and warps action, which poisons and depraves feeling, which renders success abortive, love a purgatory, and religion a mockery. Her temperament was perfervid, violent rather than strong. She was passionate rather than petulant; and, while full of ardent impulse, was coldly calculating. Her tempera-

ment created the dark shadows which fell so early and so deeply round her young and fevered life. She was self-torturing, self-consuming. Self appears in every trait of character, but she wholly lacked self-control. She vibrated with emotions, sensations, ambitions, longings, dreams, but she was absolutely destitute of altruisms; she was not affectionate or tender, and felt but little love of or care for others. Her brother Paul would seem to have been a very commonplace individual. Marie was keen, eager, full of vitalism and desire, but had no patience, resignation, humility. She was so adorably clever that she could hardly be anything more than clever. Self so dominated her that her ways were not ways of pleasantness, or her paths paths of peace. She cared for happiness rather than for blessedness; and the self-love which was her motor shut her out from the fruition of joy. She could not suffer and be strong. She was mutinous, unsatisfied, and had no conception of *Entsagung*. Her ideals and requirements were essentially vulgar, though veneered with delicacy and complected with luxury, elegance, fashion. Her self-love, if not her self-conceit, could be easily as painfully wounded; and, in this sense, she was sensitive.

She was always contented with herself, if not always with her lot. Defiant and rebellious from the very intensity of her self-esteem, and longing for distinction, her passionate, arrogant, eager, self-seeking nature impelled her by its own impulse, as the racehorses which run at the Roman carnival are urged forward by the spurs which they bear upon their backs, and apply by means of their own speed. She must, even in her early youth, have been a most bright, winning, capricious, whimsical, and exquisite dainty little lady, with a physical charm half voluptuous, half piquante; with gay, clever, daring talk, and with large grey eyes full of mischief and of meaning. A born coquette, she pushed flirtation to a fine art; and, in order to please herself, she delighted in pleasing—that is, in pleasing men, for she did not greatly care for women. She was elegant, graceful, delicately and fastidiously well dressed, and had the gift of witchery and power of irresistible attraction—though it may be doubted whether fuller and larger knowledge of her character would have deepened her attractions. There was no shyness, no embarrassment, no *mauvaise honte* in the self-possessed, dangerous young charmer. She had gifts of beauty and of charm which were fatal—to herself even more than to her lovers. Yet, when she pleased to be so, she must have been very pleasant. She could intoxicate and subdue, even if she could not hold her adorers. She took pains to "show off," and to be brilliant in conversation; and she understood well how best to display

her personal allurements. Her insincerity would not be perceptible to a too readily enslaved admirer; and she had such self-command that she would never go further than her calculation desired to go. She lived in a whirlpool of sham passions, but never caught either a noble man or a nobleman by rank. Her tentatives of ambition, as of love, remained futile. Beatrix Esmond had the same fate.

Mademoiselle Marie has left a diary, published since her early death, which, alike through genuineness and falsity of feeling, is a singularly interesting self-record. Through her truth and her affectation we can form to our minds a tolerably complete picture of her eccentric and unhappy nature. She expresses herself even better through writing than through painting. The diary starts with grandiloquent professions of exact and absolute truth; but this was a quality which the young lady did not really possess. She is fond, she says, of analysis, and tends to be introspective; but she herself is a problem to herself, and her introspection remains shallow, because she cannot dig far down without striking upon the adamantine rock of her selfish self. She cannot see very much of herself, because there is so much in her that is not real, and she has not the single eye. She is capable of exaggeration, but not of comic exaggeration, because, like most heartless and self-absorbed persons, she has but little humour, and therefore never sees life in large relations.

Let us let her speak for herself through extracts. "I think myself too admirable for censure." "I am pretty as an angel, or a woman." "This journal is the most useful and instructive of all books that have been, are, or ever will be written." "I consider myself a treasure of whom no one is worthy; and those who dare to aspire to this treasure are looked upon by me as hardly worthy of pity. I consider myself a divinity, and can't conceive how a man like G—— can dream of pleasing me. I would hardly treat a king as an equal, and it is well. . . . I consider men as a cat would a mouse." "I would rather be in society than be the first among the world's celebrities. A great lady, a duchess!" Surely no greedy little soul was ever more inflated with vanity, or more inspired by the confused ambitions of a disorderly mind. Naturally enough, mademoiselle, who writes in many varying moods, sometimes contradicts herself. Her chief problems in life are herself—and Fate. She is in an attitude of constant defiance and revolt, blended with eager yearning. "I have a gigantic imagination, and, without suspecting it, am the most romantic of women." Oh, mademoiselle, how you do love to pose! how you desire to produce effect! "The matchless fairness of my

complexion is my chief beauty. I feel that I am beautiful, and fancy that I shall succeed in everything." She does not dislike fictitious grief, or object to be sad for very wantonness. "I like to cry, I like to be in despair, I like to be sad and miserable." "Eagerly seize what you can of life . . . never lose an instant of pleasure; lead an easy, exciting, and splendid existence. . . . Be powerful; yes, powerful! powerful! No matter how! Then you are feared and respected; then you are strong, and that's the height of human bliss." Such are some of Marie's ideals. Hard as her nature is, she has soft moments. "I am charmed with myself. My white arms beneath the white wool, oh, so white! I am pretty." "Vanity! vanity! vanity! the beginning and end of everything; the sole and eternal cause of everything." Later she says of her paintings: "I exhibit out of vanity." Truly, this young girl walks in a vain shadow. The meek shall inherit the earth, and her outrageous self-esteem will prevent her from attaining the success for which she pines and yearns. It was her wish to enjoy infinitely, and to fulfil every wish so fast as it was conceived. She rages because the universe does not seem to be created only in order to satisfy her desires; and she expects from life more than life can give. "I swear that I will become famous; swear by the Gospels, by the passion of Christ, by myself." Then she asks: "Why does not Prince Orloff, who is a widower, fall in love with and marry me? I should then be ambassadress in Paris, almost Empress." Her ideals are of the earth earthy. Grandiose as trivial, pretentious as frivolous, the lovely young Russian has no elevation of soul, no nobleness even in her dreams and reveries. Her thoughts of love, as of ambition, are poor and slight.

Speaking of herself as a journalist and diary-keeper, she says, self-admiringly, but truly, "I do not fall short for want of fine terms." Like Madame Roland, or even like Nana, the sensuous girl takes an extreme and self-complacent delight in her own physical beauty. "My body, like that of an antique goddess, my Spanish-looking hips, my small, perfectly-shaped bosom, my feet, my hands, and my child-like head." She poses gladly before a mirror, and records that she spent twenty minutes or half an hour in looking at her pretty self in a glass; and the sight gave her real delight. In all that she does or says, there is individualism so intense that it attracts and holds us greatly. A slight thing in very essence, she is strong in her personality. Her first love-dream occurred at Nice, when she was a very young girl. She did not know him, but she saw, and fell in love with, the English Duke of H——. It was not so much his personal

qualities which attracted her, but rather his position, his wealth—his stately pride. He was *grand seigneur*, and an eligible *parti*. This mock passion laid strong hold upon the fantasy of the precocious child, who never spoke to the duke, but worshipped him from afar. He married, and her idle dream turned to futility.

She had a fine voice, and her first art desire was to be a singer—rich, popular, triumphant, caressed. She would rather have been a *prima donna* than a *prix de Rome*; but this dream of success and glory on the lyric stage faded away in the great early sorrow of the loss of her voice. This affliction drove her strongly into a desire for a rich marriage. In her feverish fantasy she thought that she should like to wed the Czar, with a view to save his throne, and to bless his people; but it may well be doubted whether mademoiselle cared so much for throne, or for people, as she did for her seducing, greedy, ambitious, pretty little self.

Marie reveals herself unconsciously. She is scarcely conscious of the very essence of her own character, of her ambitions, of her desires; but she can depict that which she believes that she believes. She wrote, too, in a foreign tongue—in French, not in Russian. Love, of a sort, is about to happen to Marie; an *amour*, which is at least more serious than her fancy for the Duke of H——, is now to chequer and to colour her restless, feverish existence, so desirous of excitement, so anxious to dazzle and to subdue. She fell in love—so far as she could love—with one Pietro, the nephew of a cardinal in Rome. We know well the kind of young Italian that poor Pietro was. Well connected, profligate, poor, passionate, with the romance, if not with the reality of passion, the unhappy, slight boy, who could say tender things, and roll fine eyes, was not the man for Galway, and failed to win his capricious, calculating, heartless mistress. It is true that in the account which we possess of this love story, the *lionne* is painting the man; and the fair recorder is not wholly trustworthy. The dialogues which she so cleverly recounts are too dramatic and too neat to be quite convincing. The after bitterness of her allusions to Pietro is so great that she must, at one time, have cared somewhat for him. As she depicts their love relations, she shows that she was playing a pretty little comedy, but, in her desire for self-exculpation, she does not see that she paints herself as a heartless coquette. His weak, sensual nature was no match for her cool wary calculation. With her tongue she spoke doubtfully, but she lured him with her eyes, and flattered him with her caresses. She took a luscious delight in playing with passion up to the very edge of danger; but she was so hard that she could trust to herself for safety

Lovely, brilliant, witching, she led the youth on, and maddened him with the hope of successful passion. She could allure and inflame, and yet remain out of the shot and danger of desire. She applies to her lover the effective Italian taunt of being *figlio di prete*; she calls him a "wretched son of a dog and a priest." "No, I never loved him. It was merely the result of a romantic imagination in quest of excitement." With her unfeeling indifference to the sufferings of others, she would not let him go, and yet would not grant him his heart's desire. It pleased her to be tyrannical and despotic. Pietro was sceptical, but superstitious; priest-ridden, but not religious. "I loved his love of me," confesses the cool enchantress, revealing one of the strangest qualities of her nature. She was then sixteen, but in knowledge of the world, in force of will, and general development, she was much older. The lovers fell apart; perhaps without much harm done to either; but the rupture seemed to come from the gentleman's side, and Marie was in a fury of wounded self-love, and in a terror of scandal. The report of such a termination to a violent flirtation might injure her chances of ambitious marriage. But courage, Marie! you are magnetic, and will have other similar distractions and *amours*. Still, the lady does, I think, protest too much when she records her loathing of the kiss which Pietro planted upon her not unwilling and charming lips when they parted for ever. She desired revenge, and dreaded injury to her reputation; and it is possible that the joy of many a cigarette was spoiled for Marie by memories of that abortive *amour*. "A few tears make me look rather beautiful on the whole," says the occasionally cynically frank lady. From Rome to Russia; and her sketches of Russia and Russians are unusually vivid and lifelike. Of her father she writes: "I must accustom this man to me, must make myself pleasant and necessary to him;" and she succeeds in her aim. She is called in Poltava by the pretty Russian caressing name of *Moussia*, and she becomes there at once a despot and a pet. She plays a striking part.

Of course there are flirtations and passions. One of her unhappy adorers touches us with a quite peculiar pity. This is an honest and a loyal gentleman, whom she calls "Pacha." He was modest, diffident, tender; and I fancy him looking at us with that noble sadness which we see in the eyes of a stately and worthy dog. He met with a dog's treatment; but bore it in uncomplaining silence, if with a sore heart. The little enchantress led him on to love her, made him love her, and when he did love her, repelled him with mocks and taunts. In his modesty he scarcely thought himself worthy of a

woman so beautiful and bright; but he was the truest admirer that Marie ever enchained—and flouted. It is surely a most ignoble thing in a fair woman to seduce men to worship her merely for her pastime and for her sport, and then to dismiss them, wounded and abashed; but Nemesis waited upon the heartless flirtations of the fair and witching Marie, for she never succeeded in retaining the love of a true man, or even was successful in achieving a splendid marriage of ambition. The hateful little creature—for hateful she sometimes is—speaking truth on this subject, says: "The more a man suffers for love of you, the happier you are." The sufferings of the "Green Man" gave her real pleasure. "Do you notice"—she asks this of readers of her diary—"do you notice this fierce vanity, this eagerness to set down the ravages one causes? I am a vulgar coquette—or rather—no; a woman, that's all." "I feel quite happy." The chapter of Marie's love is an unpleasant theme. She loved herself too well to be capable of love.

Again she records: "It is by mean acting that one rises. The finest actions are done for self."

These passages express her most real convictions. She, always fond of being talked about, thrust herself upon the notice of Victor Emanuel, and the woman-loving monarch was gracious to the audacious but attractive little beauty. Her ambition had hoped much from her fine voice, but when this organ failed her, she, impelled by the parching thirst for renown, turned to painting. The larynx could no longer serve her turn; but the little hand—which she finds so fair—was yet at her command as a winner of reputation and "glory." I do not think that she had any real vocation for painting, but she was extraordinarily clever, and could assimilate readily. She tells us, "I do not think that I am fond of my art; but it was a means." "If I don't win fame quickly enough with my painting, I shall kill myself, that's all." She did not pursue painting in order to give delight to others, or even for its sake, or for the sake of her own delight in it, but merely with a view to satisfy her own selfish vanity and ambition; and yet any person who gives some strenuous labour to art, and strives to attain to its triumphs, becomes elevated, and transferred in some degree, at least, to a sphere of abstract interest, uplifted above mere self-seeking or paltry objects. Marie became a student in the art school of Julian, and liked the novelty of her position. In a studio like that of Julian, great favour would be shown to a pupil who was a young lady, charming, socially distinguished, and wealthy; who drove up to the place (mostly rather late) in a handsome *coupé*, and who could excite envy and

admiration by appearing in the studio in the expensive and elegant dresses in which she went into society. We soon find Julian and Fleury duly impressed, and dining frequently with Mademoiselle Bashkirtseff.

Their encouragement of the brilliant new pupil was sympathetic, but the Professor's praise, which was tolerably warm, was not always strong enough wholly to please a young lady who had so exalted an opinion of herself. She records complacently all the compliments and praises that she could obtain or extort; and she seems to have worked for a time with characteristic hard energy, thirsting all the while for what she termed "glory." "I feel mad when I think that I may die in obscurity." Her art intercourse with Julian and with Fleury reminds us, not unpleasingly, of the relations between Frances and Crimsworth, in Charlotte Brontë's "Professor." The artful little minx pretends to be highly deferential to the masters, and gravely serious in the pursuit of that art which, with her, was merely a means to an end. The painters were subjugated—as Marie intended them to be.

Happiness, in the right sense of the word, was probably impossible to a mind always fevered by vanity and disquieted by self-love; but yet Marie Bashkirtseff had, at this time of her life, many causes of happiness. Her mother and aunt were devoted to her, and all her whims were law. She was young, fair, witty, clever, rich. She had opportunity and leisure to follow the pursuit of her choice. She had a good digestion and a bad heart—had nearly everything wanting to her bliss; but all her life was poisoned by vanity and conceit, and she had but little of rest or of true joy. Her *Ego* obscured her prospect of happiness. How many other art students, perhaps of greater talent, were lonely, poor, miserable, gaining no patrons by means of beauty, wealth, or charm, and struggling onward through depression and dispiritment, hoping against hope, and modestly trusting only to merit and to work. Marie never thinks of these. Self-absorbed, it was not her way to think of the sorrows or difficulties of others.

And now our fair false heroine is embarked in a new activity, in a pursuit which may absorb, and so tend to cure one sick of self-love. Oh, the fire and the fever! the alternations of ecstasy and despair which agitate the soul of Marie! She has her disappointments, her depressions; but then also she has her triumphs and her joys. She wants patience to finish her work. She would like to begin twenty things at once, and to complete them all very quickly. She has talent, bright intelligence, and quick observation. She can

comprehend readily and apprehend rapidly, and she is divided between hopes and fears, between bright ecstasy and dark doubt. Painting is not an easy thing, and even genius needs genuine labour. She tends to the naturalistic, to the realistic in art. It is significant that her favourite author is Balzac, while Zola perhaps is second in her estimation. She complains of her "violence of artistic emotion." Indeed, all her feelings and longings were violent. She comes to the conclusion that "the execution is everything." . . . "But the sentiment, don't you see, is in the workmanship, in the poetry of the execution, in the charm of the brush." Bastien Lepage becomes her idol, and influences her ideas and her work. It is not probable that she was very lovable to the other pupils in the studio. With her scorn of poverty and jealousy of merit, she could feel no affection for her fellow-workers, who were her rivals without being, as she thought, her equals, either personally, socially, or artistically. Mademoiselle Marie was often gracious to the common people, because it gave her pleasure to pose as a benevolent princess, and to receive homage; and she may have had occasional sunny moods in the painting room, pleasant moods which would be succeeded by fits of *hauteur* and leaden-eyed dislike; but she would not be popular or really liked. To the professors she would always be winsome and caressing.

Still, she worked, in her febrile, passionate way, but even art did not wholly detach her from an old amusement. Flirtations went on with M. or N. "It is amusing when you feel that you are making some one love you." The born coquette could not resist the delight of conquest. She was not in earnest in these artificial *amours*, but her victims were often seriously captivated, and little Marie cared nothing for their pangs. In her portrait, which conveys the idea of her fascination of conscious charm, you notice the shallow hardness of the speaking eyes. From time to time she still contemplated a marriage of ambition, and as Paris did not afford her suitable matrimonial chances, she thought of going to St. Petersburg to achieve there the kind of alliance by which her worldly fantasy was allured. She even envied the wife of Rothschild. The world was too much with her.

But her life of painting brought her one sorrow, one sore trial, which put rancours in the vessel of her peace, and nearly ruined all her joy in art. Marie was proud, but it was not true pride, since her soul was possessed by a mean, furious jealousy of her greater rival, Mademoiselle Breslau. This young lady, who has since made her mark, had few external advantages, but was greatly and deservedly

successful. She would not seem to have been beautiful or brilliant, could not compare with Marie in wit or charm ; she was poor, and not in society ; but she had modest talent, she worked incessantly and zealously, and she defeated the many-advantaged little Russian. It is not too much to say that Mademoiselle Marie hated Mademoiselle Breslau. In no part of her conduct is Marie more hateful than in her treatment of this successful rival. In her embittered envy, Bashkirtseff speaks of "that creature, Breslau." Marie complains that God is cruel to her ; but she forgets how cruel she is to relatives, to lovers, and to rivals. The success of Breslau is wormwood to the passionate resentment of this good little hater, who actually rejoices when Breslau produces a picture which is less good than her other work. Marie is an odious little savage in her relations with the much meeker, more truly gifted, and more wisely industrious Mademoiselle Breslau. Her conduct in this respect is an unpleasant revelation of Marie's very inner self. Poor Marie ! she did so ardently desire to be the first pupil, to gain the first prize, to paint a picture which should create a quite startling sensation—and then that Breslau was always in her way, achieving the things for which Marie strove. "The very thought of that girl makes me uncomfortable. I feel her to be a force against which I am breaking." One of the most distinctive features in the character—a character so complex, and yet reducible to such simple elements—of Mademoiselle Bashkirtseff, is her religion, her relations to the Unseen

Wie Einer ist, so ist sein Gott ; and this girl's God was merely an omnipotent machine who could answer all her prayers, and grant her all her desires. But He did not seem to hear the one, and apparently did not grant the other. She is thrown into wondering anger, into enraged surprise. "It is I, God ; it is I !"

Many men have more faith than they themselves fully know of ; and perhaps this young lady may, in some sort, fall under that category ; but she certainly is impious and mutinous. She is a rebel against God. Her vain, flighty little soul is incapable of reverence, of awe, of patience, love or trust. She chiefly cares for God in order to get what she wants out of Him. Her prayer embodies only her vanity. There is an insufferable levity and familiarity in her way of speaking of the Deity. If He will not give her all that she wants, and give it directly, she flies into sarcastic rebellion and revolt. A few extracts from the thoughts about God, which she has had the audacity to record, will best paint the attitude of her soul towards its Creator. Her indignation is so singularly strong that few utterances of her unstable Her

theology is lacking in faith and hope: "I do not wish to preach religion out of goodness, but God is a very convenient institution." To pray "commits us to nothing, disturbs nobody. . . . Whether He exist or no, we are absolutely bound to believe in Him, unless we are quite happy, and then we can do without Him." "God is an invention which saves us from utter despair." "I was about to swear before God, but I am not quite sure that He exists. If God exists, He could not be offended with my doubts, which are only an avowal of my ignorance." She has been "a Deist, with days of absolute Atheism. But the religion of Christ, according to His own words, is very little like your Catholicism, or our (Russian) orthodoxy." "A week ago I gave 1,000 francs to the poor, and Heaven is rewarding me for my money." "I am now horribly stricken down—and stricken down with the most refined cruelty." "I am lost, I am done for—and in what a fearful rage!" "Except for my constant disrespect towards my family, who do not deserve it, I have nothing to reproach myself with." She had to apply a blister, which left a stain upon her neck; a stain which, when she was in evening dress, had to be concealed beneath a bunch of flowers worn over the right collar-bone; and this apparently slight annoyance provokes from this presumptuous and insolent soul the frantic outburst, "God is wicked!" Marie, ungenerous and ungrateful, did not think of coupling thanksgiving with request, and she prayed amiss. "God, not being able to give me what would render life possible to me, gets out of it by killing me." Poor girl! But we feel for her a tenderness which she never felt for anyone, because we know that, during all this time of struggle and of defiance, the "shadow waiting with the keys" is slowly, but surely, drawing near to the unhappy girl, who, so full of vivid life and of strong desires, is to die so young; to die, worn out by the fret and tear of emotion and of eager, but unsatisfied, longing for more than life could give her. Of heredity, in her case, we know nothing; but consumption was slowly undermining her feverish existence. The body was weakening while the mind remained strong and active. Her capacity for striving for enjoyment could cease only with life itself. She had courage, but had little fortitude.

The tone and temper of Marie Bashkirtseff's dealings with Heaven are almost indefensible, but charity can perhaps find a faint excuse for her. She was convinced that she fully deserved all that she asked for; and hence, in part, the pettish spitefulness of her attitude towards God. She never could forget herself, never could

leap away from her own shadow. Her tumultuous egotism produced a chronic state of irritated exasperation—of the *sæva indignatio*—and she felt deeply the chill of disappointment and the bitterness of resentment. She had not really much imagination, and she had no ideality. Her theology was a wild, passionate guess at the Inscrutable. It was difficult for her to conceive an Unseen Being that could be higher and cleverer than herself. She felt that if she deigned to pray, she should, as a matter of course, be treated with due consideration. She thought that her claims, based upon merit, were irresistible. But those only whose experience has never led them to doubt the efficacy of prayer should be in a hurry to cast the first stone at her. It has seemed to other souls that the Unseen Powers hold the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope. We cannot wholly withhold some sympathy, not with the tone, but with the angry depression of this ardent, exacting, sanguine young mind, which was at once dejected and enraged by the failure of her prayers: since other and nobler souls have felt an unutterable sadness at the seeming deafness of a Deity who, to all appearance, could no more be entreated. Charlotte Brontë writes: "Till break of day she wrestled with God in earnest prayer. Not always do those who dare such divine conflict prevail. . . . And after this cry and strife, the sun may rise to see him worsted." Many a borrowful and almost despairing human heart has uttered, with Erskine of Linlathen, a cry of anguish at that "terrible silence of God." "Verily there is a God that loveth to hide himself." Let us feel some pity for poor undisciplined Marie Bashkirtseff.

Meantime she went on painting. With her bright intelligence and her quick observation—and her burning longing for reputation—she makes considerable progress.

But as she increased in art, she decreased in health and in vitality. Her disease was consumption—insidious and incurable, and the symptom of her complaint was a partial deafness, which must have been a sore distress to a girl who could talk so well, and who [illegible] to shine in conversation. She was not at all a [illegible] patient; and gradually she became aware of her danger. "[illegible] least, by dying young, you inspire pity in all the world. [illegible] touched myself when I think of my end." There were [illegible] tears—and sometimes affected ones. As we follow that last part of her too brief career, we have the sadness of knowing the coming one, and we feel an almost infinite pity for her. The weakest figure in her record is that of her aunt. Less beautiful than her father, Madame Bashkirtseff, this gentle lady had subsided into the maiden

aunt whose life became a willing sacrifice to those she loved, an especially to her niece. "I am as disagreeable as possible to her [t her aunt]; I even wonder how it is possible to make such a ba return for such noble devotion. It matters not what I do, sh lavishes nothing but care and kindness upon me. I need not eve ask for anything—she watches——"

"It is said that my manners are perfect," records self-please Marie; but it may be doubted whether her manners toward h mother and her aunt were quite elegant.

And still the deadly disease increases. "And then to be able, i real earnest, to talk of my death is really interesting. I repeat, amuses me." She is not always genuine; and she possesses b little softness, gentleness, affection.

By a sort of mockery of fate, she achieved the posthumo success of having two of her works acquired by the Luxembour but this success came too late to cheer a life so empty of the fruitio of its strong desire.

The long excitement and brain-ferment of her fevered existenc are waning now before the numbing influence of weakness, and c laming disease.

One more romance, one *tendresse*, was granted to her fading lif which could yet yield her one last pleasure. She had long wo shipped Bastien Lepage as a painter. He, too, was ill, and was als dying when fate brought him into close intimacy with Marie. they had lived their relations might have ripened into an *amour*; b the two painters were stricken down almost together. For a tim Marie went to see him; then she became worse, worse even than h was, and could no longer go out. Then the sick man was carried t see her, and the picture of the meetings of the dying painters is mo pathetic. The last recorded meeting showed strangely an instanc of the lightning before death—the last flicker of characteristics goin as deep as character.

Poor Marie was even yet, in her wan weakness, capable of melancholy touch of coquetry, and on Thursday, October 16, 188 when Bastien Lepage called on her, on one of the very last occasion on which they ever met, Marie "was dressed in a cloud of white lac and plush, all different shades of white; the eyes of Bastien Lepag dilated with delight. 'Oh, if I could only paint!' said he. 'An I——'" They were lying, stretched out on cushions on easy chair and very close to each other.

On October 31, 1884, Marie Bashkirtseff died at the age twenty-four. The rest is silence. We have no record of her la

hours, of her parting thoughts, of her closing scene. We should have liked to have learned how her ardent, unquiet, unsatisfied soul passed into the Great Unknown. No more days, and no more diary.

The story, told by herself, of her short and oftentimes sad life is morbidly pathetic—is fascinating, if at times repellent; and the whole leaves in our minds a sense of deep pity for bright, hard, gifted, vain, clever, and charming Marie Bashkirtseff; for one who lived so intensely, who neglected so much that she possessed for the sake of that which she desired; who disquieted herself in a vain shadow, who died so young, and yet left such ardent aspirations unfulfilled. The fitful fever of her short life is o'er, but her works do follow her, obtaining a posthumous recognition which, had it been given in her lifetime, would have yielded her some happiness. Her spiritual range did not reach to blessedness; and of real, calm happiness, even of such happiness as may be attained by mortality, her *problematische Natur* was incapable. She had, and made for herself, much care and many troubles; but her lot was not altogether hard, and the chief enemy of her peace was—herself.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

THE EMPIRE OF THE AIR.

IN the childhood of the world the primitive hunter, as he painfully tracked his game through the tangled primæval jungle, must have often envied the ease with which the bird of prey, having first marked his booty from afar, swooped down upon it, cleaving the air with powerful pinions, heedless of the obstacles which he, chained to the earth by his slow mode of locomotion, had to surmount by the expenditure of much toil. In the course of time, as the hunter learned his art, his cunningly-winged arrow or deftly-thrown sling-stone could bring down the fleetest-winged bird; but even thus aided, his powers remained limited, while these airy beings could flit at will far beyond his reach through the boundless fields of the air. The mechanical abilities of primitive man never led him so far as to make the slightest attempt at artificial flight, as we may well believe when we consider that even now, after an infinitude of work spent on the problem of aerial navigation, it has not yet been solved.

As human culture slowly advanced, men never ceased to look with longing eyes on the great air-ocean, vainly desiring to be able to traverse it. The myth of Dædalus and his escape from the Cretan labyrinth, along with his son Icarus, by means of wings made of feathers and fastened on by wax, but evidences the attitude of men in all ages on the subject. Icarus, over bold, losing his life by soaring too near the sun, so that the wax melted and his wings dropped off, might be said to have been the first victim of the aeronautic art, too many of the votaries of which have paid the same penalty through their rashness.

The subject of the unconquered empire of the air has naturally had great fascination for imaginative writers. Nowhere have the grand possibilities of the conquest for commerce, international intercourse and general progress in civilisation, been more graphically described than by Tennyson in "Locksley Hall," where the prophetic eye of the poet sees the heavens the great highway of commerce, but also sees them the arena of dreadful conflicts, until war itself, from its own terrors, should become impossible. Though this, with many another ideal of youth, has remained unfulfilled after more than half a

century, the foundations of the conquest of the air are being certainly laid, and there is every probability that the future, if not a very near future, will bring the complete solution of the great difficulties which beset the work. The poet with his wide generalities has, in this case, been outstripped in picturesqueness by the writers of romance, who have, by the nature of their art, been able to go much more into detail. Jules Verne, the romancist of science, has dealt with the subject of aerial navigation in more than one of his fascinating volumes; but in this field he has been far outdone by a new writer, who has quite recently published a series of exciting romances which cover the whole subject. Starting with the postulate that the crucial point has been passed, and the necessary mechanical difficulties of construction overcome, he has proceeded to show the tremendous power placed in the hands of the nation or group of individuals which first constructs an efficient aerial fleet. Its owners will have the whole world at their absolute disposal, for its welfare or its destruction, according to the ideals of humanity and society which they may hold. The canvas of this writer is painted in crude colours; the aerial fleets he disposes of deluge the world with blood; catastrophe is piled on catastrophe; the end is in one romance world-wide peace, in another world-wide war, but the reader is spell-bound while these tremendous issues are being worked out on a new stage, with new and startling effects. Rising from the perusal of these remarkable books, one would be inclined to cry aloud to those nations whose civilisation is not all a sham, and urge them to put forth every effort to solve the outstanding problem; for assuredly it will be solved, and assuredly if it is solved first by a nation in which the lust of conquest is not dead, woe betide the rest of the world.

In such a matter as the navigation of the air, which has long occupied the minds of enterprising men, much has been done in various directions. To the student of mechanical science there is nothing unreasonable in seeking to command powers of locomotion through the air, any more than through the water. There is some analogy between the production of motion through water and through air, but the great difference in the density of the two fluids operates immensely to the disadvantage of the would-be navigator of the air. Flying is, of course, the most perfect form of aerial navigation, and there is no more interesting study in nature than that of the mechanical conditions of that marvellous process. It must, however, be said that to all appearance the development of the art of flying has been much retarded by the discovery of the balloon. In fact, with a few isolated exceptions, which

Joseph Montgolfier, filled a paper bag with heated air, which rose to the ceiling of the room. This preliminary success was rapidly followed up, and they gradually increased the size of the balloons experimented with, until they were so satisfied with their progress that, in 1783, they gave a public exhibition, sending up a linen balloon, 105 feet in circumference, which was inflated over a fire supplied with small bundles of chopped straw. The balloon succeeded beyond their utmost expectation, and after rising to a height of over 6,000 feet, it descended, ten minutes after, in a field a mile and a half away. The next balloon carried a car, in which were a sheep, a cock, and a duck. The success of this further experiment induced M. Pilatre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes to risk their lives by making the first ascent in the new and wonderful machine. Their balloon, which was forty-five feet in diameter and seventy-five feet high, and was inflated with hot air, passed over Paris, to the great astonishment of the people, attaining an altitude of half a mile. Ballast was then, for the first time, employed in regulating the ascending power of the balloon. This first venture was followed by others, and De Rozier, the first to ascend, was also the first to meet his death in this manner, having been killed with a companion by the burning of his balloon near Boulogne.

Charles, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Paris, next took the matter up. He realised that heated air was not a satisfactory agent for inflating balloons, being never less than three-fourths of the weight of air at the ordinary temperature. He accordingly took up the experiments with hydrogen where Cavallo had left them off. Hydrogen, being thirteen times lighter than air, offered greatly increased lifting power, but the process of manufacturing the gas on the large scale necessary was both expensive and tedious. By ultimately succeeding in making a gas-proof material, Charles produced the first practical gas-balloon, which ascended in December 1783 from the Tuileries.

The first aerial voyage in England was made on September 15, 1784, from the grounds of the Honourable Artillery Company at Finsbury, in presence of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and a vast concourse of wondering spectators, by Lunardi.

During the century that has elapsed since these first ventures, balloons have become quite commonplace affairs, and innumerable ascents have been made, both for the mere love of adventure, and also for more serious purposes. Scientific men early recognised in the balloon a very efficient instrument of research, which promised to furnish much information regarding the meteorological condition [illegible] much use has been made of it in this direction.

The numerous fatalities which have resulted from the pursuit have considerably detracted from its advantages, but with increased experience and the many ingenious devices now in use, ballooning has lost much of its danger, and accidents are now comparatively very rare.

The parachute has proved a very important adjunct to ballooning, with respect to the safety of the aeronaut in the event of his balloon collapsing, though it has come more frequently into prominence as a means of sensational displays of daring, resulting too frequently in fatal accidents. The idea of the parachute is very old. Leonard da Vinci, who occupied himself much with aerial navigation, designed one, in 1452, of pyramidal shape, with a base of 60 feet square, and capable of supporting ten persons. Veranzio, of Venice, reproduced his idea in 1617, with various modifications. Later in the same century a convict escaped and fell safely in the water by the aid of an umbrella. The invention of the modern parachute is accredited to Sebastian Lenormand, who, in 1783, about the time the balloon appeared, threw himself from the tower of the Observatory of Montpellier by the aid of a parachute of his own devising. Blanchard, an aeronaut of repute, used to send down from his balloon sheep, cats, and dogs by a parachute for the amusement of spectators. Garnerin first made parachutes of large dimensions, capable of falling from great heights and of supporting a man. He trusted himself to his apparatus, and in 1797 descended from an altitude of over 2,000 feet. He made the first descent in England in 1802. In his form of the apparatus the violent oscillations during descents from great heights were checked by having an aperture at the top. Cocking, in 1837, altered the shape of the parachute to that of an inverted lamp shade, but it crumpled up, and he lost his life.

As soon as balloons came into use, it was seen that they might become of great service in war by enabling the dispositions and movements of the enemy to be observed with ease and safety from great heights. As early as 1793 the French Government began to make use of captive balloons, which were found to be of great value during the wars carried on after the Revolution. A regular company of "Aërostiers" was formed, and apparently more practical work was done with captive balloons in actual war during this period than has ever been accomplished since. Napoleon ended their career of usefulness in France by closing the Aeronautical School at Meudon.

During the siege of Paris by the Prussians, free balloons were employed extensively for the purpose of carrying news from the

besieged city beyond the investing lines. Their manufacture was carried on on a large scale. The disused railway stations were converted into balloon manufactories, and training schools for aeronauts. During four months sixty-six balloons left Paris, and these carried out 160 persons, and enabled three million letters to reach their destination. Of 360 carrier pigeons carried out only fifty-seven came back, but these brought from the outside 100,000 messages to the besieged. One balloon actually travelled as far as Iceland, where it was found long after.

The use of balloons for purposes of war is capable of much extension by the application of the electric light for signalling purposes, invented by Mr. Eric S. Bruce, and exhibited in action in 1885. The envelope of the balloon is constructed of a translucent material, and its interior is lighted up by a number of incandescent lamps, the current being conveyed from the ground station by an electric cable carried along the rope which holds the balloon captive. By suitable means the balloon is lit up for varying periods, conveying the message to the distant watchers in accordance with the Morse signalling code, the short and long flashes of light corresponding to the dots and dashes used in ordinary telegraphy. It is evident that this mode of signalling offers very great advantages where it is possible to have the necessary equipment carried forward—and that does not require to be very extensive—as the brightly lit balloon can be seen at very great distances, whatever the nature of the intervening ground, except in mountainous districts, and though it should be held by the enemy's forces.

Photography from balloons was first tried by Nadar, father of the celebrated Parisian photographer, some thirty years ago. His success was not very great, but his son, in conjunction with Tissandier, has obtained some marvellously fine instantaneous views in this way, and now it may be said that no scientific aeronaut considers his equipment complete without a photographic outfit. The views obtained from considerable altitudes are not particularly pleasing as pictures, but their utility, from various points of view, is unquestionable. In war, photographic apparatus carried by small captive balloons may be operated from the ground.

Among minor improvements connected with the manipulation of balloons, there may be mentioned the idea of attaching a kite of suitably modified form to a captive balloon, which has been experimentally found to add to its steadiness, and particularly to prevent, in great measure, the depressing action of the wind, which frequently keeps the balloon [illegible]ortionate to the length

of cable paid out. The use of the kite is also said to add consider ably to the lifting power of the balloon. French aeronauts have use sails as aids in directing balloons, and have also devised apparatus t be let down into the sea to draw water into the car for ballast. Ther has also been put forward the idea of a refrigerator for condensin moisture from the clouds, which might prove useful in helping a aeronaut, whose balloon had gone too high, to return nearer th earth without expending too much of his precious gas.

Some years ago an American genius came forward with a proje which recalls the early device of Francis Lana. This was the co struction of a steel vacuum balloon, which, if feasible, would certain have solved some of the problems of aerial navigation. It w reported on favourably by a committee of the United States Hou of Representatives, who recommended a subsidy of seventy-fi thousand dollars to be paid to the inventor after he had expend an equal sum drawn from private sources. But the business came nothing. An expert mathematician, who was asked whether such balloon could be made, went fully into the question, and in his rep brought out some curious facts. He stated that a balloon filled wi hydrogen rises and lifts a load, but as the pressure of the gas insid is equal to that of the air outside, there is nothing necessary t prevent collapse but a moderately strong silk bag for confining th gas. Light as hydrogen is, a vacuum, that is, the entire absence any gas, would, of course, be lighter still, but then the enormou pressure of the outside air comes into play, which would not b balanced by anything inside, so that the shell would have to be mad strong enough to withstand it. The thickness of the shell of a sphe a hundred feet in diameter, which would just float if entirely empt of gas, would require to be not less than one-thirtieth of an inch, an for a steel envelope of this thickness to withstand the crushing for of atmospheric pressure, it would require to have a strength resistance of 130,000 pounds to the square inch. Steel of th strength, however, could not be made into a shell, as it is n ductile.

The invention of the balloon and its subsequent development b no means solved the problem of aerial navigation. This hug ungainly machine could only lift from the ground a comparative insignificant weight, and while the skilled passenger could, withi certain limits, regulate the height attained by the balloon, and low and raise it at will while his ballast and gas lasted, yet with respe to the direction of its motion horizontally, the whole concern w absolutely at the mercy of the winds. Only by studying the varyin

air currents at different heights, and bringing the apparatus up or down into one deemed most suitable, could anything at all be done towards making progress in any desired horizontal direction ; and this method was certainly very crude and unsatisfactory. The idea of being able by some means to direct the course of balloons, when first proposed, met with great opposition. Men of science declared it to be physically impracticable, and aeronauts were of the same opinion. The Duke of Argyll, President of the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain, in his "Reign of Law," says : "A balloon is incapable of being directed, because it possesses no active force enabling it to resist the currents of the air in which it is immersed, and because, if it had such a force, it would have no fulcrum, or resisting medium, against which to exert it. It becomes, as it were, part of the atmosphere, and must go with it wherever it goes."

In attempting to propel a balloon of the usual shape, the great difficulty met with is that immediately it begins to move against the wind the big bag of gas is forced out of shape, and in proportion to the propelling power applied, threatens to engulf the car and its tenants in its folds, or to suffocate them with the gas, which is caused to escape by the alteration of its capacity with change of shape. The other difficulty is the construction of a powerful enough and yet light motor, which does not require fire to work it. Though many attempts have been made, advance has been very slow. The French, who have persistently stuck to the balloon from a national pride in its invention, and who have done most for its improvement, have made some notable steps in the matter of balloon propulsion. Thus, towards the close of the Franco-German war, M. Dupuy de Lome, a naval builder, constructed a balloon with a rudder and a screw driven by the passengers. It was found that a velocity, apart from that of the air current, of about six miles an hour could be obtained. Considerably better results have been obtained by Messrs. Krebs and Renard with their cigar-shaped balloon, inflated with hydrogen, and propelled by an electro-motor driven by storage batteries. They have succeeded in travelling a little more than twelve miles an hour in fair weather, and in steering in any direction, even returning exactly to their starting-point ; but in windy weather the apparatus has not been tried. To brave any moderately strong wind the machine would require to travel something like fifty miles an hour, but these French officers do not expect to attain a speed of more than twenty-five miles an hour in the most favourable circumstances. In the opinion of Maxim, this dirigible balloon is as near perfection as is ever likely to be attained by a machine depending on aerial flotation.

The empire of the air is not to be won by balloons. They h
too many imperfections and limitations, and accordingly this at
sight hopeful path must be abandoned for the more difficult one
mechanical flying. The bird must be imitated as far as hur
powers, aided by suitable mechanical devices to make up for
natural deficiencies of man, can go. The efforts of those interes
in the matter have been of late mainly directed to flying machi
which, though they must necessarily be heavier than the air, yet r
find in their very weight and inertia means for battling successf
with the variable air currents. The subject has been approached
many directions, and much encouragement has been gained as
difficulties have been more thoroughly understood.

So much has been recently heard of Mr. Maxim's great mach
and its principles and construction, that it is needless to recapitul
here particulars which abound in the periodical literature of the d
Suffice it to say that his partial success, after more than twenty ye
labour on the subject, and the expenditure of much money, rai
lively hopes that the near future may see the whole problem of ae
navigation, if not completely, at least practically, solved, leaving
inevitable margin for future improvements.

The bird is the perfect flying machine, and its graceful and e
motions have been minutely studied, though it cannot yet be s
that the subject is perfectly understood. The most wonderful p
of bird-flight—the capacity possessed by some species of maintaini
their height, and even of increasing it, without any apparent exerti
of force—has now been fairly well settled to be due to the constan
varying air currents. Minute examination of the force of the wi
has proved that the steadiest wind in appearance is in reality ma
up of ever-varying gusts, which change from second to second in
most remarkable manner, only the sum total making itself appare
as a seemingly constant wind-pressure on the usual meteorologi
apparatus erected for wind-measurement. Leonardo da Vinci e
plained, centuries ago, the rising of birds by "waves and gushes"
the air, and Langley, after many experiments, arrived at the sa
conclusion in 1894. The heavy bird, gliding through the air, c
utilise these "gushes" to be lifted to a higher level without flappi
its wings; merely changing the inclination of its wings, it, as it we
"tacks" in an upward direction. The aeroplane was devised
carry this into practice by mechanical means. The thin rigid surfa
moving rapidly in a horizontal direction, edge forwards, and inclin
upwards at a slight angle, is lifted by the energy of the air-particl
as they meet it, and this energy has been recently demonstrat

mathematically to be very much greater than was formerly supposed to be the case. A rapidly rotating screw gives the necessary forward motion, and the difficulty to be surmounted—if it has not, indeed, been practically overcome—is the devising of a powerful motor which shall yet be light enough not to overburden the lifting power of the planes.

There are other difficulties, among which that of being able to maintain a balance counts as of the utmost importance. The bird feels and automatically adjusts itself to the slightest irregularity or variation in the air currents, while an inert machine must be provided with complicated balancing arrangements, the adjustment of which becomes more difficult as the forces which disturb the equilibrium of the machine increase with its size. Much may be learned in this direction from experiments in flying conducted with a view to the mastery of the minuter details, and the attempts of Herr Lilienthal, in Germany, have been watched with the greatest interest. This gentleman has devised a pair of wings with which he floats considerable distances in the air, having first acquired some forward momentum by running down a gently sloping hill. He has some power of steering, and of slightly altering his position to meet variations in the air currents. He has also constructed larger wings, worked by a motor small enough to be carried on his person.

There are many investigators busily occupied in studying the conditions of aerial navigation, and experimenting with the most varied, and, in some cases, fearful and wonderful machines, of which description could convey but the faintest idea. No better evidence of the widespread interest at present being taken in this fascinating subject could be got than the fact of the existence here, on the Continent, and in America, of a great number of societies which have for their object the furtherance of the science of aeronautics, and also of an increasing number of journals devoted to discussion of the same subject. There is, indeed, one might say, a "boom" at present in aerial locomotion, which, it is to be hoped, will not collapse before some permanent result, beneficial to mankind, has been arrived at.

A. MACIVOR.

A VALEDICTION.

(*FOR MUSIC.*)

FAST falls the night, but not for thee
'Twill fade like that of yesterday;
When once again along the lea
The timorous glints of morning stray,
Thou wilt have passed to fields unseen,
To meadows of perennial May,
Where never veers the vernal green,
Nor fleet the vernal flowers away!

If e'er I think of thee as gone,
If e'er I dream of thee as sped,
'Twill only be in winter wan,
When leaves lie lorn and flowers have fled;
But when anew the sun has shone
Its welcome to the world of Spring,
Still by my side thou'lt wander on
As tho' thou ne'er hadst taken wing;

Still beneath day's dilating beams
Greet each new flower that May unfurls,
Still mix thy murmur with the stream's,
And blend thy music with the merle's;
Then, as in vespertinal dreams
The sun's tired rays receding slant,
Seek, as of old, the wood where teems
The nightingale's awaking chant!

. . . . .

Fast falls the night; I will not weep,
Ah no, not tears shall be thy dower
To carry thro' the folds of sleep
Into the clime of leaf and flower!
Fast falls the night; more dark, more deep
Each instant grows its eerie sway—
Farewell, farewell, I will not weep,
But smile thee on thy journey's way!

WILLIAM TOYNBEE

PAGES ON PLAYS.

"For the Crown," and Others.

A POET translated by a poet; the French of François Coppée done into English by John Davidson; this is indeed to behold a Roman by a Roman valiantly overcome. François Coppée seems to rank in his lifetime with the classics of his country; John Davidson is now so generally admired in England that I am glad to remember that he had my admiration when admiration was not so general. Yet neither of the two poets, to my thinking, has distinguished himself over the play that is now being played at the Lyceum Theatre. Those who are familiar with the dramatic works of François Coppée will remember that a certain quality is not merely traceable but conspicuous in all of them, a quality which is rather more feminine than masculine, and which is, perhaps, rather more effeminate than feminine. It is not that François Coppée avoids bustle and action, adventure and intrigue. Swords meet gallantly in his pages, patriots plot against tyrants, women betray and are betrayed; all the themes of tragedy, all the incidents of what it is now convenient to call melodrama, are freely used. But the reader, but the spectator, feels that the poet's heart is not in the heady business, that his swords do not gleam as they gleam in the dramas of Dumas, that his conspirators do not conspire with the hot pulses and the fiery souls of the conspirators of Hugo. One seems to imagine the author ending the most thrilling of his dramatic experiments with a sigh, with a gentle sigh, one of pity for the world's frailties, and resignation in recognition of those frailties. This attitude towards life, this method of interpreting life on the stage, has not unnaturally had more effect, and more disastrous effect, upon the poet's latest play. At its best "Pour la Couronne" is but a reactionary, a retrograde piece of work, affined to the "Orphelin de Chine" and its kind—those pieces in which Voltaire and the dramatists of that day invaded some impossible China, or Turkey, or Arabia, and baptized their red-heeled and periwigged hero with fantastic Oriental names, inspired by Galland, or by d'Herbelot. At its worst "Pour la Couronne"

weighed down by a sense, not of fate, but of apathy. Its Bulg and its Ottomans seem but bran-bolstered figures; the between the Crescent and the Cross, between Christianity and I sinks to the importance of a parish squabble; these eagles c Balkans war with drooping wing and with dejected crest.

The rich gifts of rhythm and rhyme that Mr. Davidson boast, the art in verse, in the use of words that he has at comm scarcely avail to breathe much life into the lassitude of "Pc Couronne." Mr. Davidson's temperament, fantastic, vehe robust, and yet melancholy, after a very different fashion fro melancholy of M. Coppée, may very well have found it ha affine itself to the vague shadows of the French poet's fancy. Davidson must have found it hard to feel a living interest i pulseless purposes of the Brancomirs, branded as they are wi brand of Reuben, unstable as water, unable to excel. It m admitted that "For the Crown" is a better play than "Pc Couronne," but it has to be recognised with regret that it ha offered Mr. Davidson the chance to do his best. He even see have caught the contagion of unreality; the word "malapert" ju the memory through its suggestion of a school of drama and a of English with which Mr. Davidson has happily nothing in com Still, it is matter for congratulation that Mr. Davidson has imp upon his model; how much he has improved may effec be shown by a comparison which blazons Mr. Davidson's supremacy.

The singing girl of M. Coppée's play sings to the wife c elder Brancomir this little song—

L'âme comme un ciel limpide,
Elle vient d'avoir quinze ans.
Volez vers l'enfant candide,
Purs papillons blancs.

Il regarde l'ingénue,
Et lui fait baisser les yeux.
Volez vers la vierge émue,
Doux papillons bleus.

Il rend la fille amoureuse,
Et lui ravit son trésor.
Volez vers l'amante heureuse,
Beaux papillons d'or.

Mais il part. Au cœur blessé,
Elle pleure tous les soirs.
Volez vers la délaissée,
Lourds papillons noirs.

Mr. Davidson has put this poem into the mouth of the gipsy girl, Militza, who, indeed, has but little of the gipsy in her in either of the two plays. After the insipidity, the conventionality of phrase, the meagreness of imagination which are in this instance the characteristics of M. Coppée's verses, Mr. Davidson's rendering comes with much of the beauty and the truth of a native ballad.

At sixteen years she knew no care:
  How could she, sweet and pure as light?
And there pursued her everywhere
  Butterflies all white.

A lover looked. She dropped her eyes,
  That glowed like pansies wet with dew.
And lo! there came from out the skies
  Butterflies all blue.

Before she guessed, her heart was gone;
  The tale of love was swiftly told.
And all about her wheeled and shone
  Butterflies of gold.

Then he forsook her one sad morn.
  She wept, and sobbed, "O, love, come back."
There only came to her forlorn
  Butterflies all black.

How much here Mr. Davidson has the advantage of M. Coppée. The very idea, common to the two songs, and coming from M. Coppée, shows commonplace with him and seems original with Mr. Davidson. There is a simplicity, an ease, a native music about the English words which quicken no unpleasing memories of other lines of pity and of pathos—

She dwelt beside the untrodden ways,

and which charm in themselves even when disassociated—as, indeed, it is hard to disassociate them—from the haunting intonations of the voice of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Note how the poem gains in power by the elimination of adjectives, especially of those adjectives by which the French writer seeks and loses a cheap effect in the varying qualification of the varying butterflies. We weary of the "purs papillons blancs," and the "doux papillons bleus," and the "beaux papillons d'or," and the "lourds papillons noirs," with their monotony of obvious classification, while we find only pleasure in the simplified effect of the English poet with his "butterflies all white" of the beginning, and his "butterflies all black" of the end.

But the skill that could convert a graceless into a graceful [illegible] a skill that tempts to the belief that Mr. Davidson chose, accomplish the well-nigh impossible.

"Chanson de Barberine" in English—fails to convert a feeble p into a forcible play. That proves beyond his powers, probe would prove beyond any man's powers who was restrained hampered by any duty, accepted or enforced, of adhesion to original. It is not the play "For the Crown" that really interes the Lyceum; it is the players, and especially the three princ players, two women and a man, the interpreters of Basilide Militza, and of Constantine Brancomir.

It would be, perhaps, impossible for your workaday playgoer n feel surprise at finding the part of the imperious and ambitious Bas given to Miss Winifred Emery, and the part of the gipsy gir subordinate part until the end, and even at the end—given to Patrick Campbell. Often a choice that seems in itself surpri proves in the end to have its own curious felicity. So much not be squarely said of the distribution of the part of Basilide. the dramatic art were only an art of appearance the Basilid Miss Emery would be excellent. In her pale beauty, in her lan grace, encompassed and adorned by the splendour and the stra ness of an oriental habit, she might well be one of the herc of the eighteenth century stage, some fair French or fair En interpreter of those sultanas and princesses of a patched powdered East. But the illusion does not persist. Basilide i should be, the toy of passions, the quarry of ambitions, fort fool, raging for the unattainable and treading truth into the r and drowning honour in blood for the sake of the crown disappears and the dream that is denied. Miss Emery is Cleopatra of the Balkans, no Constance of Byzantine strain; fires and furies of termagants of the purple are not for her; passions and ambitions seem too flagrantly simulated, and the sin tion chills. She can be the exquisite of a certain kind of com she can ring changes in a certain range of pathos, but she canno at least she does not, play the tyrant, and it is matter for m that she tried her hand at the game. She was given her grace her youth and her many gifts for another end than this.

Of the Militza of Mrs. Patrick Campbell it is harder to spe precise terms. There is something flying, indefinite, elusive in acting of this part which provokes, allures, and perplexes. If were to attempt to reduce to their simplest elements the impres left after seeing Militza, those impressions would express thems as eyes of a tragic darkness, lips of a royal red—and then a voi strange in its intonations, so subtle in its cunning of art or quali chance, that it is hard to say whether the effect produced is exasper

or enchantment. I have not always liked Mrs. Patrick Campbell's enterprises; I find upon reflection that I like Militza better than most of them. Much as I liked her Paula Tanqueray, I did not know how much I liked it until I saw the part attempted in another country and by another hand. Much as I disliked her Dulcie Larondie, I grew, if not to like it, at least to long for it, when I saw what another actress's impression of Dulcie Larondie could lead to. Mrs. Patrick Campbell has, and one is glad to learn it, admirers whose zeal of admiration is only rivalled by their ability to express it. Mr. Bernard Shaw is a champion who can voice a rapture that almost needs a ritual, with the fervour of the fanatic, and yet with the composure of the critic. I have not at hand some radiant sentences in a recent *Saturday Review*, but as I remember them the author of "Arms and the Man" declared—reshaping for her the immortal phrase of Steele's—that to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell on the stage was all the recompense a playgoer deserved or need desire. This gallantry is not all phrase, not merely lyrism, not only what Marcel called "du style." The actress who can rouse such enthusiasm, whose personality can cause so sharp and so persistent a sense of pleasure, cannot at least be commonplace. I do not think that Mrs. Patrick Campbell has yet proved herself to be a great actress—Militza could scarcely, perhaps, permit her player to prove anything of the kind; and yet her Militza has impressed me and attracted me as nothing else that she has done—always and obviously excepting Paula Tanqueray—has impressed me or attracted me. And the attraction deepens with reseeing. Militza's eyes seem to grow more mysterious, Militza's voice more wistful, every time; a spectator, no longer indifferent, wishes for some better part, some better play, wherewith to test at once all the beliefs and doubts that the actress has quickened to leave unconfirmed or unanswered.

Yet, after all, Mr. Forbes Robertson's playing is the pith of the business, the heart of the whole Lyceum adventure. No one with any concern for the interests of the stage can have failed for this many a year to wonder why an actor of so much ability, of so much intelligence, a man who seemed so markedly an artist in an art that is not always served by artists, did not bulk more largely in the public view, did not assert his existence and his gifts more strenuously, even more defiantly. The years came and the years went, and they found Mr. Forbes Robertson playing many parts, and for the most part playing them well, but never, as it seemed, at least to some, playing quite the parts or holding quite the position that his excellence d[illegible]d Romeo, and played it well-

nigh beyond praise, but the splendour of this dawn was followed b
a leaden noon. Through a long succession of varied interpretatior
the memory recalls with delight the Buckingham of "Henry VIII.,
a creation which made that revival memorable, and reminded many
who were perhaps beginning to forget it, that Mr. Forbes Robertso
might be the great romantic, if not the great tragic, actor of his tim
Now, at last, but happily not too late, he has done what it ha
amazed many that he has not done before: he has taken comman
of a company of players; the dramatic instrument is in his hands
he has it in his power to sound what stops he pleases, and to te
fully and decisively the warm convictions, the earnest beliefs, of h
admirers. He has not yet, perhaps, made the most of his opportunity
In beginning his campaign with "Romeo and Juliet" he fough
against two disadvantages—against the memory of his own earlie
Romeo on the one hand, and on the other against the keen curiosit
about the Juliet of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, a curiosity which gav
way to a war of clashing opinions whose noise and fury turned th
thoughts of the public somewhat away from Romeo. Of "Michae
and his Lost Angel" it were no gain to speak. Whatever the reason
were which led to the regrettable withdrawal of a remarkable, daring
and brilliant play, it may be admitted that Mr. Forbes Robertso
did not seem wholly at his ease in the part, and that even in doin
his best, he did not succeed in showing himself at his best. I d
not think he succeeds in showing himself at his best, for that matte
in the part of Constantine Brancomir. The part is not good enough
is too half-hearted, too spiritless, too weak of execution, too feeble c
conception to serve Mr. Forbes Robertson the best turn in th
world. Everything he does must interest; most things he does mus
charm; and so his Constantine Brancomir has its interest and it
charm. But, so far, the new management at the Lyceum has in th
main afforded opportunities to two actresses, and though this i
admirable, perhaps what we most wish to learn from the experimen
is how far Mr. Forbes Robertson can go. That he can go furthe
than he goes in "For the Crown" it would be absurd to doubt.

I have left myself little time or space in which to praise with
heart and a half a piece to which, as to Lady Blessington's hand
justice has not been done. "Shamus O'Brien" at the Opér
Comique is a delightful piece of work. It is not my business t
speak of its music, but Scribe and Wagner remind me that the bool
is an important part of an opera. The book of "Shamus O'Brien
is excellent, and the acting is worthy of the book. Out of Sheridan
Lefanu's stirring poem the dramatist has constructed a spirited

picturesque, poetic play, which follows with an agreeable but not an obsequious deference on the lines of Boucicault's Irish dramas. And the acting is admirable. For the Shamus O'Brien of Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan, as for the gallant English officer of Mr. William Stephens, one has only Mr. Pinero's pet formula of praise, praise, praise. But undoubtedly the best acting in the piece—and to say this is to say much—is that of Miss Maggie Davis; acting at once so fresh, so gracious, so dainty, and so absolutely right that I am at once amazed and rejoiced to learn that she is new to the stage. Mr. Joseph O'Mara is not new to the stage, but his presentation of the informer is one of the finest, the most masterly studies in the tragi-comic or the comically tragic that I have ever seen.

The newest play, as I write, upon the London stage is "Monsieur de Paris," the one-act piece that precedes "The Chili Widow" at the Royalty Theatre. The play itself it is best to ignore. Few people know much about the servants of the guillotine in the days when the guillotine was yet a novelty. The authors of "Monsieur de Paris" do not appear to be included in that minority. But Miss Violet Vanbrugh played what she had to play with a passion and a pathos, a power and earnestness that cried aloud for a better play to deserve them. Miss Violet Vanbrugh is a delightful comedian: is she determined to wear both the masks and prove herself a tragedian too?

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

Mr. Sidney Lee on National Biography.

MR. SIDNEY LEE, the editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography," the most important and responsible literary undertaking purely national in character that this or, perhaps, any other country has undertaken, has reprinted in pamphlet form a lecture upon National Biography delivered at the Royal Institution on January 31, and first printed for general circulation in a magazine. As the head of national biographers, Mr. Lee is entitled to speak "to the city and the world." His lecture consists in part of counsel to those by whom he is served or aided. It has, however, a wider application. A memorial to one who deserves well of the State and his countrymen should be, Mr. Lee says, with a cunning employment of alliteration, "permanent, public, and perspicuous," the last word signifying in a shape that leaves no doubt as to the nature of the achievements or characteristics it is sought to commemorate. The best way of securing these things, the "best drug that can serve as an antidote against the opium of time," is a written biography. "The safest way," says Thomas Fuller, quoted by Mr. Lee, "to secure a memory from oblivion is by committing the same to writing." But feeble in comparison is "storied urn or animated bust." Pyramids, mausoleums, statues, and columns fail to satisfy all the conditions of permanence. Those, even, who reside in Pittsburgh, or ride in a brougham, or even who wear Wellington boots, forget that the name glorifies an eminent statesman, lawyer, or warrior. The cases, even, in which elegiac poetry, such as Shelley's "Adonais," Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," and Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore," have immortalised an individual, are few. Biographies, such as those of Plutarch, are the most abiding of all memorials of departed greatness. "Tacitus's 'Life of Agricola' has outlasted Agricola's mausoleum." National biography, meantime, if it is to be permanent, differs *in toto* from biography as ordinarily understood and practised. Chance, caprice, or a score other causes work, so that we see a Life of Thomas More in eight volumes which

might well, if written at all, have been compressed into one. It is but justice to Mr. Lee to say that he is not responsible for this and other illustrations, which spring out of what he says, but are not in every case said by him.

The Functions of National Biography.

FROM the view of Froude that the function of the national biographer is adequately discharged by the national historian, Mr. Lee rightly dissents. Wholly different from the field covered by the one is that occupied by the other. "The historian's purpose," Mr. Lee eloquently and appropriately says, is often served if he catch a shadowy glimpse, or no glimpse at all, of personages who command the biographer's most earnest attention. Among those who make no conspicuous figure in history, Mr. Lee advances Dr. Johnson, Benvenuto Cellini, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Samuel Pepys. He might, indeed, almost have included Chaucer and Shakespeare. Something approaching censure is passed upon Froude for his seeming neglect to recognise "the existence of biography as an independent department of literature." Froude's judgment upon Mary Tudor might have been corrected had he turned to the "Life of Queen Mary," by Miss Strickland, a writer who fills "a very humble niche in the temple of biographic art." Into the questions with which Mr. Lee most specially deals—the conditions under which national biography best fulfils its purpose—I cannot enter. Not easy is it, indeed, to compress into space shorter than Mr. Lee has occupied all that requires to be said upon the subject. Fortunately, Mr. Lee's paper is generally accessible, and is, even by now, well known.

A Suggestion for National Biographers.

I AM, however, disposed to hint at a means by which future national biographies, naturally of other countries, may be run on lines less costly and, so to speak, less imperial. Where great biographies almost always break down is in regard of cost. A remarkable instance of this is furnished by the "Nouvelle Biographie Générale" of Firmin Didot, where the first half of the alphabet is finished in Vol. xxxvii., and the rest of the alphabet is comprised in nine volumes more. My own plan will probably be dismissed as silly, and it is, indeed, as I shall show. as the present, where one wealthy

it is needless. Such cases are rare, and almost unique; and the only other English work one can compare with the "Dictionary of National Biography," the "New English Dictionary," is a result of co-operative labour, the cost being borne by a rich and splendidly endowed corporation. The plan I would suggest in future compilations is this—brevity in the case of the greatest men. The greatest of all English names is now coming forward, probably at this very moment being written. A life of Shakespeare must take in its composition a period to be counted by months, if not years. In a case such as this I hold, where existing lives are numerous, the notice might possibly be compressed more easily than in the case of less mighty men. The facts are few which have to be chronicled. An array of these, a certain amount of narrative, and a full reference to authorities might almost suffice. It is obviously impossible in this case to give a full bibliography. In the cases, moreover, in which, as in that of Tennyson shortly to follow, a bibliography rests on the shelves of our principal libraries, a reference to this might possibly suffice. I say possibly, because I see the weakness of my own views. Suppose, for instance, a zealous student takes over the "Dictionary of National Biography" to Agra—possibly to be eaten by white ants—or to Fiji; he has a right to complain of being referred to inaccessible sources. The same holds true of the students in a University such as Upsala, where England is closely studied. All I am prepared to maintain is that it is often in the case of comparative obscurities that full information is of most importance. Meanwhile, I congratulate the public upon the splendid service that has been rendered by Mr. Lee and his team, and literature generally upon the fact that the end of this huge labour is practically in sight. What remains after the lives now in hand are written occupies practically two volumes and a half of the Dictionary of Firmin Didot, to which I have previously referred.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.
JUNE 1896.

A STROKE OF LUCK.

BY MRS. E. T. COOK.

IT was long since a piece of good fortune had turned up for Alice Tremaine. She was thirty-two years old, and up to now her life—with one exception—had presented no particularly attractive features. And yet she was one of those people whom one would have preferred to associate with ease and soft places—so small, so pathetic she looked in her worn black dress. Her brown hair was soft and pretty, her face delicate and refined—her dark eyes were usually plaintive, but to-night they shone with pleasure—and was there not reason?

On Alice's lap lay an open letter—a precious document indeed—it was a letter of acceptance for a novel.

Only one letter in Alice Tremaine's life had ever been as sweet. That was a letter received eight years ago—the one ray of happiness in her life up to now—a letter from young Noel Crichton, the curate in the far Hampshire village, asking her to marry him at some future day. That future day had never yet dawned, and the letter was already turning yellow in Alice's desk; but she had no need to re-read it, for every week Noel wrote a new letter, and the joy of receiving it blotted out even the recollection of those that had gone before. . . . And she saw him, oh! quite often—twice or three times a year, at least—in the draughty corridors of the British Museum, perhaps, or under the trees in Regent's Park. Those were indeed red-letter days. They loved each other, they would marry some day—what did it matter when? "Some day" Noel would get a living; "some day" they would be happy, and till then she must work.

And Alice had worked. Seven years ago now she had come t to London alone, an orphan and friendless, with her little hoa saved from teaching (she had been governess in Sir A——'s fami in Blankton manor-house), to "go in" for journalism. She h always had a strong bent to literature and though she starved mo or less at first, in time she made enough to "rub along somehow," she expressed it. Noel, the Blankton curate, to whom she h become engaged while at Sir A——'s, had indeed at first oppos objections, but Alice had laughed at his fears, assuring him that t "drudgery" of writing was as nothing compared with the drudgery teaching, and that she would soon "get on," and be able to ea some money, too, for their future home.

But she had not always "got on." Even after the first mont of semi-starvation were over, work had often been uncertain a fitful. How many days when Alice had not an idea whence t next day's dinner was to be procured! how many fruitless journe in wind and rain to editors who had "no opening for her services" how many weeks when, anxious and ailing, she had felt as thou her powers of writing were failing her, and as though the professi she had chosen were one incessant "making of bricks without straw" Of course, Noel had never known all this; she had always kept t bright side for him—for what was the use of worrying him, har worked and poor as he was also?

And now the tide had turned, and Fortune, always fitful, h smiled at last. The novel over which she had been working eig months was just accepted. Alice thought over in her own mind a the experiences that had led to its acceptance. How she had tri every kind of style, every kind of "ladies' column," every subject s could think of, and yet for years had failed to make a name of a kind. How she had occasionally "got in" an article here and ther yet had never managed to gain a really solid footing on any magazi or journal. How some magazines had cut down their prices for h benefit—just because she needed the money so badly—and ho some had failed to pay her at all. And how at last, one day la June, a sympathetic and "up-to-date" publisher, touched by h sad looks, and struck by some promise in her style, had suggeste that she should write a realistic and advanced novel. "It the only sort that pays nowadays," he said; adding kindly, "an I'm sure you would do it nicely."

Alice had not altogether liked the commission, but she felt th "beggars must not be choosers," and had therefore resolved to d her best. So she had carefully studied the "tone" of modern fictio

before beginning a task that was so contrary to her natural bent; for Alice, by the way, was a retiring and modest little woman. But she wanted to do her work well, she wanted to please her friend the publisher, and, above all, she wanted the money; and so the "advanced" novel was written. The little type-writing girl whom Alice employed by the day whenever she herself got work, opened her blue eyes to their widest while typing the story, and Alice herself, pacing up and down her little room, dictating slowly to the accompaniment of the "click" of the Remington, felt the bare walls of her poor garret almost blush to hear her. It seemed to her like a kind of degradation of her talents; she was, however, enough of an artist to do the thing well notwithstanding. So the novel had been finished, and sent in last week, and now it was accepted! In the distance she saw fame, happiness, and golden guineas sparkling.

Alice was recalled from her day-dream by a sudden crash, caused by the falling embers in the grate. She roused herself, and looked at the clock. Why! it was late, already long past tea-time. Some one knocked at the door, and Alice, with a sudden and curious instinct of concealment, crushed up the precious letter in her hand. In that moment the thought came to her that never, never would she wish the outside world to know that she had written that novel. But it was only a young girl fair, and blue-eyed, who came in.

"Oh! It's you, Minnie," Alice cried gaily to the little typist. "Come in. I'd quite forgotten about tea. You must have been impatient."

Alice rented only one room, with a tiny cupboard-like annex containing a bed, on the top floor of a "model lodging-house." It was a decent-sized room, and she paid for it only 4*s.* a week; opposite, across the dirty stone landing, where the noisy workmen's children played and shouted after school, lived the typewriting girl, equally poor and friendless. The two were great friends, and generally, for cheapness, had their meals in common.

The typewriting girl smiled at Alice's remark. "Oh! I didn't notice the time," she said. "I've been out to the draper's, and I met young Smith."

"You do encourage that young Smith," said Alice, half reproachfully, but smiling as we smile at the foibles of our friends.

"Well, it's only because he likes it," returned Minnie, tossing her curly fringe. She was a pretty, rather weak-looking girl, pale-faced and slight, with a tiny waist, and shabby clothes carefully made the most of. She had been a "dressmaker's" [illegible] teens, before she took to typewriting,

shop-girl still clung to her—though she
in almost constant companionship with Ali
nesses the elder woman had bestowed on
so little to love, loved this friendless girl of
helped her by giving her work, but had nu
frequent quinsies and small ailments.

"Here's a letter for you, Miss Tremair
the postman just outside, in the street."

A letter—and in Noel's handwriting! A
And then, for the first time that day, she su
a cold chill, what would *he* think of her n
conventional, so—no, Alice would not let
Well, perhaps he would never know; she n
him.

"Dearest Alice," the letter ran, "I ha
will surprise you. I am coming up to
T. R.'s place, who is ordered abroad for a
manages to get along without me for a bit.
shall not return here. Many things are 'i
who knows but that at last our patient waiti

Alice looked up with shining eyes. "I
little typist, delightedly. "I knew it!"

Now, the little typist had never seen
chanced to be away during his rare and br
like all women, a deep interest in a love affa

Alice closed with the publisher's offer (
unlimited possible "royalties"), and Noe
Saturday. Faultlessly neat, in a well-worn l
a bunch of violets in his buttonhole, he fou
stairs and past the noisy groups of children
where tea was set out. What a happy mee
as though treading on air; and if Noel were
with Alice, yet he loved her with the habit o
years now since they had become engaged.
have been clearly a case of propinquity, f
ably unlike—Alice enthusiastic, impulsive, r
rather phlegmatic. Noel, as we said, had
Alice's taking to literature, for he was more
his views, and disliked all suggestion of th
was a young man of about the same age as
some, and clean shaven, with a slightly
might even seem cold to those who did not

Alice's opinion he could hardly have been more perfect. And the little typist, who came in presently to make tea, and whose share of curiosity was large, was apparently appreciative also ; at any rate, she took him in with all her eyes. After tea Noel and Alice went off to walk in Regent's Park, and talked of many things. The vicarage was now, said Noel, as good as settled ; they would soon be able to marry. Could Alice manage on, say, £200 a year, in a snug little house down in Hampshire?

"Could Alice manage?" What a question! Why, had not eight shillings a week amply sufficed for her "board" up to now? How happy they were, and what plans they made!

"You're not looking so well, my love," said Noel tenderly, as they sat down in the April sunlight, beside the fountain in the park. "Have you been tiring yourself?"

Alice flushed. She wondered whether Noel thought her looking older. Alas! she realised that the only reason she clung to youth was for his sake. She had felt tired and old lately—it must have been the writing of that novel that had so ploughed into her. And, with a sudden impulse, she resolved to tell him about the novel.

"Noel," she said, and lifted up an appealing face to her companion, "supposing you wanted dreadfully to earn some money, and supposing you could do it by writing—well, in a way that you did not altogether like or approve of—would you write in that way?"

Noel smiled. "What an absurd question! And you really expect me to answer it seriously? How long have you taken to evolve such a problem?"

"No, don't laugh, Noel, but tell me," Alice pleaded.

"Well, then, I wouldn't write—in that way," said Noel. "It's self-evident, I should have thought. Look here, Alice, we've never fixed about whether we shall be able to afford to buy that lawn-mower for the garden—and how about the kitchener?"

So they went back to their happy discussions, and Alice put the novel out of her mind.

"Well, did you like him, Minnie?" Alice asked her friend, after Noel had taken leave of her at the door.

The little typist blushed, and her face spoke her admiration. "How beautifully shiny his boots and his hat were!" she said. "He might have come out of a bandbox!"

After this Noel came often to see Alice, and to take her out for walks when writing hours were over—and often, too, Alice would insist on Minnie's accompanying them—for Minnie, she said, was not strong, and needed plenty of fresh air. Minnie was not at all loth to

with Minnie, out of mere dread of what she might inadvertently say. It was doubtless a kind of nervous "possession," for Alice had been overworked. But the shadow had silently crept between them, and every day it grew.

A fortnight from the day Alice had written to the publisher, this advertisement appeared in the papers :

Now Ready.
THE NEW EVE :
A Story of the Age.
By
ALICE TREMAINE.

Alice's instructions had come too late, they told her on inquiry On such slight things may a life's happiness depend.

In a day or two the book was "out," with the name of its author flaunting gaily on the title-page, and on Saturday evening Noel came by appointment to take Alice to a concert. Alice made sure that he had seen it. He was moody and silent, and Alice's feelings were such that if there had not been luckily an extra ticket for Minnie, she did not know how she should have got through the evening. She hardly dared begin any subject for fear of leading up to the unfortunate novel, which indeed she began to hate as if it had been a sentient, responsible thing.

Alice was, as we have said, very sensitive ; it was partly, no doubt, the result of living so much alone. She now got the idea firmly fixed in her head that Noel had seen the novel and the author's name, and that this accounted for his silence and altered looks. In reality the silence and altered looks were more or less the result of Alice's own changed conduct. She no longer seemed glad to see him ; no longer did her face glow when he suggested a country walk, or an hour's shop-gazing in Oxford Street ; she no longer liked to talk of the pretty vicarage that should be theirs. What she saw in Noel's face was mainly the reflection of her own mood.

The subject of their approaching marriage was somehow dropped ; but Noel was no less frequent in his visits ; he still remained at his London curacy ; and now the autumn drew on. On one of the dark November days, Alice was returning from the British Museum —where she had been looking up references all the morning—to tea. On the threshold of her little parlour she heard voices—the voices of Noel and Minnie. What could they be discussing so earnestly? Alice opened the door and went in. Minnie was leaning on the Remington typewriter, with her head buried in her hands, and Noel was bending over [illegible] as Alice came in ; Noel was very pale.

"I came to see if you would go out," he said, "and I found Miss Minnie with a bad headache; I've been advising her to take some antipyrine."

The little typist raised her head, and Alice noticed that her eye were red and heavy. "Go and lie down, Minnie," she said kindly. "I know how to treat her headaches," she added, turning to Noel, "she has them often."

Minnie went, and Alice, after enjoining rest, returned to th parlour. Somehow on this particular afternoon she yearned mo than ever to talk to Noel. "Oh! if he would only be as he w before," she sighed to herself. She loved him more than ever, b more than ever she felt an invisible barrier between them. H heart cried out to him, but she could not speak of what was in h heart. Some people are made so. And Noel made a few triv remarks, and went.

After this Alice got a bad feverish cold. The doctor had to called in; he said she was "below par," and ordered nerve toni But it was surprising how she failed to get her strength back. S lay day after day, weak and feverish—the doctor, a kind old ma got quite anxious about her. Noel called often, and Minnie, wh stayed at home to nurse the invalid, had to see him, and take hi out daily bulletins. Minnie had often red eyes, and Alice notic this gratefully, but with compunction—it was so kind of a litt [illegible] for sympathy, and have red eyes for her sak What a [illegible] she was to herself and to everybody. And all the tim [illegible] was [illegible] to see written up in large fiery letters on th [illegible] posters, "The New Eve," by Alice Tremaine [illegible] "The New Eve" was all this time selling like wildfire, an was now in its sixth edition.

When Alice at last got better, and could leave her room, she wa surprised one day to find the little typist sitting by the fire, sobbin as if her heart would break.

"What is it, Minnie, dear?" she asked sympathetically. "Is Mr. Smith?" (for Mr. Smith, Minnie's ex-lover, although cashier some time ago, had since been occasionally importunate).

"[illegible] not him, Miss Tremaine"—Minnie sobbed, with avert [illegible] that—that—I'm not happy"—sob—"I must go—o—[illegible]

And as it turned out, Minnie did go. She declared that nothi should ever have induced her to quit her dear Miss Tremaine, if h old grandmother, who lived in Essex, hadn't written begging her come and soothe her declining years. So Minnie, with many tu

and sobs, packed up her Remington typewriter, and said farewell to her friend one March day on the platform of Liverpool Street Station, and Alice went back to her lonely lodging—lonelier now than before—and with the necessity before her of finding another typewriting girl.

Noel had not called within the last week or so, but about this time Alice made up her mind to write to him fully about "The New Eve," and to put things back on their old, happy footing. Of course he would know long ago about it, but at any rate she would relieve his mind by a full confession. So she wrote a long letter to Noel, and posted it herself with a beating heart.

"My Noel will come back to me now," she said to herself, and her eyes brimmed with happy tears.

Next evening, coming back from one of her editors, she noticed a bulky post-parcel awaiting her on the table of her little room. "Oh, press-cuttings!" she thought carelessly, for many of these had showered in upon her of late. Beside the parcel lay a letter. This was from her friend the publisher, enclosing an account, and a cheque. The cheque fairly took away her breath. It was for no less a sum than £200.

"Oh, Noel, Noel!" she cried out involuntarily. Here were riches at last.

Then she opened the parcel that she had supposed to contain press cuttings, and started in amazement, for out of it rolled a packet of letters—her own letters—those she had written to Noel, with such love and tenderness, during her last year in London. A note from him lay at the top. She opened it:

"My dear Alice,—I have never seen 'The New Eve,' nor do I remember ever to have heard of it; but I am very glad indeed that you have written a successful novel. I have not the least idea why you seem to think I should object to your doing so. . . . But I have something vastly more important to say. To my grief, I have found that we have both made a great mistake, and that it is better to realise the fact before it is too late. My sole consolation is that I imagine, from your manner of late, that you have found it to be a mistake also. We are not suited to each other; and, for I must confess all, I love another, and have, indeed, loved her for long. My only prayer is that you may soon forget one who was never worthy of you.

"NOEL CRICHTON.

"Under the circumstances I return all such of your letters as I have here."

THE ACTRESS AS USURPER OF MAN'S PREROGATIVE.

The Criticks say and constantly repeat
That woman acting man's a silly cheat,
That ev'n upon the stage it should not pass;
To which I say—a critic is an ass.—*Garrick.*

THE humourist who once defended an unsexed woman under the plea that she was a victim of circumstance, half her ancestors having been males, sailed closer to the scientific elucidation of the human "sport" than he could have imagined. Even in those who are most gently feminine there remains an inkling of the primeval rib, only needing a special environment for complete development. We have here a clue to all that is vital in that tiresome personage, the New Woman, as well as to the mannish humour of the female gladiator whom Juvenal flayed in his sixth Satire. It would appear that not even the cloistered nun has been exempted from the ravages of this craving. Fournel, in his "Curiosités Théatrales," tells us that about the year 1594, when the *religieuses* of St. Antony gave a representation of "Cléopâtre" before an audience of abbés, the male characters were all sustained in realistic garb by sisters of the order. So far, however, as the actress by profession is concerned, additional excuse may be found for her excursions into the forbidden. Turn about is fair play. In the beginning female characters were travestied by boys. When woman assumed her proper position in the economy of the theatre, a subtle atavism induced her to retaliate. Having tasted blood in "breeches parts," like Rosalind, she was not content until she had fastened her teeth in sternly virile *rôles*. Nothing daunted her, not even the salaciousness of Tom Killigrew's comedy of "The Parson's Wedding"—a lively piece, which, according to Pepys, was acted in 1664, "by nothing but women, at the King's house." In Dryden's prologue to the adaptation of "The Tempest," produced at the Theatre on November 7, 1667, we find the poet saying:

But if for Shakespeare we your grace implore
We for our theatre shall want it more ;
Who, by our dearth of youths, are forced to employ
One of our women to present a boy.
And that's a transformation, you will say,
Exceeding all the magic in the play.
Let none expect in the last act to find
Her sex transformed from man to womankind.
Whate'er she was before the play began,
All you shall see of her is perfect man.

In 1672 our English actresses sought once more to s
utter superfluousness of the mere male player by giving
performances of "Philaster," "The Parson's Wedding," an
Maiden Queen ; or, Secret Love," at the old theatre in Linc
Fields. For them Dryden wrote a couple of sprightly, if f
indecent, prologues, and an equally shameless epilogue, in whi
Reeve prayed—

Oh, would the higher powers be kind to us,
And grant us to set up a female house !
We'll make ourselves to please both sexes then ;
To the men women, to the women men.
Here, we presume, our legs are no ill sight,
And they will give you no ill dreams at night.

Apart from these successes of curiosity, it would appear
first actress of any prominence who achieved distinction in
rôle was Mrs. Mountford. Colley Cibber expatiates,
"Apology," on her marvellous fluidity of temperament, rer
incidentally, "Nor was her humour limited to her sex, for wl
shape permitted, she was a more adroit, pretty fellow than is
seen upon the stage. Her easy air, action, mien, and gestur
changed from the coif to the cocked hat and cavalier in f
People were so fond of seeing her a man that, when the
Bayes, in 'The Rehearsal,' had for some time lain dorma
was desired to take it up, which I have seen her act with
true coxcombly spirit and humour that the sufficiency
character required."

It is noteworthy that the production in Paris, in 1702, of a
comedy by Boindon, called the "Bal d'Auteuil," in whi
actresses had to assume male costume, led by a curious ch
circumstances to the establishment of the French censorshi
this little piece two girls, masquerading as men, accidentally me
assuming the other to belong to the opposite sex, flirt
rmless as was the equivoke, it gave rank offence

nice-minded Duchesse d' Orléans, whose influence caused the play to be interdicted. Not only this, but Louis XIV. administered a severe reprimand to the players for pandering to prurient tastes, and gave orders that an official should be appointed to examine every piece intended for production.

Returning to England, we find that, on June 25, 1705, Congreve's "Love for Love" was represented at the Haymarket entirely by women. Prominent among a motley troupe of players acting at Windsor in the following year was one Susanna Carroll, who tore a passion to tatters as Alexander the Great. By a marriage with the Queen's head cook this lady subsequently became Mrs. Centlivre, under which name, as authoress of several lively comedies, she is best identified now. It was written of her, on her death in 1723, that "having a greater inclination to wear the breeches than the petticoat, she struck into the men's parts," one of her qualifications for which was that she "had a small wen on her left eyelid, which gave her a masculine air." Possibly the adaptability to male *rôles* shown by the women at the Haymarket in 1705 suggested to Vanbrugh the ingenious plot of his comedy "The Mistake," brought out at the same house a year later. In this Mrs. Harcourt appeared as Camillo, "suppos'd son to Alvarez," a girl who, from lack of a male heir, had been reared from her cradle as one of the opposite sex to preserve an estate. Naturally there is much playing at cross purposes, with adroit love complications ; and the whole, not to come tardy off, must have needed deft handling on the part of the actress.

At the Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, in 1715, a Mrs. Fitzgerald figured in the small part of Haly in "Tamerlane." Chetwood tells us that this lady's maiden name was Swan, and that she "generally play'd the Part of a Young Man."

Circumstances conspired to make Charlotte Charke one of the most striking impersonators of male character, and one of the unhappiest creatures of her time. Her father, Colley Cibber, was ill-advised enough to give her a training more befitting a boy than a girl, with the result that in after years she evinced no delight save in purely masculine amusements. Half her life, either on the stage or off, was passed in male attire ; and as actress, puppet show-woman, *valet de chambre*, and waiter, she experienced much vicissitude of fortune. During the season of 1733–34, we find her at the Haymarket playing a round of male characters, Roderigo in "Othello" among the number. A decade later saw her appearing as Captain Plume at the same house, and making the second of a long line of female Captain

Macheaths extending down to our own time. The first evidently Mrs. Reynolds, who performed the character at S Alley in 1736, and probably earlier elsewhere. The third, beautiful Mrs. Cargill who was drowned at sea, was note evoking a liberal tribute of tears in the scene where the fas ing highwayman hears the dread knell summoning him to e tion. In 1759 Mrs. Clarke made her last appearance on the in playing Marplot in "The Busybody," for her benefit at the market. A few months later, this unhappy creature, who was out for a man, only the devil ran away with the pattern," lay unhonoured grave, what time her famous father was sleeping pl in Westminster Abbey. By way of commentary on the trustw ness of theatrical anecdote, it is significant that many of the told about certain undiscriminating damsels falling in love with Charke, when attired *en homme*, are also told with charming sim of Mrs. Woffington.

Although Peg, immediately after bursting on the town appeared in one or two feminine parts, like Sylvia in "The Rec Officer," calling for a temporary donning of the breeches, it w until a fortnight after her *début* at Covent Garden (or on Novemb 1740) that she really trespassed on male preserves.[1] It was moreover, calling for much courage and resource; for such, in was the reputation left by Wilks in his creation of Sir Harry W that few actors of the time cared to attempt the character. T mind, the marvellous success which attached itself to her assum of this good-humoured rake was less due to naturalness and than to the sheer audacity of the thing. The town was frankly t at hearing the blunt indecencies of Farquhar fall from the mo a beautiful woman. Most assuredly the part is one that no pron actress of to-day would dare to appear in. Boaden, in attempt palliate the actress's bad taste, indulges in much laughter-prov sophistry; says "she did what she was not aware of—namely, th audience permitted the actress to *purify* the character, and en the language from a woman which might have disgusted from a speaking before women—as I have heard spoiled children comme for what would, a few years after, shut them out of the room i ventured so far. No, Mrs. Woffington, in spite of Quin's joke

[1] Peg Woffington's first breeches part—The Female Officer in a fa called—appears to have been sustained for her benefit at the Aungrei Theatre, Dublin, early in the year 1736. Her first performance of Sir Wildair at Covent Garden was not her *début* in the character, as she had seen in it in the Irish capital in April 1739.

your supposing that '*half* the house took you for a man,' I am convinced that no creature there supposed it for a moment; it was the *travesty* seen throughout that really constituted the charm of your performance, and rendered it, not only gay, but innocent." And this was the man who constituted himself biographer-in-general to Kemble, Jordan, and Mrs. Siddons! If, as has been said, it was the Woffington's raven voice that made her think of donning the doublet and hose, it must have been her wantonness that fastened upon such a character. Unfortunately, the evil done lived after her. A senseless tradition was established in the part. Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Sherriffe, Miss Goodall, Mrs. Jordan, and finally Mrs. Achmet, of Dublin, from time to time added the loose-principled Sir Harry to their repertory. With the exception of Elliston, all those actors whose prerogative it should have been simply ignored it. To Mrs. Achmet's credit let it be said that, when she assumed the *rôle*, in 1785, it had been divested of much of its indecency. But many will agree with a contemporary Irish critic in considering the performance "a stage solecism." "Whatever she may lose," he adds, "a fine woman can never be a gainer by the metamorphosis. Two of the senses, the eyes and ears of the audience, are at perpetual variance. The unnatural conjunction of manners, voice, and habit is a powerful drawback upon the gratification of nice judgment and true taste, the censure of one of which should, in their estimation, outweigh a whole theatre of others." In taking leave of the Woffington, it may be as well to point out in support of my contention regarding the secret of her success as Sir Harry, that she failed in her attempt to portray the character of Lothario in "The Fair Penitent." Here she had merely her artistic qualities to rely upon; for the tragic libertine lacked the vile salaciousness of Farquhar's gallant. It is a relief to free oneself from the heated atmosphere of this glorified strumpet, and take a turn in the open with honest Mistress Clive. Of the Pivy's male assumptions, sooth to say, however, there is little to tell. Not the merest novice could have failed more egregiously as Bayes in "The Rehearsal." The first female Shylock, she played the part with a pronounced Jewish accent; "but the effect," says her friend, Miss Hawkins, "was too ludicrous to be endured." Meantime, we hear little of similar odd experiments in France, although Mdlle. Clairon had at least donned male costume on the boards. It is credibly related that, in 1750, this superb *tragédienne* presented a pair of black velvet breeches, worn by her in character, to Colson, a needy beginner, for his better adornment as the Young Chevalier in "Zaïre" on making his fir There had

evidently been no dress rehearsal, for when the novice, half overc with stage fright, flung himself at Lusignan's feet, the unyiel breeches, resenting such vigorous treatment, split up with an omi crack.

Unhappy the actress who, from necessity not choice, has ha appear in many an incongruous character. Such was the fate o beautiful Mrs. Jefferson, whose histrionic inferiority drove her the country to herd with barn-stormers. "In the vicissitud itinerant acting," writes Tom Davies, "she had often been red from the small number of players in the company she belonge to disguise her lovely form, and to assume parts very unsuitable delicate a creature. When she was asked what characters excelled in most, she innocently replied, "*Old men in co* meaning such parts as Fondlewife in "The Old Bachelor," an Jealous Traffic in "The Busybody." Little of mirth was the her virtuous, simple life, and by an irony of circumstance she carried off, in 1776, by a hearty fit of laughter. That Mrs. Jeffe experience was not at all uncommon is shown by George Fred Cooke's relation of his barn-storming expeditions in 1777. A unimportant member of Standen's company in Sussex was, he "a little old woman of the name of Woodward, upwards of se years of age, who generally appeared in male characters. I seen her in Sir Francis Gripe and the Miser, and have seen much worse acted. She had an excellent comic appearance, dressed the Miser after the manner of Mr. Griffin, who belo to Drury Lane early in the last century, and was, I think original."

People who are apt to see the *woman* in the *actress*, forge that the player, unlike other artists, has two identities, should warning from the curious case of Miss Macklin. As an actres gave way to none in her penchant for assuming male attire; woman none could have been more prudish. Unhappily co between the two identities brought about her death. Ca dressing in "breeches parts" caused her to fasten her garter so ti that a malignant tumour showed itself in the inner part of th near the knee. This she would permit no medical man to exa until the evil became ineradicable.

Prominent actresses of a century back who, like Mrs. Sid had an innate dislike to male attire, seem to have been in a l less minority. A vow against the donning of man's garb proved very awkward for Miss Barsanti, a talented vocalist, who the original Lydia Languish. Owing to the scarcity of singers,

had been cast, willy-nilly, for Signor Arionelli in O'Keeffe's musical farce "The Son-in-Law." Originally created by Bannister, the character of the Italian music-master called for contemporary dressing. The difficulty might have been avoided in Miss Barsanti's case, as Dr. Doran points out, by wearing a great coat, but instead of that, the lady salved her conscience by assuming the nondescript costume of Arbaces in "Artaxerxes."

In May 1780, "Perdita" Robinson made her last appearance on the stage as Sir Harry Revel in Lady Craven's unpublished comedy of "The Miniature Picture." About a lustrum later joyous-voiced Mrs. Jordan revived memories of Peg Woffington by her spirited acting as Sir Harry Wildair. Henceforward her vogue in "breeches parts" was great.

It is noteworthy that Sir Jonah Barrington, in speaking of this lady's novitiate at Dublin, as Miss Francis, says: "Mr. Daly about this time resorted to a singular species of theatrical entertainment, by the novelty whereof he proposed to rival his competitors of Smock Alley—namely, that of *reversing characters*, the men performing the female and the females the male parts in comedy and opera. The opera of 'The Governess' was played in this way for several nights, the part of Lopez by Miss Francis. In this singular and unimportant character the versatility of her talent rendered the piece attractive, and the season concluded with a strong anticipation of her future celebrity." For Mrs. Jordan, Reynolds, in 1797, sketched the character of Sir Edward Bloomby in his comedy "Cheap Living"—that of a stripling of fifteen assuming all the airs and habits of manhood. But the Merry Duchess (brevet rank) was aweary of the doublet and hose, and failed to appreciate the compliment, although she played the part. Of the Jordan, Dunlop, Cooke's biographer, says that "on such occasions she was altogether divested of that restraint with which feminine modesty shackles the movements of most female performers when exposed to the unrestricted gaze of a licentious multitude." Rather severe on the playgoers of the period, this!

Equally unhappy with the modest-minded Miss Barsanti was the curiously-gifted Mrs. Kennedy, who, because of her possession of an exquisite tenor voice, was constrained to exhibit her ill-moulded figure at Covent Garden in 1783, as Patrick in O'Keeffe's comic opera of "The Poor Soldier." Three years later I find her at Edinburgh, playing Don Carlos in "The Duenna," a part originally sustained by Mr. Leoni. On August 26, [illegible] very-like performance of "The B

Bannister's benefit. All the male parts were sustained by women *vice versâ*. Boaden, who considered the whole an atrocious viol of good taste, says: "Bannister, though he sang the airs of Polly c in falsetto, spoke occasionally in the voice of Grimbald; an feminine refinements of mamma and papa from such an exceeded all powers of face. Edwin, who was an accomp singer, kept the *music* of Lucy from violation. . . . Mrs. We Lockit was infinitely too true for burlesque; she looked as had never been out of either breeches or Newgate. My late f Major Topham, was at this time at the *top* of his bent of admi of Mrs. Wells, and the journals teemed with his praises of her Mac which he pronounced, seriously, to be, by many degrees, the be had ever been seen." Mrs. Lefevre was the Peachum; Miss (afterwards Mrs. Colman), Mat o' the Mint; and Mrs. Inchbal dramatist, Ben Budge. Almost exactly two years afterwards, same house, Mrs. Edwards, a *débutante*, made her bow in the what inappropriate character of Macheath; and, as if to ca achievement, Mrs. Webb thrust her bulky person into Falstaff's and, with shocking effrontery, sustained the character, wor word, in all the grossness of the Fat Knight of "Henry IV.,"

Strange to say, Mrs. Siddons, who, in the days of her ascend developed a squeamishness that led to the adoption of a ridic costume in Rosalind, is remarkable as the first female Ha Writing to his friend Garrick from Worcester, in August 177 Rev. Henry Bate informs him that Mrs. Siddons is "a very breeches figure," and sustains the Widow Brady admirably. " beware yourself, *Great Little* Man, for she plays Hamlet t satisfaction of the Worcestershire critics." Less than two years the great *tragédienne* was seen in the Melancholy Dane at Manch and subsequently at Dublin. But she never could be prev upon to act the part in the metropolis.

From that day to this the stage of Greater Britain has se been long without its female Hamlet. In England the part been more or less effectively sustained, from time to t by Mrs. Bulkley, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Bartley, Marriott, Miss Julia Sloman, Mrs. Bandmann Palmer, and ot Judging by the formidable list furnished by America, Transatl playgoers must always have evinced a decided liking for t bizarre personations. It comprises Mrs. Barnes (1819) and daughter, Charlotte (Mrs. Connor), Mrs. Battersby (1822), Shaw (1839), Mrs. Brougham (1843), Fanny Wallack (18 Charlotte Cushman (1851), Charlotte Crampton, Rachel De

Susan Denin, Mrs. F. B. Conway, Adele Belgarde, Sophie Miles, Anna Dickinson, Nellie Holbrook, Viola Whitcomb, and Eliza Warren. Australia has seen Louise Pomeroy and Mesdames Cleveland and Evans in the *rôle*. Only once has artistic propriety been outraged in this way in France: at the Gaieté in 1867, when Mme. Judith gave a weak and colourless impersonation of the young prince.

Few now can regret the decay of the time-honoured system of theatrical benefits. Of old, on such occasions, prominent performers frequently took unwarranted liberties with their patrons and with their art. Mrs. Abington, the original Lady Teazle, and most cultured of *grandes dames*, was rightly condemned for playing Scrub in "The Beaux Stratagem" for her benefit in February 1786, although it is claimed in mitigation of the offence that she did it to win a wager. Whimsically enough, she appeared in the character with her hair arranged in orthodox feminine style, so as to permit her to play Lady Racket in the afterpiece without re-dressing it. If, as Genest says, her portraits as Scrub faithfully preserve this incongruity, it is difficult to believe Mrs. Charles Matthews' assertion "that they might pass for tolerable likenesses of our inimitable Liston in the same character." Naturally the announcement drew a tremendous house; but the effect produced was in inverse ratio to the preliminary excitement. The younger Angelo, who viewed the performance from Mrs. Garrick's box, tells us that Mrs. Abington's "appearance *en culottes*, so preposterously padded, exceeded nature. Her gestures to look comical could not get the least hold of the audience, though they had seen her before in men's clothes, when playing Portia, where her figure, dressed as a lawyer in his gown, gave effect to her excellent delivery on mercy, and the audience had always been delighted." Boaden complains of "the metamorphosis of her person; the loss of one sex without approaching the other; the coarse but vain attempt to vulgarise her voice, which some of my readers remember to have been thin, sharp, and high-toned." Finally Peter Pindar:

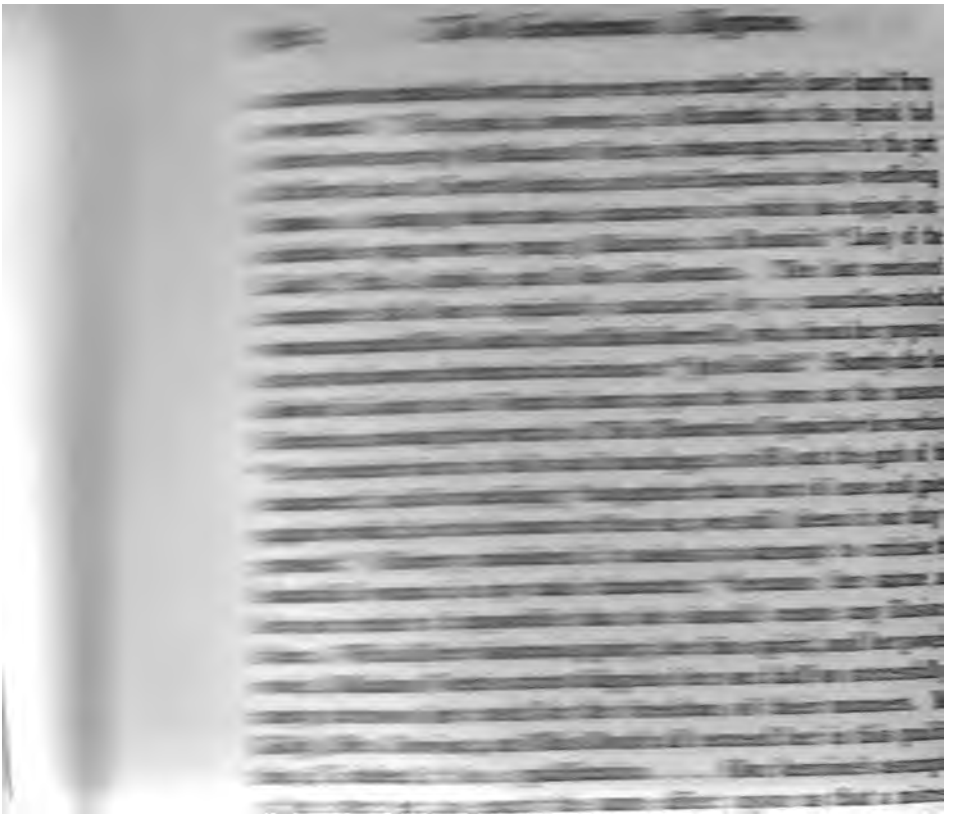
> The courtly Abington's untoward star
> Wanted her reputation much to mar,
> And sink the lady to the washing-tub—
> So whisper'd, "Mistress Abington, play SCRUB."
> To folly full as great some imp may lug her,
> And bid her slink in FITCH and ABEL DRUGGER.

One [illegible] of the hubbub created by Nosegay Fan's escapade was atre, in the October following, by the

at the New Theatre Royal, Bath. At Glasgow, nine months later, Miss Smith (afterwards Mrs. Bartley), in the course of a short starring engagement, sustained the character of Young Norval, and the title-part in the drama of "Edgar, or Caledonian Feuds." Despite her strong penchant for male *rôles*, in neither did she succeed in setting the Clyde on fire.

In 1822, Mrs. Glover played Hamlet for her benefit at the Lyceum, and appears to have given general satisfaction to a large and very distinguished audience. Walter Donaldson, who was in the cast, tells us that Edmund Kean, in company with Munden, Michael Kelly, and Douglas Kinnaird, viewed the performance from a private box. "At the end of the first act Kean came behind the scenes, and shook Mrs. Glover, not by one, but by both hands, and exclaimed, 'Excellent! excellent!' The splendid actress, smiling, cried 'Away, you flatterer! you come in mockery to scorn and scoff at our solemnity!'" The whole performance, indeed, seems to have been something of an intellectual achievement, for the lady's face and figure rather suggested Falstaff than the pensive Dane. Eleven years later, when she was probably the cleverest—and fattest—woman on the stage, Mrs. Glover essayed burly Sir John in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," at the Haymarket. The late Mr. Henry Howe happened, as a boy, to see her in the part. "A great failure," he says, "for although the most unctuous of feminine comedians, she seemed like a weakly youth attempting the character."

In 1821, the London stage experienced a severe renewal of the Macheath epidemic. At Covent Garden, on January 7, a Miss Hollande appeared as the amorous highwayman to the Polly of the brilliant Kitty Stephens. Said the *European Magazine*: "Miss Hollande played Macheath as well as ladies usually do, and strutted, and sang, and vapoured with much more spirit than she usually does as a lady; still we were not pleased; several of the songs are beyond the compass of her voice; and though much applauded, it was 'the attempt and not the deed' which was thus honoured." In the October following, Miss Blake, a *débutante*, sustained the same character, and succeeded in arousing the latent enthusiasm of the Aristarchus of *The Examiner*. To his mind her voice was "possessed of much strength and sweetness in the *lower* tones, which are unusually deep and full for a female. This was as remarkable in speech as in song, and if it did not assist to a due notion of Gay's gallant robber of purses and of ladies' hearts it possessed the happy negative advantage of doing away something from the want of nature in the effort. . . . In the [illegible] oll of the Bell,



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"John Bull"]. Mrs. Stanley, of the Coburg, once played Tressell, Lady Anne, and Richmond." Although rash feminine hands had been laid on Hamlet and Falstaff at an early period, it is not until 1829 that we learn of the first female Romeo. Miss Ellen Tree (afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean) played the part of the love-sick Montague to the Juliet of Fanny Kemble for her benefit at Covent Garden in that year. If I mistake not, this was Miss Tree's first appearance in a male character. Her success was so great as to suggest in after years an even more daring experiment. She was the original Clemanthe in Talfourd's tragedy of "Ion," as produced at Covent Garden on May 26, 1836, but did not long sustain the *rôle* owing to a prior engagement at the Haymarket. Subsequently, when the play was revived at the latter house, Miss Tree, instead of reappearing as the heroine, elected to play Ion, thus pitting herself against Macready, whose portrayal of the hero was written of by Talfourd himself as "one of the remarkable triumphs of art which have graced the stage of late years." In commenting on the boldness of the attempt, Dr. Westland Marston says: "Miss Tree, however, if she had not, in like degree, Macready's power of relieving a part, and his saliency in presenting details, brought very special gifts to her interpretation. Face, form, voice, and simple grace of manner combined to make her externally the ideal of her character; while its purity, nobility, and self-sacrifice found such sympathetic rendering that, if I may judge by the experience of my friends and myself, the effect was ennobling no less than touching, while, at the close, the spectator withdrew reverently, as after a religious observance." The whole, indeed, was a signal triumph for the actress, and resulted in a run of thirty nights to overflowing houses.

Among French actresses at his period Virginie Déjazet reigned supreme in male dress, in which she was said to have been "more at home than most lords of the creation themselves." From time to time this brilliantly witty and superbly versatile woman had given accurate delineations of such well-known historical characters as Henri IV., Henri V., Richelieu, Voltaire, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and Bonaparte in various dramas, produced at the Nouveautés and elsewhere.

At Dublin, about the year 1837, Miss Jane Hyland, adroit both as vocalist and actress, sustained the part of Doctor O'Toole in "The Irish Tutor," and was much admired in the dancing of the incidental Irish jig. Writing of his period of management at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1837, F. C. Wemyss, in his "Theatrical Biography," says: "On the 19th [June] Mrs. Henry Lewis, an actress

[illegible] Miss Cushman's Romeo is a creation [illegible] living, breathing, animat[illegible] [illegible] human being. The memory of playgoers will call up Ro[illegible] as a collection of speeches, delivered with more or less eloquen[illegible] [illegible] individual. Miss Cushman has given the vivifying sp[illegible] whereby the fragments are knit together and become an organi[illegible] entirety. All the manifestations of Romeo's disposition w[illegible] given with absolute truth, and the one soul was recognisable thro[illegible] them all. Miss Cushman looks Romeo exceedingly well; [illegible] deportment is frank and easy; she walks the stage with an ai[illegible] command; her eye beams with animation. In a word, Romeo [illegible] one of her grand successes." Sheridan Knowles, no mean jud[illegible] considered the Cushman's scene with the Friar as great in its [illegible] as Kean's third act in "Othello." "My heart and mind," he wri[illegible] "are so full of this extraordinary, most extraordinary performan[illegible] that I know not where to stop or how to go on. Throughout it [illegible] a triumph equal to the proudest of those which I used to witn[illegible] years ago, and for a repetition of which I have looked in vain [illegible] now." *A propos*, Madame Ponisi, the well-known American actr[illegible]

in a recent interview, speaking of Charlotte Cushman's inattention to costume, said: "She was the best Romeo I ever saw or ever shall see. She may not have been an ideal Romeo so far as her looks were concerned, but she *was* Romeo. I doubt, however, if her costume would be admired nowadays. When I played Juliet to her Romeo, I entirely forgot her sex. She simply carried me away. She was Romeo, and I loved him." Certainly a remarkable tribute to the powers of the actress. In after years, when the Cushman reappeared in the part at the Haymarket, in February 1855, Douglas Jerrold raised his voice in protest in *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, and humorously suggested that additional novelty would be afforded if Mr. Charles Kean could see his way to play Juliet. "We have before seen Miss Cushman as Miss *Romeo*; and though the lady lover is full of flame, it is the flame of phosphor—it shines but it does not burn." Other female Romeos have been Mrs. Melinda Jones, who sustained the character to her daughter Avonia's Juliet at Albany in 1857; Mrs. Nunn, Mrs. Hudson Kirby, Mrs. J. W. Wallack, jun., and Miss Fanny Vining; and, in recent years, Miss Annie M. Clark and Miss Kate Clinton. But we have not yet done with Charlotte Cushman in her capacity as invader of male territory. There are still her Ion, her Hamlet, her Cardinal Wolsey, and her William in "Black-eyed Susan" to be spoken of. Talfourd's hero she played at Dublin in 1846. As Hamlet she was seen at Brougham's Lyceum, New York, on November 24, 1851, and possibly earlier elsewhere. Miss Stebbins, her biographer, tells us that she derived exquisite pleasure from acting the young prince, and looked upon her rendering of the part 'as the very highest effort she had ever made, and the most exhausting." Her strong intellect fastened with avidity on Shakespeare's clear-cut philosophy; and her delivery of the soliloquies was irreproachable. Cardinal Wolsey she had first attempted during an American tour in 1857–58. Hers is the only female embodiment of the character known. A noble effort, it has been rightly praised by Mr. William Winter and other sound judges of Shakespearian acting. According to Miss Stebbins, the chief difficulty Charlotte Cushman found in playing the part "was the necessity for keeping up to, and above, in voice, bearing and *impression* the other male parts in the play, especially in the scene where the fallen Cardinal is *baited*, as it were, by the rude and triumphant nobles who rejoice in his discomfiture. In this scene great power is necessary to avoid being overborne by mere noise and violence and falling below the moral level which the Cardinal must maintain to be, even in ruin, the 'high Cardinal' whom Shakespeare draws. Miss Cushman confessed that

Iago, Shylock and Hamlet in the one week, throwing in, perhaps, Lady Macbeth and the French Spy as makeweight. An admirable fencer, she was perhaps the only woman who ever played the Dei Franchi in "The Corsican Brothers." It is noteworthy, furthermore, that she was the first female Mazeppa. Accustomed as we are to associate that character with poor Ada Menken's memory, it is rather startling to find that in the beginning the *rôle* was a purely male one. As eccentric as she was gifted, the Crampton was often taken with strange whims. Once, after playing Mazeppa to an overflowing house on a severely cold night in Boston, she bestrode her noble steed in her scanty stage garment, and, followed by a motley crowd, rode through the streets to her apartments.

About the middle of June, 1857, Mrs. J. W. Wallack, jun., played Romeo and Ion at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. A few months later Mrs. Waller, a fine Shakespearian actress, and one of the many female Hamlets, appeared at Albany, New York, as Iago. In the same town, in 1860, the beautiful Menken, as yet unknown to fame, took a "farewell" benefit on September 28, appearing as the unhappy George Barnwell in Lillo's play of that name. In 1866 the Prince of Wales Theatre, Birmingham, was for a few months under the management of Mrs. Macready, who, when in want of a novelty, always put up "The Merchant of Venice," with herself as Shylock. Formidable as is this list of *outré* performances, it remained for modern times to show us a female Charles Surface. Only one experiment has been made in this way—that of Mrs. Bernard Beere, who played the part at Southport for old Chippendale's benefit in, I think, the autumn of 1878. A capital performance, too, it was, and quite justified the unanimous recall bestowed upon the actress by a crammed house after the famous screen scene.

Within the last quarter of a century a certain type of woman, which now finds an outlet for its morbid longings in football exhibitions, &c., was apt to fasten itself upon the humorous brutalities of the pantomime clown. Indeed, among the most glaring artistic solecisms which the theatrical "benefit" has to be charged with is the female harlequinade. The manipulations of the woman barb are not more irritating to the human cuticle. The character of th French Pierrot, however, differs widely from the English Joey, n only in finesse and range of the passions, but in technique. It certainly curious that, now the lineal male representatives of t type—the Debureaus and Legrands—have become extinct, the d cate art of southern pantomime should have borne vigorous rev

was that of "As You Like It," as produced at the Garden Theatre, New York, under the auspices of the Professional Woman's League, in November 1893. It was, indeed, a presentation such as won unqualified praise from the unwilling pens of many sound judges of acting. In point of disguise and skilful male personation the palm appears to have been borne away by the Corin of Miss Lucille La Verne. The Jaques of Madame Janauschek, if frankly feminine, was marked by brilliance of delivery, especially in "The Seven Ages." Miss Kate Davis satisfactorily surmounted all the difficulties presented by Touchstone, the dryness of whose humour had kinship with the strongly marked temperament of the actress. Other noteworthy performances were the Orlando of Miss Maude Banks, the Frederick of Miss Ida Jeffreys, and the Banished Duke of Mrs. Eberle. Not even the wrestling scene came tardily off, and laughter (despite the occasional disparity between voice and make-up) seldom was heard in the wrong place. Three months later a representation of Shakespeare's comedy, under similar restrictions, took place in London at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. But little encouragement was given to the organisers of the experiment, either by the public or its guides, although the *Athenæum* was considerate enough to say it spoke well "for the simplicity and innocence of our actresses that, while passages which had no covert sense were banished, others, into which the coarser sense of men had read equivoke or innuendo, were restored."

Even as I write, the cry is still they come. Miss Julia Marlowe, a charming actress strikingly identified with the heroines of Shakespeare, has recently broken up new ground in America by appearing as Prince Hal in "Henry IV.," Part I.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

In one corner of the room there stood stationed against the wall a rusty sword in a still rustier scabbard, a couple of halberds, an out-of-date flint lock rifle, and several other relics of more barbarous times. In the corner I was sitting in there was arranged upon the shelf a number of old worm-eaten books with quaint bindings. Several rare editions of the classics gave indications of a scholarly vein in the family, while a hardly less strong theological trait was represented by a well-thumbed and dog-eared copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," with the works of Jeremy Taylor and Richard Baxter. When our conversation began to flag, I picked up from the little row an Elzevir copy of Erasmus, and had just glanced at the title-page when a loud rap sounded at the door.

Steenie immediately shuffled his feet into his slippers and rose up to open it. In the lobby I heard hilarious greetings being exchanged, and Steenie's voice exclaiming in loud and hearty tones, "Weel, Rob, it's rale pleased I am tae see ye again. I thocht I had lost sicht o' ye a'thegither. It'll be mair as sax year syne ye were here afore. Come awa ben. Come awa ben. We've a veesitor the nicht ye aince kenn'd weel."

The voices approached nearer. Presently the door opened, and Steenie and Rob Robson entered, the latter plentifully bespattered with mud, as though he had travelled some distance. I rose from the chair I was occupying by the fire, and exchanged greetings with Rob in hearty Scottish fashion. Knowing he would be cold and wet, I was about to offer him my chair, when I was interrupted by Steenie's kindly voice.

"Dinna steer, maister George, dinna steer, there's a wheen mair chairs i' the hoose."

Seeing it would be useless to insist, I sat down again. Steenie, meanwhile, brought forward his most comfortable chair for Rob and placed it in the centre between us.

I had known Rob for many years, indeed as far back as I could remember. He was one of those old Scotch blue-bonnets, vulgarly known in these unromantic days as tramps. A strange figure he looked standing at the back of the old-fashioned chair, the cheery blaze of the fire lighting up his wrinkled face and revealing the penetrating glance of his wild dark eyes. An uncanny figure, too, for you might detect a touch of insanity in his features. Yet the country people loved him, for he was harmless as a child.

His was a familiar figure in the district, for he had travelled it nigh on forty years. His age would be sixty or thereabouts, though hard living and expo[illegible]m look at

buried the better hauf o' himsel' wi' the young heir i' the grave. He'll sit by the ingle neuk and read the buik o' Job and the Lamentations the maist pairt o' the nicht noo, the mistress aince tell'd me. It's waefu' tae think on sic an auld family gae'n oot o' sicht at last."

While Steenie busied himself with preparations for supper, Rob turned to me with the kindly smile peculiar to him.

"It's richt pleased I am tae see ye again, George; it'll be mair as sax year syne I saw ye last. Ye were juist a bit laddie at the schule than. I wad haurdly hae kenn'd ye, ye've altered sae muckle i' the time."

"Well, Rob," I replied, laughing, "I cannot say that of you, at least. Tell me how you have fared since we parted."

"Aw, weel," he retorted in a melancholy tone, "I'm juist the same auld gangrel body that ye kenn'd sax year syne. I canna bide mair as twae days i' the ae bit. I maun aye be rovin' aboot the country, though I'm no sae fit for't noo as I was aince. I whiles wish I could tak' Steenie's advice, and settle doun tae some honest employment, but I aye fin' the gipsy blood ower strong in me. I'm no settled doun ae hale day gin the rovin' gait comes ower me an' I maun awa. I canna ee'n thole the thocht o' lyin' in a kirkyard when I'm deid an' gane, and wad raither lie amang the heather on a bleak hillside, wi' the whaups screchin' roun' aboot me, than be doobled up i' a sma' bit plot o' grun' wi' a muckle stane abune me."

"Hoots, man, Rob," broke in Steenie, cheerily, "ye've nae need tae talk aboot siccan things yet. Ye're like tae last twenty year an' mair yet by the look o' ye."

"Na, na," replied the old beggar, wearily, "I doot I'm no lang for this worl'. No that ther's aucht wrang wi' me neyther, but feelin's I canna accoont for come ower me whiles when I'm alane, and uncanny soun's that I canna help but listen tae come tae me whiles i' the sough o' the win'. But I'm juist a daft auld carle, and naebody listens tae me or understaun's me. Onyway, this is no atime tae talk o' siccan things, sae I'll e'en haud ma tongue and sae nae mair."

Neither of us cared to question the old man's hallucinations, nor did we give much heed to them; for Rob, by his own account, was always seeing uncanny sights and hearing uncanny sounds which no one else, to his astonishment, could ever see or hear. He would recount often, with all seriousness and solemnity, conversations he had had with certain ghosts in the churchyard, with several of whom he had now grown quite familiar. The farmers, returning from

cautiously over the wall. I looked round for the old beggar, and at last discovered him seated on a flat tombstone on which was thrown the shadow of the quaintly-shaped church spire. The apparition startled me a little at first, for I was quite prepared for seeing, or rather imagining, anything, however nonsensical. The old man sat bolt upright and perfectly still, like some of the marble figures scattered round him.

It was indeed a pretty and romantic picture. The white tombstones gleaming in the moonlight, the sough of the wind as it rustled through the weeping willows and the long thick grass, the grey outline of the half-ruined little church, and in the midst of all the motionless figure of the old beggar, gave a weird and eerie beauty to the scene. So enchanted was I that I stood and gazed for some seconds in silent admiration. Then I bethought me of my companions and bade them clamber up beside me, but I was answered only by a groan. But my curiosity was stronger than my fear, and I resolved to go up and speak to the old man. With this intent I caught hold of an overhanging willow branch to lower myself gently to the ground. But just as I did so an owl flapped out with a shrieking tu-whit, tu-whoo, which fairly startled those below me, who sprang up with a cry of terror and scampered off down the road, tumbling over one another in their fright. The old man remained motionless as ever, as though he heard and heeded nothing, and my adventure ended less romantically than I had expected. I went softly up to him, but his mind seemed to be elsewhere, for he only stared vacantly at me. I spoke to him, but got no answer. Growing impatient, at last I shook him gently, but it was as though I had shaken a corpse. I was rewarded by no signs of intelligence or recognition. At last, in despair, and feeling very foolish, not to say frightened, I turned, got over the wall again, and wended my way homewards. When my adventure became known, the superstitious fear with which Rob was regarded deepened almost into awe, though probably the old man never knew to what lucky circumstance he owed the more considerate treatment which he afterwards received.

Into such a reverie had I fallen; and, as I gazed into the red embers of the fire, the whole scene presented itself again before me as clearly and vividly as on that quiet autumn night when I sat on the ivy-grown wall of the churchyard. The little grey church and the white tombstones were before me again, and the eerie sighing of the wind was in my ears. From this pleasant illusion, however, I was awakened by hearing Steenie's voice calling me to supper for the fourth time.

"Lord, ha' mercy on us," he was saying, "the laddie's wits h
been a wool-gathering."

"I was only thinking of old times, Steenie," I replied.

We drew in our chairs to the table, and after a most comprehe
sive and incomprehensible grace, delivered by Steenie in slow a
solemn tones, all three of us set heartily to the victuals before
Rob especially distinguished himself by the silent celerity with whi
he caused plate after plate of the homely brose to disappear befo
him. His spiritual investigations were evidently not so all engro
ing as to render him insensible to the cravings of a carnal appeti
Even Steenie's rocky oatmeal cakes, which were generally able
defy the boldest and most willing teeth, as I knew of old, were m
trifles to him.

While the two were thus engaged I amused myself watching t
progress of an enormous black cat, which had climbed up the ba
of Rob's chair, and seemed bent on resuming its favourite seat
the dust-covered books which lined the shelf above. A dexter
bound from Rob's shoulder landed him neatly on the edges o
great family Bible, where he sat with his tail curled round him, a
gazed complacently at us, winking his large green eyes with all t
gravity of a Marius. But he was not suffered to enjoy such tr
quillity long. My previous investigations had loosened the collecti
and just as he was about to settle himself down comfortably fo
snooze, the family Bible, with two or three others on either side of
upset his gravity and himself by making an unseemly rush for t
floor; and books and cat came tumbling together in a cloud of d
to the ground. Mephistopheles, for so Steenie was pleased to c
him, extricated himself from the *débris* with great dignity, thou
not a little difficulty, and after gazing reproachfully for a time at t
prostrate Bible, with a hurt and insulted look, strode at last
solemn disgust from the room.

I rose to pick up the offending volumes, which were very old a
worm-eaten. One of them I found to be a rare and ancient co
of Spenser's "Faëry Queen," dated 1670, with the family name a
crest upon it.

"Your collection contains some valuable books, Steenie," I sai

"Vailable ca' ye them, George," he replied, "'deed an' they'
aucht but that. They micht hae been vailable i' their day, but tha
lang gane by, and they're auld and useless noo, gude for nocht b
gethrin' the stour. Ay, an' there was a hantle mair o' them ainee, b
the meenister fand a wheen tae his liking, an' I sell'd mony a sco
o' them tae an auld packman that ainee gaed aboot the countryside

I doot they've dune him sma' guid, though, for I hevna seen him sin' he got the last handfu', and that's mair as fower year syne."

"Little wonder, Steenie," said I; "whoever had the good fortune to get possessed of a few score of these would soon find some more profitable occupation than that of a travelling packman."

"As for the lave," continued Steenie, taking no notice of my interruption, "it's sma' guid they dae me I doot. But they aye mak' a corner for the bit beastie, and he wad miss them gin they were ta'en awa. He's unco fond o' sittin' up there o' nichts, puir fallow, though he'll maybe be less keen o't noo wi' the fricht he's gotten."

"But do you never read yourself, Steenie?" I asked.

"Na, na, George; I've ower muckle tae dae wi' mair important maitters—herdin' the sheep, milkin' the kye, and reddin' up the hoose. Forbye I was never much o' a scholar."

The Farmer's Magazine, the Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress, and the works of Robert Burns comprised Steenie's whole store of book-knowledge, though he knew these as few know them.

Our attention now turned to Rob, who, after half an hour's intermittent exercise with his jaws, pushed backed his chair from the table with a grunt of satisfaction, pulled out an ancient snuff-box from the depths of a capacious pocket, and taking a pinch between his thumb and forefinger, applied it solemnly to his nose. A prodigious sneezing followed, which shook the old arm-chair to its foundation, and sent the unwary dog reclining beneath it scuttling in terror from the room. When the fit subsided, Rob grasped his oaken staff, the sole companion of his wanderings, and rose to go.

"Bide a wee, bide a wee," interposed Steenie, coaxingly, "ye'll no be for steerin' the nicht, shairly. Ye'd be better sittin' afore a guid fire in siccan a cauld nicht, wi a soun' thack ruif abune yer heid, than gaein' oot i' a snell win' that's like tae blaw the lugs off ye."

"Deed an' that's sae," returned Rob, gravely, "an' verra kin' o' ye forbye, but I maun ower the muir tae Sandy Gordon's the nicht. He's lookin' for me tae dae a bit job for him i' the morning."

Now, I had intended travelling the same road that night, but as I was not well enough acquainted with the way to be able to follow it in the dark, I had intended lodging the night with Steenie, and starting on my journey early the next morning. But when I heard that Rob was going in the same direction, I re[illegible]
company. When I told him so he se[illegible]

It is as if a new world had been revealed to us, or as though the secret of the old had been laid bare. The blood flows quicker and more warmly in the veins, and the pulses throb with a fuller life. We seem to stand, as it were, on the very tip-toe of existence.

Such a time was this for me. The sharp walk had changed the numbness of the night air into a veritable elixir of life; the mind became phenomenally clear, and keenly sensitive to the most minute impression. It was as though the dust and cobwebs which had gathered round it under the deadening influence of routine and custom were in an instant swept away, and a happy prisoner, immured for long in the darksome recesses of Pluto's cave, had been privileged to turn his eyes from shadows, and behold for a few brief moments the light of day.

The sensation was almost intoxicating in his intensity. I felt shaken and giddy, like a frail vessel vibrating with the throb of over-powerful engines. To steady myself I leaned over the rustic parapet and listened to the ripple of the water in the stream below. Sounds came to my ears with a clearness which was altogether new—the swish of the water against the long thick grass which lipped the bank, the rustle of the wind as it took the reed-tops in the marsh beyond. The lowing of a cow from a distant farmyard fell upon my ear, and the fragrant smell of the pinewood was wafted to me at the distance of over half a mile.

For several minutes I lingered thus, enjoying to the full the very ecstasy of existence, and inwardly hoping that the illusion, if it were an illusion, might last for ever. But slowly, imperceptibly, the vision died away; the magic glory faded from the landscape, and I became a commonplace mortal once again. I pulled out my watch, and found, to my wonder, that I had loitered not less than half an hour. Steenie and Rob, I reflected, would now be more than a mile in front of me, so I started to overtake them with all the speed I could muster.

That night I felt would be a memorable one for me, though I little guessed that adventures were still in store which would make it more memorable still. The sensation through which I had passed seemed to have quickened every nerve in my body, for I ran for a time almost without effort, as though supported by wings. The night had cleared somewhat, and I could see the white road gleaming far into the distance, winding its tortuous way through the closely-planted avenue of fir-trees which lined it on either
clouds had parted asunder, and at intervals the m
through.

[illegible] a manner [illegible] I had [illegible] a mile; but [illegible] very cold [illegible] very [illegible] soon gave out, and I [illegible] [illegible] to settle down to a sleepy walk. Further on I met [illegible] young girl, with a jug of milk on her head, which she was [illegible] [illegible] to support. My charming girl seemed to frighten her a [illegible] for she doesn't have, as I soon saw, any doubt about [illegible] [illegible] struggle doubtful which way to run. But a [illegible] voice saved [illegible] moment her, and I passed [illegible] that she [illegible] passed the mail as a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and I had passed her [illegible] walking slowly [illegible] the way. I quickened my pace, therefore, and pushed on.

[illegible] and through the rustle of the leaves and the [illegible] [illegible] of the fallen chestnuts beneath my feet sounded in the [illegible] [illegible] like the rattle of a great wind in the grass, and the firing of an [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] There was something invigorating in the keen [illegible] and the rapid movement, and I walked on briskly, whistling as I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"An' forbye, I've been oot in mony a siccan nicht afore. There's a snawstorm comin', nae doot, but I think we'll win the length afore it comes on. Onyway, I ken mony a bit neuk and cranny i' the hillside we can creep in tae till it blaws by. An' if the warst comes tae the warst," he added, with a tone of melancholy resignation, which sent a cold shiver through me, "as I aye said, I wad raither en' ma days i' the muir or the hillside than cooped up like a rat i' a hole in a sma' corner o' a bit stane biggin'."

With these words we shook hands and parted. I watched Steenie pacing slowly down the road again, and inwardly shuddered as I saw his figure vanish in the darkness. By this time more than half of the romance I had associated with the prospect of a sixteen-mile walk in the dark, in company with a half insane old beggar, had worn off, and I wished myself safe in Steenie's cosy parlour again. Ashamed to confess my fears, however, I turned and followed Rob, assuming an air of cheerfulness I was far from possessing.

But his cheery voice soon served to shake off my melancholy, and 'ere long we were striding forward in the dark as merrily as though we were footing it in broad daylight on the king's highway. At every step our road became more desolate and lonesome. The narrow pathway, which ran down a steep glen, flanked on either side by high and rugged hills, was hardly distinguishable in the winter darkness. The wind had risen, and was moaning eerily through the trees. The sky had commenced to darken again, and away to the west a great bank of thick, dark clouds was gathering ominously in the sky.

Yet, despite these evil omens, the first hour of our journey passed right pleasantly. We talked, and joked, and the rocks rang with the echo of our laughter, for we were both of gipsy blood, and felt as much at ease tramping doggedly along the steep hillside, with the murmur of the brook and the sough of the wind in our ears, as more home-bred folks could be on a winter evening by their cosy firesides.

To-night, however, no murmuring brook greeted our ears; but instead, deep down in the glen, we heard the Shinnel roaring along its rocky channel, for the water was in high spate with the heavy rains. Far away, on the other side, I observed a small light glimmering feebly in the darkness. It could not come from a cottage, for there were none in so wild and lonesome a place. Rob, I knew, was acquainted with every inch of the road, so I appealed to him. He turned to me sharply as I spoke, with an alarmed look in his face.

"A licht i' the glen, say ye, George! My auld een are no sae

gleg at the seein' as they were aince; but, an' that be sae, we'll haud a wee tae the left, for it'll be the Water Kelpie oot the nicht, an' he's no a canny beast tae fa' in' wi'."

The Water Kelpie was the terror of the country for miles round. He figured in many a fearsome story familiar to my childhood. On dark, stormy nights, when the river was in high flood, he hung out his light on the bank, himself sitting on a rock in the middle of the stream, ready to receive any unlucky wight who might be attracted by the gleam into his voracious jaws. He also it was that caused the river to roar so loudly, lashing it into fury with his tail. Tradition, moreover, ascribed to him a less dignified, but not less important function, that, namely, of punishing disobedient children. Many a winter night has the appearance of his face at the window sent me scampering off to bed, when all manner of bribes and threats on the part of parents and elders had been tried in vain. The mere mention of his name again, after so many years, opened the floodgates of memory, and a whole torrent of story and romance came pouring in upon me.

Much, though, as I had heard of him and his doings, it had never been my lot to see him in the flesh; and now here was an opportunity which I must not for the world lose. Besides, I knew better than to appear incredulous before Rob, since nothing irritated the old man more than to be called in question for any of his superstitious fancies. So I said meekly—

"But, Rob, I should like to see him. What is he like?"

"Weel, gin ye saw him aince ye wadna heed aboot seein' him a second time, I'se warn ye," answered Rob, somewhat tartly.

I was evidently lacking in awe and reverence for this strange monster. So I again asked:

"Did you ever see him yourself, Rob?"

"Ay, aince," he responded, in a whisper, "but I wad raither no speak aboot it enoo. There's nae sayin' what micht happen. He micht e'en be cooried doun at the back o' the rock listenin' tae us."

"Oh, nonsense, Rob," I said; "what objection can he have to our talking of him? Tell me all about it."

Rob looked puzzled for a moment, as though drawn two ways by his fear of the Kelpie and his natural love of story-telling. At last the latter triumphed.

"Weel," said he, "we'll just haud a wee mair tae the left, and I'll tell ye aboot it."

"It'll be nigh forty years sune," he went on, "aboot the time o' the Lammas floods, that I gaed along this same road, juist in siccan

a nicht as this. I kenn'd nocht aboot the Water Kelpie than. Weel, I saw the licht, juist as you saw't the nicht, an' I speir'd at mysel' whaur it could come frae, for I kenn'd there was nae biggin' i' the glen or on the hillside forbye Jock o' the Glen's, whilk was a mile or twae faurer up. Sae I een gaed doun—but we'd better gie ower speakin' o't enoo, maybe, for he's no a cannie beast tae be near haun."

"Go on, Rob," I said encouragingly, "we're not within half a mile of him yet."

"Weel, whan I gat doun——" here Rob stopped again, for we were now directly opposite the light, though at some distance off.

"Yes, Rob," I said, "and what did you see?"

"I saw a beast sittin' on a rock," said Rob, quaveringly.

"Was he big?" I asked again.

"Ay, he— he was a big, muckle beast," replied Rob, keeping his eye fixed steadily upon the light.

We were now safely by, and Rob's tongue became unloosed again. Somehow or other my desire to see the Water Kelpie had vanished as we came near. But I urged Rob on with his tale.

"And what shape was he?" I asked.

But Rob now scorned to answer questions, and proceeded with his story in a more scientific manner.

"He was a big muckle beast," he said again, "as big maybe as Steenie's auldest bull stirk"—I had not the pleasure of that gentleman's acquaintance, but I said nothing, and Rob went on. "He had a big muckle heid as weel" (my respect for the Kelpie now began to increase), "wi' twae lang tusks that cam oot frae his nose, and twae horns on his heid like a bred shorthorn. His een were like twae red-hot bits o' coal" (this was becoming fearsome), "and his lang wabbit feet were streekit oot on the rock afore him. He wasna' a hairy beast, but his body was spreed a' ower wi' reed and green scales like a dragon's."

Here Rob stopped for a moment to recover breath.

"And had he a tail?" I asked, for I had always a passion for details.

"Ay, he had a lang green tail, whilk he hel' ower the rock, and lashed the water wi'. An' the mair he lashed the looder it roared."

At this point Rob's brilliant descriptive and imaginative power seemed to fail him. But I knew there was more to follow, so I prompted him.

"And did he see you, Rob?" I asked.

"Ay, that did he, and afore I had gotten richt doun tae the water."

[illegible]

[illegible] death."

[illegible] impression [illegible] Jim's story was [illegible] [illegible] and a will-o'-th[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

heather beneath us, and we knew that by keeping well up the face of the hill we must reach the top some time or other. But presently we felt ourselves stumbling over a rougher piece of country—great rocks and treacherous tracts of loose sand and stones alternating with moss-hags, peaty pools, and occasionally a roaring mountain torrent. At one time we found ourselves floundering through a marshy bog, or stumbling over clumps of reeds and willows, our clothes soaked and dripping with the wet; at another, crawling cautiously on hands and knees down a steep ravine, never knowing where our next foot-step was to land.

Half an hour of such rough travelling left me most miserable—my wrists aching, and my hands cut and bleeding with the sharp stones. The wind roared down the gorge below us, striking full in our faces, so that we could not hear each other speak. Rob was now several yards in front of me, for his pace was deadly, and I was gasping for breath, both by reason of the violence of the wind and my own very strenuous exertions. His behaviour, even to me who knew him well, seemed most extraordinary. At times he would hurry on frantically, whistling, as it appeared to me, in a most unseemly fashion. Then he would stop of a sudden, waving his stick in the face of the sky, as though he were taking auspices after the manner of a Roman augur; and then press on again with renewed vigour, muttering to himself all the time.

For a while we struck in a straight line across the face of the hill; but after a time Rob turned abruptly and commenced to ascend, and I had no choice but to follow, though at every step my limbs sank beneath me, and I felt ready to faint with sheer exhaustion. Then the snow began to fall, gently at first and in tiny flakes, then pouring down in masses of white, eddying and whirling with the wind. For the first time in my life I felt a cold shudder of dread come over me, which chilled me more even than the cold night air. I saw it was madness to go on, but then, I reflected, it would be equal madness to turn back. My mind gave way to the most morbid imaginings. Every blast of wind that struck my face sounded in my ears like a death-knell. The white snow that covered our garments reminded me of a winding-sheet. The sough of the wind as it echoed and re-echoed round the hillside sounded in my ears like the wail of a creature in agony.

But soon all feeling vanished, and I stumbled up mechanically, slipping and sliding at every step. At last I felt level ground beneath me, and I [illegible] top of the hill. Here surely, I thought, Rob [illegible] the right

running, half-walking gait which tried my endurance sorely; then he would start suddenly and stop as though he had met someone. At other times he would crane his neck forward and put his hand to his ear as though he heard something, though the only sound audible was the howling of the wind, and now and then the bleat of a snipe or the weird wailing of the whaup. Not seldom he stopped and struck out wildly with his hands, as though defending himself against someone, muttering loudly the while in a queer, cracked voice which was hardly human.

At first I gave no heed, for I knew he had strange fancies, and feared to irritate him; but about midnight, as I guess, when the darkness lifted somewhat, and I was able to see things more plainly, his strange demeanour frightened me so much that I made to go forward and speak to him. Scarcely had I made this resolve when I saw him staggering badly, as though about to fall. I ran up hastily and grasped him firmly by the arm. He stopped abruptly and turned to me with a look I shall never forget, for it seemed to pierce my inmost soul.

"What's the matter, Rob?" I said anxiously.

He started at my words with an unearthly cry, which almost froze the blood in my veins.

"Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it?" he shrieked, and his voice rose clear above the howling wind.

Then he shook his arm free of my grasp and raised his clenched fist to the sky.

"Hear what, Rob?" I asked, now thoroughly terrified.

"The voices i' the win', man! The voices i' the win'!"

I blanched with fear. Like a gleam of lightning the truth flashed on me. Rob had gone mad—mad! And I was alone, with a madman, on the lonely moor. I had to repeat the words over and over to myself ere a full sense of their meaning dawned on me. Then I looked up, and oh! shall I ever forget the face which I saw gleaming into mine? Even yet its memory haunts me in my dreams, for impressions so vivid and awful do not easily fade away. I started back a pace instinctively, to avoid the glare of those fiery blood-shot eyes. For fully half a minute their terrible, unearthly light burned its way into my very soul. I stood rooted to the spot, unable to move hand or foot. A curious mesmeric spell in them fascinated me. I was utterly helpless. A second more and I, too, should have gone mad.

But the maniac broke the spell by clutching me fiercely by the arm. With a look of grim mirth on his face, he shrieked into my ear,

body without a soul. At last I felt that I could hold out no longer. An overpowering feeling of weariness and exhaustion came over me, so I dragged my limbs along till I came to a place somewhat sheltered by a huge rock which overhung it, and then sank fainting on the ground. How long I lay thus I cannot tell. In broad daylight I awoke with a choking sensation in my throat, and saw two men, neither of whom I knew, standing over me, one attempting to restore me by a plentiful administration of brandy, and the other rubbing my hands with an energy to which I was unaccustomed.

The first words I remember uttering were, "Where is Rob?"

"We dinna ken," replied both the men at once.

"Let's go and look for him," I said, in a dazed way.

When I got upon my feet I saw to my wonder that I was barely a hundred yards from the place I had left Rob the night before. I had been walking in a circle. We got over the fence, which was almost covered by the snow, and commenced digging on the other side with the spades which the men had brought with them. After a time we found him, lying just as I had left him, but cold and stiff, and frozen to death.

I shuddered and wept bitter tears, for I had loved the old man tenderly. I must have stood over him for some time, for one of the men took me by the hand, saying, "Hoots, sir, come awa'; dinna tak' on sae. Be thankfu' ye've saved yersel'. As for him, weel, it's a verra great peety, but he was just a puir bit gangrel body, efter a'."

J. EDGAR.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THERE are some writers who have been the adopted fame from their first publication, either because w wrote was adapted to secure a present popularity, or for so inscrutable reason. The capricious manner that Fame as dealing with poets is notorious. What were considered the e productions of one writer have been passed over by his own left to be the pride of some century far ahead; while a and sincere work, admittedly written for posterity, has bee applauded by the poet's contemporaries, but quietly and un ignored by those future ages for whose benefit it was compo

We should not imagine that poet to be on the high immortality whose one book, published in his own old age, run into a second edition for nearly two hundred years. is not Robert Herrick's right of way among the green s Parnassus as well assured as that of most poets? Fame pla of her tricks upon him, but he knew her flighty nature prepared for it. His book—in spite of the apparentl character of many of its subjects—was written for posterit book was. Of that we can be perfectly sure both from express and repeated statement to that effect in his poems, a from the fact that he took the least possible pains to secure temporary reputation. It is not many poets of whom so mu be said. There was no log-rolling about Herrick. He belo no "benefit club for mutual flattery." And the slow process o has brought him his reward.

Robert Herrick[1] was a Londoner, the son of a London trad and was born in Cheapside in 1591. London has cause to be of her poetic sons; their names make a glorious roll: C Spenser, Herrick, Ben Jonson, Milton, Pope, Keats, Browni these were born in London, and almost all have celebrated h

[1] The name, according to the fashion of the time, was indifferentl Warick, Hearick, Hearik, Heyricke, Eyrick, Eyreke, Erick, &c., &c., which are probably variations of the Norse *Eric*.

spoken of her kindly in their writings. To this rule Herrick, as we shall see, is no exception. After schooldays which may or may not have been spent at Westminster School he was apprenticed, at the age of sixteen, to his uncle William, afterwards Sir William Herrick, a goldsmith in Wood Street, Cheapside. In the meantime Elizabeth had died, and the first of the Stuarts was on the throne.

It is with difficulty that London life of three hundred years ago can be imagined, and London itself has changed as much as the life of her people. In those days it was no exaggeration to speak of "silver-footed Thamesis." The river was a place for bathing, fishing, and boating. Hundreds of watermen plied between the city and the southern bank. Old St. Paul's dominated the city and provided a recognised but unsuitable meeting-place for business men and pleasure seekers: it was the customary promenade for citizens and courtiers, soldiers and poets, the fashionable and the disreputable worlds. The citizen lived over his shop with his family and apprentices. The city was the centre of an animated and gaily coloured life. In the afternoons there were the performances at the theatres on the Bankside, The Globe, The Hope, The Rose, The Swan, and Paris Garden, all of which were in the neighbourhood of Southwark, and might be reached either by Old London Bridge, or by taking one of the crowd of small boats that were in attendance. The traffic between the city and the theatres was the mainstay of many of these watermen, and when, owing to the prevalence of the plague, the playhouses were closed, the loss of custom naturally affected them severely. There is a curious petition extant at Dulwich College in which the "Servantes and plaiers" of Lord Strange beseech the Privy Council to withdraw the restriction upon their theatre, and this is made one of their pleas.

"And for that the use of our plaiehowse on the Banckside, by reason of the passage to and frome the same by water, is a greate releif to the poore Watermen theare, and our dismission thence, nowe in this longe vacation, is to those poore men a greate hindraunce, and in manner an undoeinge, as they generallie complaine, both our and theire humble petition and suite thearefore to your good Honnors is that you wilbe pleased, of your speciall favour, to recall this our restrainte, and permitt us the use of the saide Plaiehowse again."

This document is inserted by J. Payne Collier in his "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," and shows the large part that the theatre played in the life of the town.

The romance and the variety in the

of this time may be gathered from Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel," it was in the midst of this full-blooded and highly-strung exist that Herrick found himself placed in 1607. Although the scen his schooling is doubtful, we are at least certain that his school fixed in him a liking for poetry, especially that of the Latin lyri and we may be sure that he availed himself as largely as possibl the intellectual opportunities that London offered at that time. these the chief was the drama, which was then at its very hig pitch, and without doubt Herrick made himself tolerably fam with the interiors of the humble playhouses of those days. what a dramatic feast was held out to the Londoner at that t Herrick was an apprentice from 1607 to about 1612, and d those years many of the masterpieces of the English drama were produced—"Antony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," "Cymbel "The Tempest," "The Winter's Tale," Jonson's "Silent Wom "Catiline," "The Alchemist," Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philas "The Maid's Tragedy," and the burlesque "Knight of the Bur Pestle," Webster's terrible "Vittoria Corombona," "The Puri and "The Yorkshire Tragedy," both attributed to Shakespeare, many a kindly and rollicking comedy by the prolific Heywood, poetic Dekker, and the facile Middleton. With such intelle fare as this it is no wonder that the imagination of Herrick wa strengthened as that the little shop in Wood Street became impossibility. Consciousness of the possession of a poetic temp ment, and perhaps glimpses of the social life of the brilliant wri of the time, these probably influenced his decision. At any rate, decision was made. His uncle was induced to forego the remain of the apprenticeship, and the nephew was entered on the books St. John's College, Cambridge.

The writers who had immediately preceded Shakespeare, had paved the way for greater men than themselves—Nashe, Pe Greene, Lodge, and their compeers—were almost without except University men. The same was true of Beaumont and Fletch and perhaps of Jonson, whose names and doings were alre sufficiently familiar to Herrick, and this may have had an influe in determining the imaginative apprentice to seek to further his intellectual and literary fortunes by a university course. Although he entered at St. John's he afterwards shifted to Trinity Hall, a it was thence that he graduated Bachelor in Arts in 1616, the y of Shakespeare's death.

There are half a dozen letters still preserved which the poet wr to his uncle while at Cambridge, giving several interesting details

his life there. He seems to have been chiefly, if not entirely, dependent for supplies upon his uncle, and the burden of his letters has been the burden of many an undergraduate's epistle since—the shortness of means and the necessity of obtaining further supplies. The following extract is a fair specimen: "I entreat you (as heretofore), so now to paye to Mr. Adrian Morrus, bookseller, in the black fryers, the some of tenn pounds, who hath payd the same some at Cambridge; . . . be you but pleas'd and I shall justifie the expectation of all men." (January 16$\frac{5}{6}$.) In another letter, asking for a similar advance, he says: "and I hope you will be in some sort careful for my credit, which," he naïvely adds, "will be weak except I hear from your worship this week." And again, "the long time that your worship hath been absent hath compelled me to run somewhat deep into my tailor's debt." He is profuse in his gratitude when the bounty is bestowed, and writes sometimes in an extravagant and euphuistic style. "Long life and the aspersions of heaven fall upon you," is one of his expressions, and in another he beseeches his relative to remember him "like a true Maecenas," which goes to show that even at that time (February 16$\frac{6}{7}$) he was beginning to regard himself as a poet.

His removal from St. John's College to Trinity Hall is explained in these letters. "Meanwhile, I hope I have (as I presume you know) changed my colledg for one where the quantity of expence wilbe shortned by reason of the privacie of the house, where I propose to live recluce." Whether his university life was altogether hermit-like, or whether he was trying to work upon the feelings of his guardian is likely to remain a matter of opinion. In any case his uncle seems to have treated his nephew in a somewhat niggardly fashion, doling out his ten pounds with a very sparing hand, and apparently waiting to receive an urgent appeal for the amount before he sent it. This is the more strange when we remember that (as appears from one of these letters) the money was not that of the old goldsmith himself, but actually withdrawn piecemeal from Herrick's own patrimony. Herrick seems to have been conscious of this, and one or two traces of irony may be found in the letters, notably in one which he addressed to his "careful uncle." It is likely that the successful tradesman, enjoying the favour of the custom of the Court, and receiving civic distinction, could not appreciate the reasons which led Robert from his counter to the University, and that he kept a strict hand on his finances in consequence. Herrick obtained his degree as Master in 1620 and returned to London.

With the experience of an additional seven years, with the

dignity that attaches to a Master in Arts, and with more reputation as a minor poet, Robert Herrick was now able t freely into that society of wits which before his departure to Ca he had been able to regard only from a distance. It is t that incomparable company had been deprived of two of its b ornaments in the interval—Shakespeare and Beaumont we dead—but Fletcher, Chapman, Massinger, and above all Ben —recently returned from his trip to Scotland—were still carr the old traditions, and Herrick's life for the next nine year life of "Bartholomew Fair," and the "Gull's Hornboo ordinary, the playhouse, and the tavern.

The old meetings at the Mermaid were over, but the others which answered equally well, the Sun, the Dog, th Tun, and, more famous still, "The Old Devil," in Fleet Str Temple Bar, and almost opposite St. Dunstan's Church. H held those convivial exercises over which Jonson ruled despotic hand, and hither to him came flocking the poet younger generation—Herrick and Falkland, and Sir Kenelm Marmion, Randolph, and Brome the dramatists, and many It was a species of literary club; its members were "sealed Tribe of Ben," and called his sons. The dignity of Sons accorded to Herrick, and throughout his after life he always back to his connection with the old poet with a peculiar With the exception of the classical writers and Ben Jonson, t poets celebrated in his verse are Beaumont, Fletcher, and D But to Jonson are consecrated several of his lyrics, and in them he is spoken of as the chief of poets, "the rare arch-poe

He sings:

Fill me a mighty bowl
  Up to the brink;
  That I may drink
Unto my Jonson's soul.
Crown it again, again,
  And thrice repeat
  That happy heat
To drink to thee, my Ben;

and writes an epitaph for him, which begins:

Here lies Jonson with the rest
Of the poets, but the best.

onson's was the predominating influence in his verse. Hesperides" are in a sense the outcome of the "Forest" an

"Underwoods" of the master, and several times the same subject is treated similarly by the two poets. It is always necessary when speaking of Jonson to remember that he had a splendid lyrical gift: a judgment that is based solely upon his plays leaves unseen one of the most beautiful sides of his many-sided character. The lyrical poetry of his century owed more of its colouring and form to Jonson than to almost any other writer.

This free town life, however, was not to be Herrick's much longer. In the year 1629 it came to an end. The reason for the change is not known. Perhaps, as he grew older, his naturally thoughtful mind became tired of the careless gaiety of the life—he expressly tells us that it was not mere necessity that induced him to take the step—but at any rate, in 1629, shortly after his mother's death, he took holy orders, and was presented to a living in Devonshire.

The sudden change from town to country must have been deeply felt by Herrick. Devonshire was not then a few hours' journey from London. Herrick went by water, and he regarded it as a serious voyage. To one who had mixed with the frivolities, if not with the excesses of London life, it was like being torn up by the roots. As his custom is, Herrick describes his feelings in verse, and apostrophises the Thames:

> No more shall I reiterate thy Strand,
> Whereon so many stately structures stand,
> Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go
> To bathe in thee, as thousand others do. . . .
> Never again shall I with finny oar
> Put from or draw unto the faithful shore. . . .
> May all clean nymphs and curious water dames
> With swan-like state float up and down thy streams;
> No drought upon thy wanton waters fall,
> To make them lean and languishing at all;
> No ruffling winds come hither to disease
> Thy pure and silver-wristed Naiades.

But none the less he appears to have settled quietly down to his new vocation, and to have played his part conscientiously to the natives of Dean Prior. His life was necessarily quiet and uneventful, but its very simplicity gave him the opportunity of cultivating a side of his character which had been in danger of being overridden in London. There can be no doubt that his stay in Devonshire was a good thing for his poetry. As in the town he had been brought into touch with man, so in the country he was brought into close communion with nature in many moods, but especially in that mood which easily led to contented and meditative serenity. At times

the sameness of the life must have palled upon him, and in
satisfied hour he writes :

Before I went
To banishment
Into the loathed West,
I could rehearse
A lyric verse
And speak it with the best.

But time, Ai me !
Has laid, I see,
My organ fast asleep ;
And turned my voice
Into the noise
Of those that sit and weep.

But he must have been in a bad humour when he wrote
he makes reparation to Devonshire in a brighter moment :

More discontents I never had
Since I was born than here,
Where I have been, and still am sad
In this dull Devonshire.
Yet, justly too, I must confess,
I ne'er invented such
Ennobled numbers for the press,
Than where I loathed so much.

In the poem, also, entitled "His Content in the Count
describes the advantages of a quiet mind in a manner that sh
was almost entirely reconciled to his lot.

Whatever comes, Content makes sweet.

Every little incident furnished him with material for a ver
his maid Prue—his sole domestic—was ill, he would write a h
Æsculapius promising that deity a sacrifice in the event
recovery ; did his pet sparrow die he composed an elegy in its h
wherein it was made to compare satisfactorily with Lesbia's fa
bird ; the loss of one of his fingers provides him with a mo
theme ; his spaniel Tracy is not forgotten ; and he even ventu
a clerical joke with his diocesan the Bishop of Exeter, aski
reverend prelate to recognise and praise his verses.

If then, my Lord, to sanctify my muse
One only poem out of all you'll choose,
And mark it for a rapture nobly writ,
'Tis good *confirmed*, for you have bishoped it.

But while Herrick was soberly ministering to his little

walking among the Devon meadows, pondering over a closing rhyme, or gathering materials for next week's sermon, the world of London and the political life he had left was passing through one of its most disturbed and exciting crises. From 1629, when the poet took orders, until 1640 the King ruled without calling a parliament—eleven long years of tyranny, during which there accumulated on men's hearts and brains the power that afterwards expended all its strength on the unhappy and misguided King. In 1640 the Long Parliament met, and at once the struggle between the people and the Crown began. Soon the country was in the throes of civil war: London was the seat of the intensest activity, and the land was filled with the strife of contending parties. Echoes of these noises came more or less indistinctly to Dean Prior, but apparently the little village escaped the actualities of war. Herrick, who had probably some slight connection with the Court before he left the Capital, was naturally inclined to the Royalist side, and many complaints of the troublous times are to be found up and down his book. There are poems to Charles and to his Queen, and one written to welcome the King upon his coming with his army into the West. In connection with these things he writes:

> Good princes must be prayed for; for the bad
> They must be borne with, and in reverence had.
> Do they first pill thee, next pluck off thy skin?
> Good children kiss the rods that punish sin;
> Touch not the tyrant, let the gods alone
> To strike him dead that but usurps a throne.

The last couplet was about to receive sudden exemplification in an unexpected way. But Herrick was not a blind believer in "the Right Divine of Kings to govern wrong." Behind the cover of his royalism can be detected a sorrowful conviction that the people had right on their side, and a sad consciousness that "this our wasting war" was the natural outcome of the insolent behaviour of the King and his infamous advisers. Although he could compose half a dozen extravagant lines to Charles on his capture of Leicester in May 1645, in which poem the King is depicted as holding fortune both by the hands and wings, he could also write in words that have a truer ring in them:

> Like those infernal deities which eat
> The best of all the sacrificèd meat,
> And leave their servants but the smoke and sweat:
> So many kings, and primates, too, there
> Who claim the fat and fleshy fo
> And leave their subjects b

And again—

Kings ought to shear not skin their sheep.

There can be no doubt that Herrick was profoundly grieved the state of his country, and that he yearned impatiently for p and a united nation. "Where shall I go?" he cries:

Where shall I go,
Or whither run
To shun
This public overthrow?

And he closes a letter "To his friend on the untunable times" the lamenting refrain—

But let's go steep
Our eyes in sleep,
And meet to weep
To-morrow.

His adhesion to the party of the King was remembered, hov when the people had triumphed, and in 1647, in common hundreds of other clergymen, he was ejected from his living, a place taken by the Puritan John Syms. Once more then he wa to return to his loved London, though he was returning poo poorer than he went out. His means of livelihood withdrawn, self a votary of a fallen cause, dismissed and disgraced, he se to disregard all the disabilities under which he was like to labo the joy of seeing his native city again. He speaks as if he going to make a triumphal entry into the Capital, and writes o journey as of a return from exile. Of course such an impo event was not to be allowed to pass without poetic registration. bids farewell to Dean Bourne—"A rude river in Devon, by w sometimes he lived," speaks of its "warty incivility," and c people as

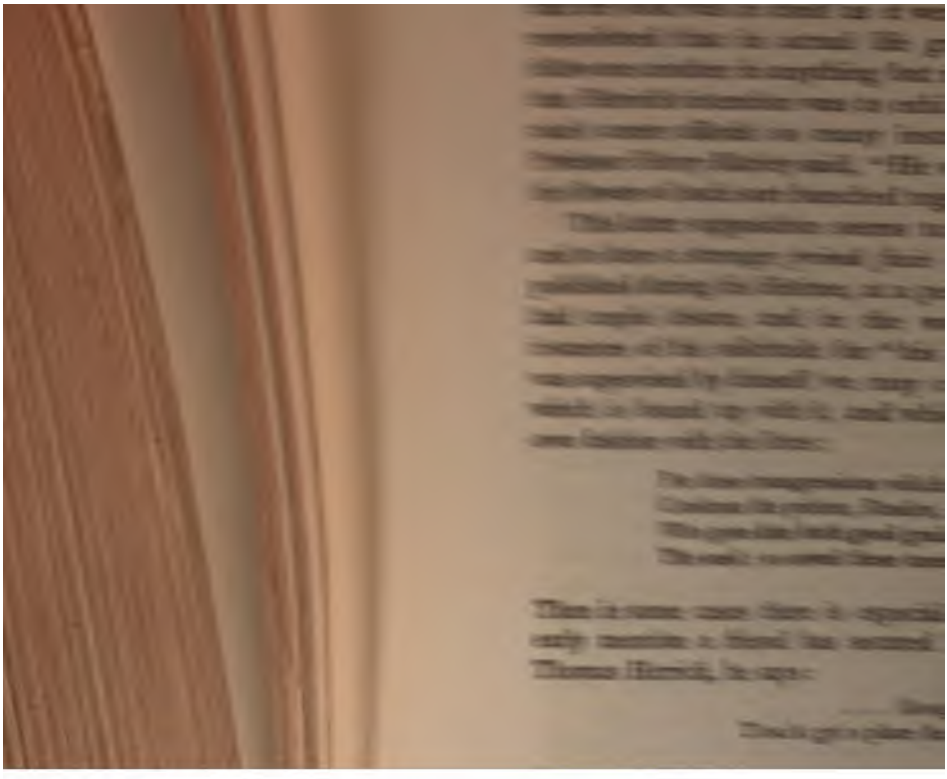
A people, currish, churlish as the seas,
And rude almost as rudest savages.

But he turns from the rocky course of Dean Prior's only stream joyful rhapsody in honour of the town:

From the dull confines of the drooping West,
To see the day spring from the pregnant East,
Ravished in spirit I come, nay more, I fly
To thee blessed place of my nativity! . . .
London my home is, though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment;
Yet since called back, henceforward let me be,
O native country! repossessed by thee.

From 1647 to 1662 Herrick went in and out among the streets of London and of Westminster, amid scenery more pleasant to him than any that could be found in Devonshire. What was his occupation or mode of living in those fifteen years we have no means of discovering. The only important event of that interval was the publication of his poems in 1648. Beyond his MSS. he probably brought little from Devonshire, and because they were collected and in great part written in the West, he called them his Hesperides, the full title being "Hesperides, or Works both Human and Divine of Robert Herrick." They were issued in one volume, but the last part of the book, which he styled his Noble Numbers, had a separate title-page, a separate pagination, and contained all his religious pieces. For some reason or other this part (though issued with the other as one book) is dated 1647, although 1648 appears on the title page of the Hesperides proper. True to his Cavalier tendencies Herrick dedicated these late fruits of his life to the "Most Hopefull Prince Charles, Prince of Wales," and addresses his patron in a fulsome strain, in spite of the heavy shadow that was then resting upon the Royal cause.

One of the most remarkable features of the book—we are speaking of the Hesperides themselves, not of the Noble Numbers—is the curious arrangement, or want of arrangement, exhibited in the disposal of poems dealing with widely divergent topics. Hymns to the heathen gods and goddesses, lines sent with gifts to privileged friends, "epigrams" upon some ill-starred parishioner who had offended in some way against the laws of Dean Prior society, lyrics pure and simple, fairy poems, descriptions of country life, songs on the rose in Julia's bosom or the light in Anthea's eyes, protestations of devotion to the King, lines to a favourite poet, verses Bacchanalian, didactic, descriptive, erotic, follow one another in what appears to be the completest confusion. Dr. Grosart, whose edition of Herrick is the standard work for all lovers of the poet, declares his belief that the present arrangement is entirely due to the printer, and that Herrick had no hand in it at all. His theory is that the poems as they were composed were jotted down into different books according to their character. For example, there would be one book in which all the epigrams would be set down as they were perpetrated; another in which the songs he wrote to his "fresh and dainty mistresses" would be entered; a third would contain the verses in which he enshrined the memory of some friend or relation "who desired to be in his Book"; and so on. Dr. Grosart thinks that these MS. books were placed in the hands of the printer with power to print any or



be paid to a collection of occasional poems published by a clergyman. The temper and the exigencies of the time had driven Milton for awhile from following poetry, and set him to devising schemes for the better government of nations. It was the age of politics and of statesmen, of pamphlets and fierce controversy. It was the age of Hobbes' "Leviathan," and of Harrington's "Oceana of Government," the age of Fuller and of Prynne, and the early days of Jeremy Taylor. Yet all through these dark days there was a remnant that had not bowed the knee to prose, but remained faithful to poetry. Wither and Francis Quarles, Shirley and Waller made their voices heard—if somewhat faintly—amid the storm that was going on around. Cowley in 1647 had issued his "Mistress," a collection of love poems. The year 1649 saw a similar volume, "Jocasta," by Lovelace, and it was in the same year that the well-known verses of Dryden were issued. Herrick, therefore, was not quite solitary when in 1648 he determined to publish. He certainly cannot be accused of rushing into print. It is not in the power of every author to wait until his fifty-sixth year before he begins to think about issuing the result of his labours; but Herrick was in no hurry. Future generations were to be his audience.

> Let others to the printing press run fast,
> Since after death comes glory, I'll not haste.

He repeats the thought in another place:

> I make no haste to have my verses read,
> Seldom comes glory till a man be dead.

In both of these couplets he speaks without any hesitation of the fame that his book would bring him. He is an example of a poet absolutely certain of his own power, conscious that what he had written would be his most enduring monument, and not anxious for the meed of popularity. His book was the aim of his life, the object of his being, and never was poet's life-work the subject of more assiduous attention. The love he bore to it, and the great future he foresaw for it, are written on almost every page; and the deliberation he showed in its publication was an additional proof of the care he was willing to bestow upon it. When the thought occurs to him that he may die before his book is completed, he requests Julia to destroy the manuscript:

> Better 'twere my book were dead
> Than to live not perfected.

He consoles himself with Horace:

> "Thou shalt not all die: for while Love's fire shines
> Men shall read thy lines,

And again :

> Live by thy Muse thou shalt when others die
> Leaving no fame to long posterity ;

and he is never so pleased as when he is conferring immorta
some one or other by enshrining his memory in a lyric. Hi
"To the Most Learned, Wise, and Arch-Antiquary, Mr
Selden," are interesting in this connection :

> I who have favoured many, come to be
> Graced, now at last, or glorified by thee.
> Lo, I, the lyric prophet, who have set
> On many a head the Delphic coronet,
> Come unto thee for laurel, having spent
> My wreaths on those who little gave or lent.
> Give me the Daphne that the world may know it,
> Whom they neglected thou hast crowned a poet.

The suspicion of neglect with which these lines close, a
rather more in Herrick, is repeated in the lines he addressed "
Verses"—

> What will ye, my poor orphans, do
> When I must leave the world and you ?
> Who'll give ye then a sheltering shed,
> Or credit ye, when I am dead ?

It seemed as though the poet's modest expressions of fear we
justified by the measure of indifference that met his work
true that in 1658 a writer in "Naps upon Parnassus," after
ing of Horace, said

> There's but one to be found
> In all English ground
> Writes as well ;—who is hight Robert Herrick,

but as the years went on and new poets arose the lyrist of
side and of Dean Prior was forgotten ; and it was not until 18
his work was reprinted. A volume of selections had been is
1810. From that time, however, editions have been numerou
best being that published in 1876, and edited by Dr. Grosart, to
we have already referred. As to the future Herrick's fame is p
assured ; his sublime confidence is justified at last ; and we m
of him in the lines that Cartwright addressed to Jonson—

> Thou hast writ
> Not for despatch, but fame ; no market wit ;
> 'Twas not thy care that it should pass and sell
> But that it might endure and be done well.

For thirteen years, from 1649 to 1662, Herrick remained in or around London, living a life of which we have no details, but publishing no more poetry. Then in 1662, the Royalist star being once again in the ascendant, John Syms was in his turn deprived of the living of Dean Prior; Herrick (now 71 years old) journeyed once more to his old parishioners, and spent with them the last twelve years of his life. He died aged 83, and was buried in his own little church on October 15, 1674.

Herrick died a bachelor.

> Some would know
> Why I so
> Long still do tarry,
> And ask why
> Here that I
> Live and not marry?
>
> Thus I those
> Do oppose:
> What man would be here
> Slave to thrall
> If at all
> He could live free here?

In other verses he proclaims his intention to remain single

> And never take a wife
> To crucify my life;

and even goes so far as to say

> The only comfort of my life,
> Is that I never yet had wife,

but no one has written more enthusiastically of woman's influence and woman's love. The thought of Herrick invariably suggests the radiant dames that his poems celebrate.

> Stately Julia, prime of all;
> Sappho next, a principal;
> Smooth Anthea, for a skin
> White and heaven-like crystalline;
> Sweet Electra, and the choice
> Myrrha, for the lute and voice.

All these, with Corinna, Perilla, Dianeme, Silvia, and many another, are familiar to all his readers, and, indeed, provide the poet with subjects for the majority of his lyrics. To Julia no less than seventy-one poems are written; Anthea, the next in frequency, can only claim fourteen; and Electra eleven. Who they were and what relation they bore to the poet we have no means of knowing. It is

likely enough that in his younger days he had a wide ci
acquaintances, and the beauties he would meet in the free
those times would afford him plenty of opportunity for the e
of his art. Some have thought that all the poems addressed t
and the rest were written before 1629, and that when the poe
orders he gave up writing love verses; but it seems cle
references in some of the poems written to his mistresses th
composition was considerably later than 1629. In a poem in
he says he is

almost dead to these
My many fresh and fragrant mistresses,

there is distinct reference to the Civil War, and the lines ad
to Anthea, beginning

Now is the time when all the lights wax dim,

are unmistakably late in composition.

It seems likely that Perilla and her fair companions were
known to Herrick in London, and were then made the topic o
a gallant verse; and that after he sailed away to the West h
tinued to write to their memory as though they were actually p
that, in fact, the goddesses he was never weary of worshippin
to a large extent, abstractions and ideals. And when in the q
his little parsonage, or in a sunny Devonshire meadow brig
wild flowers, his fancy coined some musical verse in honour
ideal love, his memory would glide quickly back and dwell lo
on her prototype of flesh and blood whom he had known and
in former years; and, cut off from all the noises and all the ri
of the town, it must have seemed to him that he was think
another Robert Herrick who had lived long ago.

There is a somewhat voluptuous tone about many of his p
and in some he offends grossly against modern conventions
how much of this coarseness was external and due to the habit
time, and how much was the expression of his own mind we c
safely judge. It is a common thing for poets to write in a f
that is not followed in their lives. Even Ovid, with more or l
truth, says:

Vita verecunda est, Musa jocosa mihi.

So Herrick closes his Hesperides with an apologetic couplet:

To his book's end this last line he'd have placed:
Jocund his Muse was, but his life was chaste,

and we are glad to believe him. For the laxity of his pe

generation must be his excuse, and, at any rate, he is entitled to the merit of open confession, for when he is making "His last request to Julia" he admits—

> I have been wanton and too bold, I fear,
> To chafe o'er much the virgin's cheek or ear;
> Beg for my pardon, Julia. He doth win
> Grace with the gods who's sorry for his sin.

The connection that Herrick had with Ben Jonson and the debt he owes to that great poet have been already mentioned. His style, though largely influenced by the Roman lyric poets, was founded on Elizabethan models. There are traces of Greene, and Marlowe, and of Shirley. In a picture he draws of Elysium he introduces the great writers of antiquity with considerable impartiality, but the only English writers he meets in that desirable neighbourhood are Beaumont, Fletcher, and Jonson. In another poem, in a more jovial strain, he drinks to the classics:

> Homer, this health to thee
> In sack of such a kind
> That it would make thee see
> Though thou wert ne'er so blind.

And so on to Virgil, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid. Some of his poems are closely adapted from these writers, but they are not mere translations. Herrick doubtless knew his originals well, and pondered over and assimilated them so thoroughly that when he utters one of their sentiments he has the air of saying something of his own. It was this power that justified him in saying of his verses:

> These are the children I have left,
> Adopted some, none got by theft.

His epitaph on a child, beginning "But born, and like a short delight," is reminiscent of Jonson's beautiful elegy, "Weep with me, all you that read this little story." There is also a curious likeness between what is perhaps his best known lyric and a verse of Spenser. The thought contained in each is probably not original to either, but the similarity is perhaps worth noting. Spenser's lines are in the second book of the "Faërie Queen," c. 12, lxxv. They are these:

> Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime
> For soon comes age
> Gather the rose

The form into which Herrick puts this idea and expands famous, but will bear quoting again:

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But, being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

It is difficult to give in so many words precise reas Herrick's greatness as a lyrical poet. He appeals differe different temperaments, but the charm is there, and in spite redundancies of the book compels acknowledgment. He l faculty of taking hold of some ordinary phenomenon of some workaday sight, something that he had "culled in wood wild," and investing it with unexpected beauty by breathing a quaintly beautiful or tender thought. One of his characteris the haunting melancholy, the continually recurring idea of dea lies behind so much of his verse. That this should be the c pieces written late in life would not be wonderful, but it is rema that in many early poems the same half sad, wholly tender t prevalent. Evidently the Herrick who wrote Bacchanalian and joined in the revels at the "Old Devil" and kindred t was a composite being, and had a trend of thought that might been little suspected by his roystering companions.

Many quotations might be made to show this: here is one.

Sadly I walked within the field,
To see what comfort it would yield,
And as I went my private way,
An olive branch before me lay;
And seeing it I made a stay,
And took it up and viewed it, then,
Kissing the omen, said "Amen:

Be, be it so, and let this be
A divination unto me;
That in short time my woes shall cease,
And love shall crown my end with peace."

He is fond of composing epitaphs upon himself and of speaking of his approaching decease, although he lived twenty or thirty years after his works were published.

Only a little more
I have to write;
Then I'll give o'er,
And bid the world good-night.
'Tis but a flying minute
That I must stay
Or linger in it—
And then I must away.

Then in addition to this he is the chosen laureate of flowers, for which we have to thank Dean Prior. He delights in and celebrates their fulness of colour and of perfume, but he does not merely revel in their simply sensuous beauty, he takes a keen enjoyment in following out the line of thought they suggest. Whether the rose reminds him of

. . . a girl
Ruby-lipped and toothed with pearl,

or leads him on a serious meditative excursion, the result in either case is duly registered in verse.

You are a tulip seen to day,
But, dearest, of so short a stay,
That where you grew scarce man can say.

You are a lovely July flower,
Yet one rude wind, or ruffling shower,
Will force you hence and in an hour.

You are a dainty violet,
Yet withered, ere you can be set
Within the virgin's coronet.

There is another and a singularly charming poem "To Primroses filled with Morning Dew," from which we cannot forbear to quote a stanza, because it illustrates very clearly what we have been saying about the pathetic light in which Herrick sees apparently simple objects.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you
Who were but born
Just as the modest
Ti

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

It has been remarked by Mr. Gosse that Herrick "is alive as no poet before or since to the picturesqueness of dress," and the statement though sweeping is correct. He takes note of each fold in Julia's gown, he writes lines upon the ribbon round her waist, he describes the rustling of her walk, and is in fine as quick to perceive the beauty that lies in dress as to comprehend the splendour of a full-blown rose.

Music too did not go without appreciation from him. It would have been difficult to imagine Herrick dull to the influence of music although some of our poets have been credited with inability to distinguish one tune from another. But on the other hand are many musical poets—Milton, Gray, Browning, and a host of others. Speaking of Milton reminds us that Herrick addresses one of his poems to Harry Lawes, who was the subject of one of Milton's sonnets. Lawes wrote the music to "Comus," and received from the poet the praise that he

first taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not so scan
With Midas' ears, committing short and long.

Both Herrick and Milton seem to have been on familiar terms with the musician, as both address him in their verse as Harry. Some of Herrick's songs were set to music by him, and on his death Herrick wrote:

Some have thee called Amphion, some of us
Named thee Terpander, or sweet Orpheus;
Some this, some that; but all in this agree
Music had both her birth and death in thee.

The difference between Milton's praise and Herrick's is very marked. The greater poet's more considered eulogy was well deserved and discriminately bestowed; Herrick's is spoilt by its extravagance.

Thus far we have spoken almost entirely of the first part of Herrick's book—the Hesperides proper: the second division has far less value than the first. It occupies a comparatively small part of the volume, there being 79 pages of Noble Numbers, and 398 of Hesperides in the original edition. The verses "To keep a true Lent" show what use he made of his poetry among his flock, and how potent a weapon it probably be[illegible] The vigour of the expression and the

skill of the workmanship make the poem worthy of quotation. poet asks what is a fast:

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

No; 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

Perhaps the best known of his serious poems is his "Li the Holy Spirit," which contains many fine stanzas, and so the other hand, that chiefly illustrate his faults:

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursueth
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

But amid such splendid verses occur two which are in and out of place:

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
His or none or little skill,
Meet for nothing but to kill,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

This may be a faithful reflection of Herrick's opinion medical resources of Dean Prior, but the verses have no busi be in the same poem as the two first quoted.

Similar incongruities are to be found in the Hesperides, aintness that is lacking in beauty, a straining of a simple im

by no means rare. There is a couplet spoilt by one of these extravagant conceits, in which one of his mistresses is described as weeping by the bank of a river, and making it "*deeper by a tear.*"

His verses "How Violets came Blue" give a further instance of this: they are quite below the level of his good work. The same is true in some degree of the epigrams already referred to, almost all of which refer to some unpleasant physical peculiarity or deformity in the poet's victim. They are written in rhymed couplets, and were in all likelihood intended to lash some rustic offenders in his own parish. It is probable that they were successful in this purpose, but it is very startling to come upon one of them between two beautiful lyrics breathing of Love and Roses and sweet country scents. Whoever is responsible for the arrangement, most lovers of Herrick would have preferred, we think, that most of the epigrams so plentifully sprinkled among the Golden Apples from the West had remained in MS. or had been destroyed.

But faults such as these must not weigh seriously against the sterling merits of Herrick's poetry: it would be wonderful indeed to find so large a collection of short poems without blemishes and redundancies. Let us read our Herrick and enjoy him, agreeing that he is one of the most delightful of lyrists, and if the epigrams do not suit our taste, they can be passed over.

H. M. SANDERS.

THE RACE FO

IT is to be hoped that Mr. Gossip's
of the *Fortnightly Review* has att
people who have money invested in t
has been accepted by them as a timely
upon the well-known fact that we are
availed himself of the opportunity to gi
tail, on the supposition that "few we
in the likelihood of war, because Engla
States amount to an enormous sum, an
many hostages to fortune in the shape
various commercial undertakings—brew
offices, railway and other securities—to
interests involved are too vast." Jus
American people are groaning under t
foreign commercial interests, and Indi
English money having been diverted
Protection has appealed to the cup
Britain. Adverting to this fact in a
year to the Lieutenant-Governor of th
the subject of developing canal irrig
private enterprise, I stated that ever
difficulty in commanding the use of E

money diverted to develop the resources of America, while India has to content itself with an exhausting export trade by means of its railways. Mr. Gossip's article in the *Fortnightly Review* clearly shows that the American people do not like to see the profits from stocks, trusts, mining companies, and manufacturing enterprises shovelled into the pockets of English capitalists. I emphasise this fact to prove that it is not by shaking her fist in everybody's face that England has succeeded in making so many enemies, but by reason of her capitalists having their fists in the pockets of all her neighbours.

That patient hewer of wood and drawer of water, the Indian ryot, has been grievously handicapped in the race for wealth which begins and ends in London ; and it is on his account that I have turned my ploughshare into a pen. His country is being exploited by the London capitalist, who has discovered a safe investment for his money in Indian railways when they are backed by a Government guarantee. The wagons which run to the seaboard of India laden with raw cotton, grains, oil-seeds, hides, jute, and saltpetre would return almost empty to the interior if it were not for coal, cotton-mill goods, and salt. This, however, is not a healthy development of trade, as coal is never used by the Indian ryot, and cotton cloth and salt were manufactured in every village before wrongly-applied Free-Trade principles ruined these local industries. So, under these circumstances, it is difficult for an impartial observer to see how the inflated export trade of India has benefited the toilers of the soil.

To plead the cause of the hand-loom weaver is like heading a forlorn hope, and it is only by assailing the millowners of Lancashire and Bombay with ridicule and contempt that public attention will be drawn to the desperate condition of the principal village industry of India. When our ancestors painted their bodies blue and were innocent of clothing, India was about the only country in the world which manufactured cotton cloth. Moreover, there is ample testimony to prove the wonderful skill displayed by Indian weavers of the olden times ; but this skill has been lost in a great measure by the descendants of the men who manufactured the famous muslins of Bengal, and now the hand-loom weaver only turns out the coarsest and cheapest description of cotton cloth in the villages. Owing to English Free-Trade principles his lines have fallen in evil places, until his name has become a by-word among the people of the land—hence the proverb, "*Khet khai gadha, maral jhai Jolaha.*" (The ass eats the crop, but the weaver is beaten for it.) This proverb is quoted to show that the village weaver is now
scapegoat of Indian society ; and this is

millowners of Lancashire and Bombay are prepared to buckl
their armour.

The census returns for 1891 show that there were 9,369,902
women, and children of the weaver castes in India in that ye
which add 859,288 cotton-cleaners, and we get 10,229,190 p
who are all more or less dependent upon the local cotton indus
the country. I am careful to say more or less dependent,
many districts the weavers and cotton-cleaners are now swellin
ranks of day labourers in the fields. Against these village wor
are numbered 130,461 employés in the mills of Bombay, Cal
and other large towns. These appalling figures are sufficient to
that machinery worked by steam power has not been an unm
blessing to the teeming millions of India, who are satisfied with
pence a day as the wage of an adult labouring man. In fa
would require at least an *ad valorem* duty of 10 per cent. on the
duce of the mills to enable the village weavers to compete on
terms with Lancashire and Bombay. The millowners, there
ought certainly to have accepted the reduced duty of 3½ per
without giving vent to growls against the freedom of village indus
from taxation.

The village weaver for many years has been between the
and the deep sea, as at best he is a very indifferent farmer, his s
comings in this respect making him an excellent butt for shaf
bucolic wit, which are freely directed against him. There are en
proverbs in vogue which go to prove that he is classed among
most simple and ignorant of the village community. Great fi
made of him on every conceivable subject, but, as a dissertatio
these proverbs is outside the limits of this article, I must refer
reader who is interested in the subject to those most excellent bo
Christian's "Behar Proverbs," Grierson's "Behar Peasant Life,"
Monier Williams's "Indian Wisdom." All these books con
stories and proverbs which prove that the weaver is expected to s
to his loom if he wants to get on in this world, as he is consider
fish out of water when engaged in any other pursuit.

Among the friends of the Bombay millowners there is tal
boycotting English-made cottons. But these foolish people
better take care they are not hoisted with their own petard, as
cotting will extend to all mill-goods impartially if the peasants
roused to a knowledge of the harm that is being worked to them
the decline of the hand-loom industry. This decline of the ha
loom industry is an unmitigated evil which affects the prosperity
India; the wretched condition of the village cattle being a still

proof of the harm already done. In my eyes the peasantry of India are the backbone of the country; and anything that injuriously affects their interests strikes at the roots of Indian prosperity. Before foreign cloth came into fashion among the villagers, every ryot grew sufficient cotton for his own wants, and after separating the fibre from the seed, the cotton wool was sent to the local hand-loom to be made into strong, rough cloth, suitable for the wear and tear of field work. The seed was carefully stored, and used throughout the year as food for the plough bullocks and milch cows of the holding. But now, alas! owing to the more attractive appearance of mill goods, the rough cloth of the hand-loomer is not sufficiently appreciated; the result being that the cultivation of cotton has almost died out in many districts of Bengal and the North-West Provinces. This has led to the degeneration of the live-stock, and cow protection societies have sprung up in these provinces, to the consternation of the Government. At present the ryot does not realise that the change in his system of farming is alone responsible for the degeneration of his cattle and the exhausted state of his fields. But when this fact is brought home to his understanding, the pendulum will probably swing the other way, and he will wage war against all mill-goods. This is the common-sense view to take of the situation.

Incontrovertible proof of the helpless poverty of the ryots is to be found in the nature of the export trade of India. The latest returns show the total area under wheat to be 22,216,138 acres in British India, with an average of 9 bushels per acre, which gives in round numbers a total of 25 million quarters of dressed grain. To feed a population of 40,000,000 Great Britain and Ireland require on an average 29½ million quarters of wheat a year, which, the reader will see, is more than the annual production of wheat in British India. But the peasantry of India are too poor to retain all their wheat for local consumption, and the result is that over one million quarters of this precious food-grain are sent every year to England, and lesser quantities go to Italy and other countries. This alone is eloquent proof of the extreme poverty of the people, who are reduced to subsisting for the greater part of the year on rice, millet, barley, maize, and pulse. In the article on "The Increase of Insanity," in the March number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. W. J. Corbet lays stress on the fact that "the superintendent of the asylum at Parma gives pellagra as not only the chief cause of insanity, but as being enormously on the increase in Italy." Now the disease known as pellagra is caused by the people eating inferior food-grains;

seasons they are forgotten ; and there is a great temptation to avoid thinking of them, because of the sense of helplessness with which they impress us." Is this the outcome of British rule in India, a sense of helplessness? Before we interfered with the customs of the people their method of living kept the population within bounds ; and occasionally an old-fashioned famine would decimate the land. But we have changed all that, and the Frankenstein called into existence by the British Government now threatens to paralyse the brain of his creator. Is there no way out of the difficulty, no legitimate way of relieving the pressure on the soil?

In my humble opinion the proper course to take is to promote agricultural banks, encourage village industries, construct canals for irrigation and navigation, develop agricultural improvements, and stimulate emigration on a large scale.

For some inconceivable reason irrigation canals are not in favour with the Government of India at present. The railway "boom" is now the fashion, and a very expensive one it is for the people of India. Canal irrigation can be developed on a very extensive scale in the Punjab ; and Oudh, which is still without canals, should be placed out of danger of famine by the construction of the project from the Sarda river, which was approved and sanctioned by the late Lord Mayo so far back as the year 1872. India suffered irreparable loss by the death of this most promising Viceroy, who, besides being imbued with sound common sense to a remarkable degree, had also the courage to believe in his own dreams of agricultural improvement. In one of his Simla speeches he stated that "canals were the most beneficent undertakings ever executed by a Government for the benefit of a people."

The densely populated province of Oudh depends almost solely upon wells and tanks for its water-supply for agricultural purposes. Now, wells are better suited for market-gardening and for poppy-cultivation than for agriculture proper ; while tanks and *jheels*, which breed malaria in ordinary seasons, run dry when they are most wanted in seasons of drought. Moreover, irrigation from wells and tanks in a country where canals can be made is proof positive of the extreme poverty and backward condition of the people, and it is only when labour is plentiful and cheap that irrigation from wells can be made profitable for the ordinary cereal crops. Even then many of the crops are neglected, and it is a common occurrence to see the whole arhar crop (*Cajanus indicus*) of a district ruined by frost owing to want of irrigation. Another fact to be remembered is that the wells and tanks of Oudh failed to preserve the lives of cattle in

in face of this statement?

I readily admit that mistakes hav
tion and working of some of the In
time, it should be remembered that
makes nothing." With all these m
opponents of this irrigation system to
broad fact remains that canals have b
ryots of India, and I have every rea
canal project would become one of
works of its kind in the world.

Another advantage to the people
of the Sarda canal would arise from
drinking and domestic purposes. L
fifth largest city in India, and yet its
cholera and typhoid fever are seldom
fact alone is sufficient to justify the c
even Khatmandu boasts of a pure w
progress, as will be seen from the fo
which appeared in the *Times*, from Col
dent in Nepal: "Cholera was a perf
1891, when his Excellency Maharaja
Prime Minister of Nepal, introduced, a
rupees, a plentiful supply of pure water,
tains six miles distant, and distributed
taps. Since then cholera has been absol

was a leading member. These gentlemen deride all efforts to improve the systems of agriculture that have been in vogue from time immemorial. This extraordinary prejudice against reform accounts for the scanty courtesy which a luckless pamphlet of mine received at the hands of the Famine Commission. This pamphlet contained a detailed statement of the rainfall for years at my factory, the analyses of river and well waters which were being used for irrigation in the Sarun district, the results obtained in grain crops from the use of different manures, and a long dissertation on the advantage of making use of the free nitrogen of the air in agriculture.[1] These subjects were, however, new to the members of the Commission, who pronounced my pamphlet to be a wild-cat production, and rejected it accordingly. In this respect they are not singular, as more than two hundred years ago, in 1681, the following quaint statement was plaintively recorded by an English enthusiast in the "Rustick Art": "This is an age wherein to commend or extol an ingenious Art or Science, might be esteemed a needless labour, especially in a country so highly improved in everything; but that we find the more Noble, Advantageous, Useful, or Necessary any Art, Science, or Profession is, the stronger Arguments are framed against it; and more particularly against the Rustick Art and its infinite Preheminences and Oblectations, by the vainer and more pedant sort of persons despising the worth or value of what they are ignorant of, who judge it below their honour or reputation to take any notice of so mean a profession." History is, therefore, only repeating itself, although I for one fail to see how India is to be properly developed unless the agricultural practices are improved.

The great want in India is a proper manure supply. Quick-acting manures are absolutely necessary to make double-cropping a success, as at present it is often a waste of good seed to sow wheat or barley after a heavy *kharif* crop has been reaped. Great economy can be practised in properly preserving manure, and this would be one of the most important reforms to introduce in an improved system of agriculture, as it is quite within the reach of the ryot. All farmyard manure required for cereal crops should be made under cover with earth or gypsum, so as to preserve the nitrogen, as earth-dung is much quicker in its effect on crops than manure which is made in the ordinary way. This I have proved to be the case

[1] The importance of this to agriculture can be gathered from the fact that the consulting chemist of the Royal Agricultural Society of England has been instructed to visit Germany for the purpose of making inquiries into the production on a commercial scale of bacteria for application to the soil.

native society to a life beyond the seas. The village Brahmins and Rajputs are proud and poor, and Bailie Nicol Jarvie's description of the Highlanders can be applied equally well to them:

"Now, sir, it's a sad and awfu' truth that there is neither wark, nor the very fashion nor appearance of wark, for the half of thae puir creatures; that is to say, that the agriculture, the pasturage, the fisheries, and every species of honest industry about the country, cannot employ the one moiety of the population, let them work as lazily as they like, and they do work as if a pleugh or a spade burnt their fingers."

A happy thought, however, seized English statesmen after the '45 to engage the Highlanders as soldiers for foreign service, and it is in a great measure owing to the old Highland regiments that we are now in possession of India, Canada, and the Cape of Good Hope. Moreover, foreign service had an educating influence on the Highlanders, whose descendants are to be found in responsible positions in every quarter of the globe. Let us hope that a somewhat similar system will effect a change in the habits of the proud and high-caste men of Northern India.

I am now going to make a very bold proposal, which will probably take away the breath of political economists of the old school. It is this, that instead of exploiting India by covering it with a network of railways, a fleet of large grain-carrying steamers should be constructed by the Indian Government for developing emigration, and for carrying the produce of Indian immigrants to the seaport towns of India. If revenue is raised from the people by the questionable means of taxing their salt and by the cultivation of opium, why should not this money be devoted to relieving the pressure on the soil? The steamers that would carry emigrants free to South America would return to India with wheat that had been grown on the farms of Indian immigrants. This idea is not Utopian, as India would readily take all the wheat grown in Argentina if it could be had cheap enough. It is only a question of price, as wheat is the favourite food-grain of all human beings when they can get it.

Wages in India have not gone up in proportion to the cost of food. This fact is clearly demonstrated by Sir James Caird and by Mr. Sullivan, in their note of dissent to the Famine Commission, in the following words: "Population is increasing, the price of food is rising, the production of it, as shown by the exports, scarcely advances, whilst, as the number of the landless class who depend on wages is constantly growing, the supply of labour, in the absence of industries other than agriculture, must soon exceed the demand. Already their

HENRY.

"YOU may know," says a writer of London, "the men with a million of money, or thereabouts, by their being ordinarily very shabby, and by their wearing shocking bad hats, which have seemingly never been brushed, on the backs of their heads." This is a case in which extremes meet, for you may know the men and boys, with no money at all, by the very same tokens. The whole individuality of the youth to whom this sketch is dedicated centred in his—veritably—"shocking bad" hat, which had been seemingly never brushed, and which he wore on the back of his head. Why the men with a million of money affect this style of headgear, this manner of treating it, and this mode of wearing it—Mr. George Augustus Sala may have known it; it is not known to me, but I know, or think I know, why the youth who walked before me up North End Road, Kensington, one day last week affected these things. He wore a "shocking bad" hat, because he had not money to purchase a better one; he did not brush it, because the conception of dirt as matter in the wrong place was unknown to him, and soil on his hat displeased him no more than soil under his foot; and he wore it on the back of his head, intending to challenge, as thereby he did challenge, attention, with the result that his hat was no less than three times in the course of his walk up this London road tilted by passers-by. This thing, it was evident, tickled agreeably his sense of the comical, and presumably to add to the amusement thus obtained, he lifted his hat to every lady—as there is strong reason to believe—*not of his acquaintance*, met by him. In a word, this youth's singularity was wholly and solely bound up with his hat. If this article could have been pinned or otherwise fastened to his hair, he would have presented an entirely normal appearance—as seen from behind. As seen from in front, his appearance was—is—so singular that considerable curiosity is felt concerning him. It is with the aim of appeasing, if only in a measure, that curiosity that what follows is made public.

To impress upon the world the idea that he is a sort of

Mephistopheles has long been the chief object in life of Her
rejoices in this appropriate name, being called by the Cock
of it, which undergoes vowel change with elision of the asp
suppression of the *n*. As befitting this assumed char
assiduously cultivates certain facial peculiarities, among ther
set gaze and a curious straightness of the lips. The grim
achieved is considered by Henry to impart to him a wholl
air; and when, as pretty often, there comes to him an i
impulse to do a kind act, these mannerisms and others si
strongly emphasised, lest anyone should conceive that th
question has had its origin in anything nobler than freak.
Henry is, what Napoleon, with all due deference to Thoma
was not—a portentous mixture of quack and hero.

His weekly walk through the North End Road takes
kinswoman who is blind, and whom, for that reason, he
chapel morning and evening. He has done this since ea
hood, and he still receives the reward which was meted ou
on the first day of doing it, to wit, a bag of sweets appor
two halves, one being given to him in the morning, and o
given to him in the evening. In that great darkness in
kinswoman lives, that the times have changed, and that H
changed with them, is a fact which apparently has passed u
For a youth with Byronic proclivities to be made the recip
half-filled bag of sweets at a chapel door twice on every S
the year must be something of an ordeal. It is probably th
ordeal to which Henry is ever subjected.

The calling which this youth follows is one which see
peculiar to these islands—he is a cats'-meat hawker. It
been noticed by some, if not, perhaps, by all readers of
the cats'-meat man is a person not to be looked for in the
and also not to be looked for in the lowliest, places—that i
professional capacity. In his private character he may be
where, even in the old Court suburb of London. If any c
man here plies his trade, however, it is only with moderate
the great field of action for this commercial body is in more
regions. There is one North London suburb where the c
cats'-meat man could probably not be overstocked. The r
this is that there, more than in any other region of London,
a delightful preponderance of the class which is not rich an
poor, but is an intermediate English thing for which there i
tunately—and unaccountably—no name. This class is the o
gives out its washing and buys cats'-meat, and which, on the

being able to do this, considers itself—and, mayhap, rightly considers itself—a credit to England and the whole earth. Henry, who is gifted with business talents of no mean order, plies his calling among this class, and that he does not make his fortune by so doing, but remains bitterly poor, can only be explained on the ground of his large philanthropy. Not only is he to all his friends that friend indeed who is friend in need, and that, when at all possible, in a very practical way, but at twenty years of age he wholly supports two persons besides himself. One is his blind kinswoman, the other is a kinswoman in the possession of all her senses, except when, as on one or two days of every week, she goes on what he calls, euphemistically, "visits to her friends." That way madness lies, and she becomes for that time a mad woman. Inquiries concerning her made by persons of plainer speech are usually made in the formula, "Maria on the drink again?" a formula this which does not offend Henry, though he is sufficiently attached to Maria to hold his home open to her. It also does not offend him when the facetious among his familiars ask after his blind kinswoman in the words, "How is the Old Hundredth?" words containing an allusion either to her great age or great piety. Levity never displeases him, yet so little is his soul a clod that he has visions. In these visions he sees himself the happy man that he will be when these two women are gathered to their foregoers, for then he means to marry a young lady to whom he is warmly attached. This young lady is one of twelve damsels in the employ of a collar-dresser, who takes out their work and disposes of it, for he does not work himself, being a sweater. She is paid miserably, howbeit she refuses to allow Henry to contribute an iota towards her sustenance while she is a maid. One could not say that all is sweet and commendable in her nature, but this in it is sweet and commendable—she loves Henry to ecstasy, and by a curious defect of mental vision sees in him not a hero, which in some respects he is, but a thing which he is really in no respect, a brilliant and fascinating "gentleman."

ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

near the hinge. On account of the extent to which fishing has been carried, many more empty than full shells will be found in most of the reaches of water which the creature is known to inhabit. And yet its number can scarcely be much reduced, owing to the inaccessibility of many of the watery flats it most favours.

Scotch pearls were well known to the Romans. Pliny, who was a walking encyclopædia, says: "In Britain pearls be small, dim of colour, and nothing orient." (Dr. Philemon Holland's translation, ix. 35.) Julius Cæsar, however, dedicated a cuirass broidered with them to Venus Genetrix, and sent it to Rome. Tacitus writes ("Agric." 12) of our island: "Gignit et Oceanus margarita, sed subfusca ac liventia. Quidam artem abesse legentibus arbitrantur, nam in rubro mari viva ac spirantia saxis avelli, in Britannia prout expulsa sunt conligi." And then, in his cynical fashion, he adds, "ego facilius crediderim naturam margaritis deesse quam nobis avaritiam." "I would fain believe that nature fails in producing pearls rather than that we fail in avarice." In any case, he has chosen the two adjectives which more than any other exactly describe Scotch pearls—"subfusc" and "somewhat livid." Instead of the pure white lustre of Ceylon pearls, all the Scotch pearls I have seen betray a tendency to a dusky or pink gleam. The curious can generally find plenty on sale at Perth to test this point for themselves.

When I was fishing in the Tummell river last summer, I busied myself, to the great detriment of my landing-net, with fishing up some pearl shells from the sand under my boat, which was lit up by the brilliant sun of the late summer. Eagerly did I open them, and found—nothing. However, I remembered that a visitor at the hotel had some time before collected a whole basketful, and met the same fate. The skilled hand at pearl hunting is said to know at a glance what shells are likely to contain his prey. On the same river I found a gipsy and his mate hard at work fishing for pearls. Their *modus operandi* was curious. Having chosen a much deeper reach of the river than I had experimented in, he had moored a large square box, like a big packing-case, in the centre of the stream by means of a rope tied at each end to a tree on the banks. He then reclined in the shade and smoked, while the younger man got in the box and pulled it from the side to the middle of the river. Then he lay down in it, and fixed on its edge in front of him a tin tube, something like a milk tin, while he grasped a stout stick, six feet long, split at the lower end. Turning up his shirt-sleeves, he looked through the tin (thereby being able to survey the bottom), and groped about

wonder. Well, I happen to be out of gold to-day, and you shall have it for a trifle. I will take two pounds for it. Reckon it by the cost of seven weeks of work, for it took so long to find so good a pearl; put down my day's work at so much," &c., &c. I admired, but declined. Not so long before, I had bought a Tay pearl at a Perth jeweller's for exactly five shillings. It was quite as lustrous and nearly as large as the one offered by the old soldier. Indeed, it was so fine that I had it set as a ring in a broad band of gold. After seeing the pearls offered at Perth, unfortunately for the gipsy gatherer, I was enabled to criticise his prices. We parted good friends, however, and he went off to Loch Rannoch. As a good many brides and bridegrooms were staying in that district, the probability is that one of the former now wears the pearl whose fellow adorns the Duchess of M——.

M. G. WATKINS.

RIVERS VERSUS SEWERS.

THOSE uninterested in mines, and unacquainted with operations, would have no conception how the nine century has been the world's mining century.

In the United Kingdom, during the year 1800, considera than five millions of tons of coal were raised; in 1890 mo 150 millions, and the average during the whole century up date cannot have been less than 50 millions per annum, o millions of tons; a quantity sufficient to pile up a Hecla a Etna, with a Vesuvius on their summit. The same may be iron mines in their own comparative ratio of output. Great and Ireland alone have, since 1800, exhumed more coal an than the earth has given forth during all the preceding age known existence. One important result of this great produc coal and iron has been that thousands of factories of all kind sprung up. A large portion of the Midland and North-W Counties has had its surface completely changed, so as to a the designation of the Black Country. These factories have been planned and built, so far as practicable, near to riv canals, partly for water-power and water for condensation in steam of engines, also for cleansing purposes, and for the g convenience of the carriage of goods to and fro.

This use of the canals has been generally regulated by Parliament, but the poor rivers have had to take care of thems for only the anglers fishing in their pure streams, or the lov scenery walking on their quiet cool banks, cared whether the left pure or made polluted.

The sweet poet William Cowper is needed to sing their f dirge. About fifty years since I had to pass a year in smoky Lancashire. In 1800 the River Irwell flowing through the town had a pure, pleasant stream, where fish abounded, as some old men well remember; when I was there, it was a foul ditch of inky and loathsome smell. The legal business which I had, in part, to Manchester was the way in which some of the millowners of the canal passing through the town, so that my tho possibly directed to river and canal pollutions.

Years have rolled on since then ; factories have largely increased in number, more and more of England's beautiful rivers and country scenes have been fouled and blackened, but the worst feature of all has been, that the factories have not only used the rivers for the legitimate purposes I referred to, but have made them the outlet of all their filth—streams of muddy refuse. More unhappily still, the thousands of cottages crowded in these large manufacturing towns have needed outlets ; so sewer drains have been formed, the only outcast for which is the unfortunate river or stream of any kind flowing through or near the town. Year by year this evil increased, more rivers being doomed to put on the inky hue, until whole towns with their hundred thousand of inhabitants thus caused the rivers to be polluted ; and, at length, the noblest, grandest river of the world, because flowing through the greatest, wealthiest city of the world, yielded its once pure waters and tides to the yoke, and, oh ! tell it not to the shades of departed artist-painters, poets, historians, or lovers of nature, became one vast cess-pool for the six millions of inhabitants who dwell near its course.

And now I am going to write pages such as have never before appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, or probably in any English magazine, but I venture reluctantly, tremblingly to do so, because I feel so strongly, so solemnly, the importance of my subject as affecting the social and national prosperity and welfare of my country in its future, even of this century. I am no enthusiast with a crotchet, or impetuous reformer of imaginary or assumed evil. I write as an aged clergyman in my seventy-ninth year, and so important do I feel my testimony and my remonstrance to be, that I adopt what I fear many of my readers will feel egotism to state how, through my whole life, I have been placed in circumstances to observe and judge of the facts upon which I seek to support my judgment in being the writer of such an article.

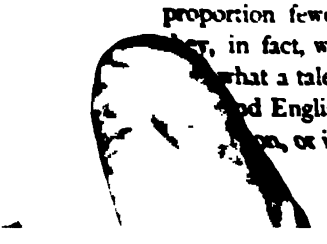
My father was the rector, in my boyhood days, of a parish consisting only of small farms, but his position and our connections enabled me to see the household life of the wealthy. My profession was destined to be the law, in which I took the conveyancing department, so that I had much to do with farm leases and sales. When, later in life, I was ordained as a clergyman, I was appointed by the Queen to a large parish consisting mostly of small farms with some few mansions and a park. After fourteen years of delightful work there, seeing much, as in my boyhood days, of pleasant farm life, I removed to a very large parish on the banks of the Thames, where its water was very dark and its mud very offensive. After twelve years there,

I retired from active parochial work, and for twelve years have all parts of England from the Isles of Scilly to Kent and Wes land, assisting sick or aged clerical friends in about fifty parish mention this last period specially because it has enabled me t much about the poverty of small parishes in various porti England. Asking forgiveness for this bit of autobiography, resume my painful detail, the result of this gathered observati experience.

At the commencement of the present century, and for years afterwards, houses, both of the richest and poorest, h drainage from them. God in His providence planned th nutriment drawn from the earth should be returned to it ; tha living creature fed by the earth should in return feed the ear is one of nature's fundamental essential laws that human and food supplied by the earth should replenish the earth. Up present century that law had been carefully, faithfully obeye fulfilled. The great importance of obedience was recognise honoured.

Every house, small or large, the cottage and the mansio castle and the palace, had its suitable convenience, mostly garden, or, if indoors, so arranged that it was in immediate co tion with the earth outside. I appeal to men older than I corroborate this statement. Then at stated periods during the men accustomed to the work cleared all that was needful aw one in the house would be disturbed or in the slightest d affected. I remember, so late as in the year 1844, a friend, house was in one of the principal streets leading out of Oxford telling me of the arrangement he had made. In all cities thi the invariable plan followed. Thus annually from fifteen to t million tons of the earth's proper nutriment was spread upon it houses, stables, and cattle sheds. But here I need specially to ob and to emphasise the fact that small farms were the princip cipients of this form of clearage.

The large landed proprietors, or the wealthy farmers, had al needed from their own premises. Their horses, cows, and cattle supplied the earth, or if they required more, it was obtained from breweries or stable-keepers. The small farmers h proportion fewer cattle, and no capital to make up the deficie ers, in fact, were for the most part the willing, active scaver



What a tale is told in the fact that from 1871 to 1891 twenty od English farmers threw up their holdings, and sough on, or in some other occupation, to gain a livelihood, w

the starved land they farmed could no longer yield to them. Is it to be wondered at that land has fallen in price both for renting and selling? Such farming on a small scale is one of England's chief sources, not only of market prosperity, but of forming honest-hearted vigorous yeomen, with sons fit for soldiers or sailors, and daughters for domestic service. That such a class of men should be leaving their native land, or be dwellers or workers in towns, because the starved land they tilled was deprived of its rightful nutriment, is sad. It is the relinquishment of these smaller farms which is at the present time so diminishing the incomes of the cathedral chapters and of the parochial clergy, also of the London hospitals and other institutions. A small farm thrown on the landed proprietor becomes a burden and no profit.

Regarding this subject as it affects health, every chemist will admit that earth is the best, the surest disinfectant of noxious soil. Admixture with the earth at once counteracts the harmful effects of exposed soil, whereas water is not in any degree either a disinfectant or a dissolvent of such materials thrown into it. The heavier portions sink, and form a permanently offensive bed of mire; the lighter portions float undissolved, and in a tidal river, to and fro with the ebb and flood; but in any length of river-way, such as the Thames from London Bridge to Southend, never really passing out of the river. Thus our fisheries are being destroyed, the salmon are deserting our rivers, and the trout and other fish prized by the angler are diminishing. The evil extends to the whole of our sea-coast line; there is not any place of resort where the drainage does not prejudicially affect its salubrity, forming on the sands a slough to be shunned by the visitors. Such is the sorrowful fact in the year 1895, that all our rivers in England are polluted, that our sea-coast health resorts are rendered insalubrious, our river and sea-coast fisheries are seriously affected, because we are depriving the land of its due, and casting what should be its nutriment into rivers and seas, where it is so harmful. In England and Wales the population is 29,000,000. From 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 of tons annually should be the nutriment applicable for the earth to make it richly productive; small farms could then be profitably worked, and "God's good gift," as the Orientals designate water, would not be polluted and made so harmful to health.

For thirty years this subject has anxiously occupied my attention. All that I have written can be supported by facts. I have sought in every way to expose our two great national mistakes, and make them an important matter for consideration and amendment; but journals

decline the topic as an unpleasant one, and friends smile beca
difficulties in the way of removal are like the stables of King A
a task of cleansing which no one but a Hercules should a
True, the two evils have reached an extent which almost incli
to feel there is no remedy; but if the subject can be fa
ventilated I shall be content, at my advanced age, to reti
the effort, if it should meet with no support, deeply as
deplore the continued increase of the two evils. The
nature cannot be infringed with impunity either by nation
dividuals; there is a Nemesis ever watchful, ever revengefu
nature is wronged. Other European nations have not f
our example. Many a patient, hopeful Frenchman still a
the Parisian banks of the Seine, and the blanchisseuse still
her linen there. I know of no instance where any river is m
of as is our Thames. Nature speaks to us in many ways b
voices, but her one inexorable rule is, Be true to me, and I
true to you; defraud me, and you must suffer. The leaves,
gently fall in the autumn, and turn to mould, tell us of her la
to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. So also the little strea
ing through its rocky bed, trickling over moss and fern, then
joyously on to its ocean parent, says, throughout its whole
My value is my purity.

I have not pondered over this subject for thirty years, and
much upon the means of remedy, without being prepared to
a plan for rectifying both mistakes; but the first chief thing
is that a Government inquiry should be instituted. Evidence
be heard as to the condition of all our rivers and sea-shore
lines, also as to the cause of the falling off in the value of lan
the rentals, and what led to 24,000 farmers in twenty years gi
their farms. Much now not known generally has to be asce
and thoroughly investigated, but the inquiry should be by a
mentary committee; it is too important a matter to be dep
any local council or board. Prejudice and private selfish ir
must not mar the impartiality and rigour of such an inquiry.
upon all sanitary boards as do the Armenian Christians at the
and Turkish soldiery—their tender mercies are cruel.

SAMUEL CHARLESWO

December 1, 1895.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

"The Rogue's Comedy," "The Geisha," Yvette Guilbert.

I DO not know what precise place the wise will accord to "The Rogue's Comedy" in the catalogue of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's plays—and, to be frank, I do not greatly care. What I do know and do care about is that it gave me as much mere, sheer pleasure as any of Mr. Jones's plays save one—and that one, of course, "The Masqueraders"—has ever given me. It is quite possible that its author holds it cheap, rates it as but a trivial entertainment, and laughs in his sleeve to think that London crowds to see "The Rogue's Comedy," and yet let "Michael and his Lost Angel" die an unnatural death. But it sometimes happens, if it does not often happen, that your dramatist in his disdainful mood does, nevertheless, and in spite of his disdain, present a trivial theme after a fashion and in a manner that is by no means trivial, and that his revenge for a slight is magnanimous, even to the heaping of coals of fire. For when all is said and done that can be said and done against "The Rogue's Comedy," the one patent flagrant fact to me is that I was interested, amused, pleased, touched, that the experiences of an existence devoted for the most part to the stage were enriched by the addition of one very delightful evening. It were vain, indeed, to tell me that if Balzac had not written "Mercadet," Mr. Henry Arthur Jones would never have written "The Rogue's Comedy." The argument is worthless if pushed home, if driven to an extreme. We might never, if we cling to the high-top-gallant of our case, have had a Romeo and Juliet or a Hamlet if an Italian novelist had not written a novel and a Danish historian had not written a history. There is in sober reality nothing in common between "Mercadet" and "The Rogue's Comedy," except the fact that both its heroes are rogues. Mercadet is a rogue of quite another temper to Mr. Bailey Prothero, and if Mr. Bailey Prothero is not quite so commanding a figure in the hagiology of rascaldom that is only to say that neither Mr. Jones nor anybody else in these present days that pass is Balzac. But Mr. Bailey Prothero is a character that even a Balzac need not be unwill-

of the world, with Chin-Chin and So-long. My Japanese grammars no longer vex my shelves, but they recall a passion which had at least this advantage—that it enables me to enjoy with a keener enjoyment all that is beautiful, of much that is beautiful in "The Geisha."

"The Geisha" is the newest and by far the best of the experiments in that kind of dramatic work which is neither burlesque nor what we islanders are pleased to call comic opera, nor yet farce, but which is, as who should say, a compound, if not a combination of all these forms. If to the captious or the testy it recalls the Horatian hybrid, the more generous, the more complaisant accept it with gratitude as a graceful and gracious business. Graceful and gracious are epithets unusually apt for the most part of "The Geisha," and for the most part of those that take part in it. It makes a gallanter appeal to the artistic sense than any of its forbears; the piece is as splendid in colour and dainty in sound as it is happy in its choice of the most romantic land left to romance, and whimsical in its appreciation of the more obvious contrasts between England and the Everlasting Great Japan. There is indeed an irony in the division of East from West which we are not made to feel very poignantly. The hint is there, and the hint is enough. We do not hear the tap of Chrysanthemum's finger as she counts her gold; the young sailor whom Mr. Hayden Coffin interprets with his characteristic enthusiasm may sail away like Loti, but he will spend no melancholy hours like Loti in meditations upon the aches and vanities of exotic passions; the dancing-girls, the singing-girls, the tea-girls seem very far away from the Flower Quarter of Tokyo; their doll-like attractions scarcely suggest anything more serious than a doll-like flirtation.

Romance of asylum, humour of contrast, harmony of colour, grace of form—the vaudeville that starts with such advantages starts richly equipped indeed. Of course it would be possible to be dull even with Japan for a background—I was once associated with an adventure of a Japanese play which succeeded in being very dull indeed, in spite of all the aids of association and all the play of Oriental colour. But "The Geisha" is never dull. We are assured, and can well believe it, that the accuracy of the Japanese accessories is unimpeachable, but the play is not weighed down by any sense of pedantry or pretence. Mr. Owen Hall has invented a whimsical attractive story brightly and briskly written, and a number of dainty and diverting lyrics are set to the most infectious music in the [illegible] There are songs in "The Geisha" which ought to take th[illegible]

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lead. Miss Marie Tempest sings t
ingly, but then her singing is alwa
painter I should not rest content unti
paint the portrait of Miss Marie Temp
where she stands to be sold to the h
the face that is crowned with the
framed by the warm heliotrope of t
splendour of the Japanese habit, t
attitude offer to memory a phanto
and exquisite, at which the sense
to see "The Geisha" again and a
moment with its haunting charm. If
Marie de Heredia, I would try to ensh

I think I said once that Miss Let
statement was true at the time, the ti
Ellen," but it certainly is not true now.
with being a divine dancer: she had a
a singer, though people said she could
an actress, though people said she cou
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and she can act. She will never sin
will never act as well as she dances;
and supremacy is perhaps only possib
art. But she can sing very well, and s
quaint kind of singing and a quaint

this subtle suggestive kind of acting can accomplish, how easy it appears, and how difficult it is by reason of its very restraint, its very slightness of touch, should watch carefully all that Miss Lind does in the toy song in the first act of "The Geisha." It is a lesson in miming—a liberal education in the minor arts of acting.

Yvette Guilbert has paid London that yearly visit which has happily become an institution. It does not seem two years, and yet it is just two years since the May day of that private performance at the Savoy Hotel when, under the auspices of Miss Loie Fuller, Yvette Guilbert introduced herself to a selection of the London public. It is very much to the credit of the London public that it made Yvette Guilbert welcome, and that it has renewed its welcome warmly, and yet more warmly with each succeeding season. The enthusiasm for Yvette Guilbert may be, indeed must be in many cases, an affectation, an artificiality, even a sham. Certain of the admirers no doubt are attracted by the expectation of something risky, by the possibility of being shocked or the pleasure of airing their indifference to the shocking; others air a familiarity with Paris by smiling at Les Vierges and shivering at La Soularde; others, again, admire because admiration is the right thing, part of the social world of order. It would be interesting if it were feasible to learn how many of Yvette's English hearers can follow at a first hearing all the humours of her phrases—or even how many could translate at sight some of the songs of Xanrof and his kind that they applaud so lustily. But for the most part the admiration is, as it should be, genuine, loyal, and intelligent; Yvette would deserve it almost as much, and earn it almost as rightly, if she were to sing in Chinese. She has genius, the genius of an actress devoted to the service of a ballad singer. She touches nothing that she does not adorn. Whether she is singing the words of a great poet like Béranger or the fatuous buffoonery of a belated comic song, her own part of the performance is always a masterpiece of humour, of intelligence, of irony—a triumph of skill. She sits in a chair and ties a ruffle of chiffon around her head in the fashion of a cap, and so becomes the Grand'mère of Béranger's famous song. Moralities not a few must shriek out against the muse of Béranger as against the Mirabeau of Carlyle, but who could stop to sermonize while under the spell of Yvette Guilbert's glamour? The exquisite expression, the subtle, the intimate interpretation of every shade of meaning, of every phase of regret in the old woman's memories make this creation of hers at once the rapture and the despair of the spectator. In another moment the tender grace and the strange pathos of the old woman a

TABLE TALK.

Development of Bull-Fighting in France.

"FLATTERING," no doubt, is "the unction" one lays to one's soul when one finds predictions one has made fulfilled to the letter. When the matters foreseen are in themselves calamitous, I am, however, magnanimous enough to prefer to wish to see them falsified and myself branded as an impostor. Such are my present sentiments. More than once I have drawn my readers' attention to the gradual establishment of the bull-fight in the sunniest provinces of France, which are naturally those southernmost districts of Provence and Languedoc which reach out to the Pyrenees. I myself saw the beginnings of the bull-fight in its late manifestations in Nîmes, and witnessed even an attempt, fortunately unsuccessful, to establish it in Paris. Between the north and south of France there is a difference as great as there is between the north of France and England. In Paris, though ferocity is not unknown, it ordinarily hides its head, and is repressed. Public sentiment revolted against the attempt, made under aristocratic patronage, to establish in Paris the most degraded and abhorrent form of entertainment that has been seen in so-called civilisation since the Roman Empire gave the world the sports of the arena, and Christian victims were burnt as torches or exposed to the wild beasts. Paris did her duty—it was no more than was expected of her—but she did it, and purged herself of the offence. It is otherwise, however, with the more fiery and bloodthirsty population of the "Midi." Here the institution of bull-fighting seems to have taken root, and attempts to check its progress—and such have been earnestly made by the central Government—have been strenuously, and as yet successfully, resisted.

Bull-Fights in Perpignan and Nîmes.

I COPY from the French correspondence of a daily London paper of April 21 the following: "Perpignan bulls were rather lively [!] on Sunday, and caused the blood of toreadors to [illegible] the ring. The fight—notwithstanding the strong prote-

[illegible]

French Frontier Towns.

I SUPPOSE it is less on account of the impressionable a[illegible] receptive character of the French than because of the gradu[illegible] manner in which the country now known as France was subjugat[illegible] and welded into its present shape that the border towns have t[illegible] character of which I speak. Those who have not seen Perpigna[illegible] once the capital of Roussillon and Bayonne—from which we deri[illegible] the word *bayonet*—and cannot consequently understand how Spani[illegible] in character they are, may have seen Calais and Boulogne, a[illegible] witnessed how much of English colour these cities, long und[illegible] English rule, have absorbed. On one side of the Channel, meantim[illegible] corresponding influence is manifested, and Dover or Folkeston[illegible] more French in character than is Hastings or Scarborough

Many of the Flemish towns on the French side of the border are not to be told from those on the Belgian side. While it belonged to France, Strasbourg was a German town, though the sympathies of the inhabitants have been for the most part with their former possessors rather than the present. When addressed in his shop by a stranger in German, the Strasbourg shopkeeper would deny all knowledge of the tongue. Forgetting the denial, however, he would address his assistant in the language disowned, bidding him bring from the shelves other goods to be shown the intending purchaser. This, which is true of Alsace, as Frenchmen even admit, is not true of Lorraine. Nancy, though near the borders, is one of the brightest and most characteristically French cities between the Rhine and the Atlantic. Concerning the towns on the Riviera, now French, but lately Italian, there is no need to speak.

Shakespeare in Gray's Inn.

NOT often is the modern playgoer permitted to see a revival recalling the performances of Tudor times so closely as did the representations of the "Comedy of Errors" given by the Elizabethan Stage Society in the hall of Gray's Inn. It is probable, though not quite certain, that the comedy founded by Shakespeare on an earlier work, and first called "Errors," saw the light in Gray's Inn Hall. The gentlemen of the Inns of Court were warm supporters of the drama, and more than one masque of Jonson or other dramatists was given in the hall of one of the Inns of Court, and supported by its members. It was, doubtless, in recognition of this patronage that Jonson dedicated to the Inns of Court his "Every Man out of his Humour," as to "the Noblest Nurseries of Humanity and Liberty in the Kingdom." "The Masque of the Inner Temple and Graye's Inne" of Francis Beaumont, though "presented in the Banquetting House at Whitehall on Saturday the twentieth day of Februarie 1612," and not at either Inn, cost the members of both Inns a large sum, the share of the readers being £4 each, the ancients £2 10*s*., the barristers £2, and the students 20*s*.; equal to three or four times that sum in the money of to-day. Among other masques associated with the Inns of Court are, one of Shirley presented at Whitehall, February 3, 1633, by the gentlemen of the four Inns of Court, "the Inner Temple Masque, or Masque of Heroes" of Middleton, 4to., 1619, presented by the gentlemen of the Inn, another Inner Temple masque by William Browne, Chapman's Masque of the two Honourable Houses . . . Middle Temple and Gray's Inn, played February 15, 1613, at Whitehall, the "Gesta Graiorum," &c,

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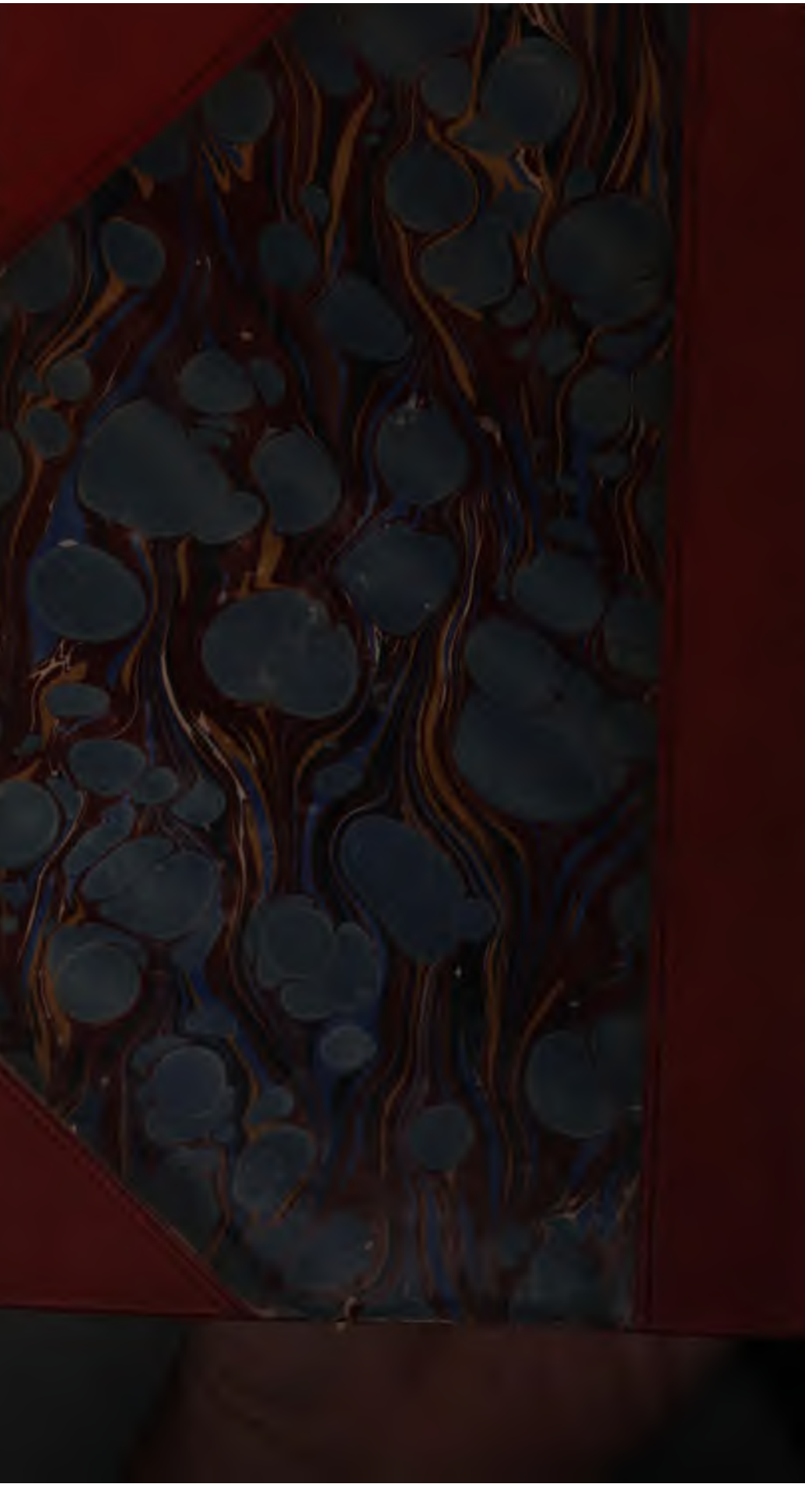
"The Comedy of Errors"

[illegible] "Comedy of Errors" [illegible] Shakespeare [illegible] Lincoln's Inn Fields [illegible] Duke's Theatre [illegible] Shakespeare [illegible] Garrick [illegible] Macbeth [illegible] Lady Macbeth [illegible] Dromio [illegible] Antipholus [illegible] Abbess [illegible] Syracuse [illegible] Ephesus [illegible] Duke [illegible] Egeon [illegible] Merchant [illegible] Courtesan [illegible] Goldsmith [illegible] Officer [illegible] Jailer [illegible] Dr. Pinch [illegible] Adriana [illegible] Luciana [illegible] Emilia [illegible] Courtesan [illegible] Merchant

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